

MUSEUM

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THE ENGRAVING.

[THE Princess Victoria, daughter of the late Duke of Kent, is heir-apparent to the throne of Great Britain. The accompanying plate is taken from the Juvenile Library, the English edition of which is dedicated to her. The first volume of the work has been reprinted by E. Littell, and is advertised on the cover of the Museum.]

From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

REVOLUTION!—French Revolution!—Dread watchword of mystery and fear!—Augury of sorrow to come!—Record of an liad of woes!—Is it then indeed true that another French Revolution has dawned? That its laurels are already mingled with cypress? That its martyrs are already many? That its victims are again seeking their old asylum in England? And is it possible that, by this generation, with the sad recollections of the last forty years, any Revolution whatever—the purest, holiest, most righteous—can be welcomed with transports of sympathizing joy and unmitigated triumph?—Yes, we are told this Revolution was sown in peril and civil conflict: it is reaped in glory and peace. The dangers, it is said, are over and gone: the Revolution is at an end.—Let us inquire.

The comparison is put as between 1830 and 1792—3. Yet why? Speaking without partisanship, the just point of comparison is with 1789 and July 13, 1790. That Revolution, even more than this, was won with moderation and civic hands. That also seemed freighted with golden hopes for France, and through France, for universal Europe. All the earth made sign of gratulation; one voice of glad fraternal acclamation ascended from every land; and if some kings, among the more bigoted of their order, frowned, even from the first, upon the new-born aspirations of liberty, it is certain that they were not supported by the wisest or most timid of their subjects. Many hearts yet linger upon the shore, as it were, of those great remembrances, when men and women, of every climate, felt their com-

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mon nature exalted; and for the first time in the records of this planet, a jubilee was celebrated, in which, either by hope or by immediate sympathy, the whole family of man, including the most outcast Pariah, seemed entitled to participate.

The spectacle of a mighty king descending half way down the steps of a throne, consecrated by the superstition of a thousand years, to meet his people in a covenant of pure elementary justice, fascinated the gaze alike of the thoughtless and the thoughtful. Nor even in the second stage of this great change, when violence began to unfold itself, and the grand dithyrambic transports of the first enthusiasm had passed into a tragic strain, was the favour of good men entirely withdrawn. Allowances were made for the excesses of a zeal, noble in its origin, and as yet virtuously pointed. Hence, when

—————“the dread Bastille,
With all the chambers in its horrid towers,
Fell to the ground, by violence o'erthrown
Of indignation, and with shouts that drown'd
The crash it made in falling,”

the very mildest of Christian philosophers responded with unflinching exultation. Violence, indeed, had triumphed, but over an enormous and a hoary abuse. Public order had been wrecked; but in this instance,

—————“from the wreck
A golden palace rose, or seem'd to rise,
The appointed seat of equitable law,
And mild paternal sway.”

How those visions perished, in what manner that dawn of celestial promise was overcast, and deformed by storms such as never had descended upon civilized communities; and how, at last, the billowy agitations of popular frenzy were smitten by the petrific mace of military despotism, and republicanism swallowed up by a power growing out of itself,—all this is recorded in the blood and tears of every nation, and in the debts which cripple the leader of the Anti-Gallican crusade.

Neither let it be said, that the sad revolutions in this original revolution of France were slow of coming, or that they were provoked by foreign aggression. They who speak thus forget, or dissemble the truth. Already, on the 6th October, 1789, the Queen of France had been hunted in her palace, from chamber to

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chamber, by the bayonets of assassins; and though the agony of her long trial was not consummated until more than two years after, yet from that day it may be said that the throne was undermined. As to foreign aggression, that it *did* call forth the military strength of France, as a matter of fact cannot be denied. But it had no share in producing the civil disunions, or the bloody excesses which attended them: those were the growth of domestic factions, and were the true original provocations to the regal interference. Not, supposing this to have been less prompt in coming forward, is there any room to think that a nation, suddenly made conscious of her own stupendous strength, and eager as France was (and is) for occasions of military display, would long have wanted pretexts for war upon the thrones of Europe. Who began, where both sides were eager to begin, is a question impertinent to the purpose. Suffice it, that a revolution of republican tendency from the beginning, though drest at first in smiles and festivals, speedily developed a form which, for five-and-twenty years, gave us cause to mourn
 "For wrong triumphant, battle of battle born,
 And sorrow that to fruitless sorrow clung."

Forty years are gone, and another revolution succeeds, somewhat less pacific in its outbreak, but otherwise of the same character, and tending by possibility to the same results. In that, perhaps, our experience is a snare to us: too certainly the faith of the enthusiasts, who now master the press, is a snare to them. But let us contemplate the case—*calmly* is hardly allowed to us with respect to events so mighty and so near—steadily, however, and in a spirit of truth.

In 1814, the Bourbons were recalled to France:—by what? Was it the voice of the country? Not exactly so, for the country was then too distracted to have any unity of feeling in what regarded that question. It burned with shame and wrath to see its soil, its very capital, and military eagles, at the mercy of foreigners. That consideration engrossed it; and it is probable, that had the Allied Sovereigns, instead of addressing their liberal overtures to the persons then uppermost in Paris, sent round a circular invitation through France, authorizing the votes of the people, no determinate answer would then have resulted. One craving was at their hearts, which, under the pressure of immediate circumstances, could not hope to be gratified. Some momentary exasperation there was, in parts of France a deep one, towards Napoleon, as the man whose intemperance had provoked a ruin from which his utmost energy was found unable to deliver them. Yet how transitory that feeling was, and how soon it recoiled into the master-yearning of the French mind, appears from the immediate organization of the *Violet* conspiracy. Hardly in history is there a more striking fact, nor in a purer cause one more noble, than the mysterious whisper, which, in the winter of 1814, went circling through France, of a restoration which was to blossom *when the Violets returned*. Then, and by the explosion of national enthusiasm which followed the return of Napoleon, whose very

breath sufficed to dissipate the Bourbons, a truth was put on record, in respect to the French character, which fifteen years cannot have made obsolete; it is this—that, how much soever the French nation may value civil liberty, they value the national glory still more; that, consequently, a brilliant and fortunate leader will meet with unmeasured indulgence even in his utter abolition of all free institutions; and, on the other hand, that the most conciliatory and popular demeanour, and the most perilous concessions to the cause of civil liberty, will, at the utmost, obtain a toleration (and scarcely a toleration) for a king who is not distinguished by shining personal qualities.

But we are told that Frenchmen are altered, and are no longer the frivolous Frenchmen of Louis XIV. and XV. Heartily we grant it—heartyly we avow our conviction, and our thankfulness, that the noble qualities which belong to the French character have been unfolded and advantageously nursed by the great events of the last half century; and it will be seen, further on, that we are utterly at war with the great stream of German writers in their arrogant estimate of the French as a people essentially below themselves. On the contrary, we hold the Germans to be the meanest and most timid people in Europe; and the French we view as the only nation, which, in its civil relations, approaches the standard of British character. Still it is undeniable, that the military passion, the taste for showy and uncivic glory, is the perilous infirmity of the French mind. Human possessions are never held in absolute security; nor is it fit they should: a state militant, or something tending that way, is indispensable as a condition for ventilating our minds, irritating our exertions, and preserving us from terror. Antagonist forces, therefore, there must be; but in France they are in morbid overbalance. Nor is it likely that any effectual remedy can be applied to the case, until a generation entirely new shall have possession of France, disciplined by an education more substantially patriotic, and looking back to the still agitating remembrances of Marengo, Austerlitz, or Eylau, as mere heraldic honours, not as personal concerns. As it was, in 1815 those remembrances extinguished all others; and, but for one obstacle, they would have reseatd Napoleon firmly on his throne. The explosion was premature; the Allies had not dissolved themselves; and what was still less to have been anticipated, their unity of purpose was entire. Twelve months more, and Napoleon would have found Europe open to his intrigues; and in France, at all events, sooner or later, he would have met no organized resistance to his entire resumption of the old military domination.

Yet, at that very point of time, when, for any French opposition, Napoleon had actually triumphed, France knew, that in the opposite scale, and as the alternative for her choice, she had civil liberty and immunity from the conscription. But these blessings, because they were loaded with a Bourbon, and included a long resignation of warlike splendours and revenge, France enthusiastically renounced.

This fact is one which cannot be gainsaid. Not only did France submit, without an effort for throwing off his yoke, to the iron sceptre of a military despot, who would brook no whisper of the popular will; but, when liberated from this scourge by enemies who dealt with her more beneficially than she with herself, him and his system, without condition of any kind, she readopts freely, cheerfully, triumphantly. Doubtless there is something in the way of palliation: the Bourbon, though nominally restored by the choice of France, was regarded as substantially the creature of foreign protection; and he was a continual record of an odious occupation of the land by Prussian and Austrian bayonets. There was even a generosity in sparing capitulations to an unfortunate leader, at the moment of his approaching struggle with enemies who held the language of extermination. So much is true, that compassion, and a sentiment of wounded national honour, did avail Napoleon to an extent inconceivable in other countries. His situation was held a privileged one; and his misfortunes commanded, for the most part, a forbearance which possibly was destined to cease in the event of his victorious return to Paris. But the capital rights of nations cannot safely be waved or transferred from seasons of critical advantage to such as are (in the strict sense of that word) *precarious*—that is, existing by entreaty, on whatsoever motive of delicate reserve, generosity, or retaliation upon enemies.* And those who, for reasons so passionate or personal, betray a trust of this nature, must go through a discipline of trial and afflicting consequences visibly traced to their own enormous failure, before they can have a title to the confidence of a steadier nation.

Bonaparte was ruined, and the Bourbons were a second time restored. The charter, however, was not withdrawn. In all respects that boon had been ill advised. It gave too much and too little. Coming exclusively from the crown, it was contemplated by the king, and by every administration whom it was possible that the king would approve, as a capable and ready subject for revision, dispensation, and modifications in every degree. Absolute bounty, it was thought, might resume without wrong, what had been received without gratitude, and was held with a general disposition to abuse it. In any case the royal munificence would remain good for so much as it should leave. Were but a trifle reserved of the original concessions, *lucro ponatur*, that was so much to be thankful for—so much more than justice exacted. On those principles arose the censorship. Yet, as in its origin and tenure, the character was too much of an act of grace, and not (as it should have been) a *petition of right* moving upwards from the people—on the other hand, in its substance, it was of a popular cast, beyond all necessity and prudence. There are countries with the very lowest capacities for liberty, to which the charter would have been a less perilous gift than

it was to France, simply because it would have been disarmed by the existing institutions, by aristocratic usages, by a spirit of manners favourable to their assertion, by the absence of an overruling capital city, and, above all, by the arrangements of landed property. In France, had there been no other democratic tendency, that single part of the law which regulated the succession to estates would have given to the charter an operation of irresistible weight. Property continually subdivided, no where accumulated in abiding masses, made the existence of an aristocracy impossible. Add to this the turbulent—almost the incendiary press—the tone of sentiment prevailing through the chief seminaries of education, the impotence of the priesthood, the concentration in one vast metropolis, and the free communication of general disaffection to the government, combined with great intelligence and republican courage; add finally, the democratic composition of the representative body, and it will be seen that, amongst all the agencies available for a political influence, not one, except the distribution of the revenue, fell into the service of the crown. Titles of honour, and other distinctions of that quality, ceased to have their ancient force; without an organized aristocracy, that branch of the royal functions was defeated; the individual was won, but he brought over no body of dependents. Thus it happened, that of all the prejudices, customs, usages, institutions of the French nation, not one was found to hang a *sufflame*n or retarding action upon the natural operation of the charter, but united in giving to this democratic constitution an accelerated movement.

With these difficulties the various administrations of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. contended upon various lines of policy, with various ability, and, for the moment, with some variety of success; ultimately there was none, and could be none. All things were rapidly hastening to a crisis, at which the king's government could no longer be conducted by any ministry whom the king would have chosen. A representative government, too improvidently created by the charter, had thrown into the hands of the people a power, which, at length, was matured. They were determined to use it; and it was not within the possibilities that government should prevent them. Without the sanction of majorities in the Chamber of Deputies, public business could not move; and majorities, by any means at the disposal of government, were absolutely unattainable. In this wretched dilemma, and before attempting a *coup-d'état*, the French ministry turned their thoughts to a *coup-d-théâtre*. Military success was the one single bait which, in France, could be offered to the public mind. This propitiation was resolved on, and thence came the Algerine expedition. Memorable enough it is, that a measure which the wrongs and indignities of Christendom had invoked for centuries in vain, was at length adopted in good earnest as a ministerial intrigue. The expedition prospered; the resistance had been well calculated, the plans well laid; and it seemed that the ministers were better able to compute the terms of fo-

* Even for his own sake, Napoleon must have replaced the Bourbon charter, with some imperfect concessions of the same tendency.

reign than domestic warfare. As a military success, it could not have been more complete. But whether it were in part that the scale of the affair was too narrow—simply the abatement of a nuisance which it was a dishonour to have tolerated, rather than any glory to have destroyed,—or whether it were entirely and merely that the motive of the expedition became too palpably open to every eye, and, falling out at this particular season, betrayed too much of the ulterior policy upon which the cabinet reckoned,—certain it is that the effect on the public mind was inconsiderable and evanescent. Attempts were made to sustain the interest by exaggerated accounts of the Algerine treasures; and the several portions, as they arrived, were ostentatiously sounded on the public ear. But the days were gone by when such pantomimic artifices could bribe the French people. The great domestic measure, which the foreign one had been meant to mask, was in progress; and not one eye of any intelligence was drawn off from it for a moment. The refractory Chamber had been dissolved, the elections proceeded, the result was past all doubting, and the popular party—that is the nation—were unable to dissemble their triumph.

Now came the final crisis. Upon any possible issue of that crisis a revolution was at hand. It was inevitable. When the Chambers opened, the mere necessities of public business would have compelled the King to dismiss his ministers. But no change of the individuals would have brought any remedy to the evil. One set of men would have been put forward after another, all alike incapable of commanding the votes of the Deputies. Equally useless would it have been to dissolve the House: the same, or a worse, would continually have been returned. No dilemma ever was more perfect. Could the improvidence of the charter, which in sixteen years had brought about such a dead stop to the course of public affairs, be more strikingly illustrated? Without any change whatsoever, except one, viz. in that article of the charter which determined the composition of the Electoral Colleges, the oppression which now weighed upon the French cabinet might have been evaded. Such change was very possible a few years earlier: now, when the whole nation had become aware in what particular article it was that the secret of their strength lay, when the jewel in the popular coronet was detected, and every eye directed upon it, the time for that attempt was past.

Let us not do injustice to any party. A revolution, we repeat, was inevitable. For what was the alternative which a month or two would have offered to the King's choice? Either to renounce the government of France, solemnly to withdraw himself from a collision with democratic forces, in which the King's conscience might make it impossible for him to participate—or to accept a ministry from the popular party much more republican than that of Dumourier and his colleagues, which was forced upon Louis XVI.? The truth at length had become evident. The charter was self-destructive. Presupposing a King as the giver, by his own gifts it confounded him.

Recognising the monarchy as the centre of the French institutions, it tended, by the new rights which it conferred, to create a republic. It was a misgrowth of organs upon one body fitted to the necessities of another. Sixteen years' development had brought to maturity these fatal errors in the charter, and left no shadow of doubt that an explosion was now at hand; and the sole question which remained, was from which side the spark would fall.

A decided step was necessary, for no ministry could have advised the King to yield himself a passive tool to the convulsions which were at hand. As a King, capable of giving charters, he was now on the point of falling: the name of King he might retain, but not the character with which the constitution had clothed him. In what attitude should he meet his fate? Resisting, evading by retirement, or acquiescing? Fatal for himself, and for the credit of his good intentions with posterity, was the decision of his ministers. In an evil hour they resolved upon boldly facing the storm, and extinguishing, by unlawful means, the danger which menaced themselves in a form, alas! not contradictory to the constitution. Accordingly, on the 25th of July, they issued the fatal ordinances which "at one fell swoop" annihilated the liberty of the press, the existing House of Representatives, and the elective franchise of their constituents. Perhaps, in calmer times, when history shall look back upon this appalling monument of human rashness, she will have reason to pronounce it the very boldest measure in politics which she has to show upon her rolls. Upon what did the French cabinet rely? Upon three props—the army, the fancied merits of their Algerine exploits, and the panic superstition which still haunted the dread name of the *French Revolution*. These were the guarantees which they offered to the King for the security of their acts. It is clear, from the time chosen, that they must have built in some degree upon the impression from the affair of Algiers, (it is even alluded to in the ministerial preface to the ordinances,) and were therefore unwilling that it should evaporate; else it would have been more prudent to allow the Chambers to meet, and to have availed themselves of some violence on *their* parts, such as would not have failed to offer, under shelter of which they might have here produced the ordinances with more indulgence from the feeling of Europe. They miscalculated in every thing: even the troops were unprepared, and in some instances wanted ammunition. As to the *prestige* of the word "revolution," that is now forever disarmed: and it is strange, at any rate, that they should not have considered how inevitably the young and the poor (the two classes which were chiefly concerned in the three days' work) would disown that restraint. The levity and the unreflective policy of the French ministers are not the least wonderful features in this stupendous event.

But errors of policy are lost in the guilt of bad faith. At this point we would wish to speak frankly. Whatever were the difficulties of the King's situation—whatever were the errors of the popular party and the Parisian press, we would be understood to sympathise

heartily with the people in their sublime triumph over meditated fraud and perfidy. All is lost, if the rulers of kingdoms are to be tolerated in examples of the vilest treachery. There is an end of confidence amongst men—honour, promises, and religious sanctions become a jest and a mockery, if solemn oaths can be dispensed with for a pretext of expedience. Less than a *moral* purpose would not have justified the French king in entering upon any hazardous enterprise: and how could that be served by means so immoral as perjury? One sole resource remained to the unfortunate prince, if he declined (perhaps it was his duty to decline) making himself a party to the revolutionary schemes which were on the point of shaking his throne, and, in the mildest event, of changing the relations in which he stood to his people. Seeing that a degradation was at hand, he might with dignity have anticipated his fate—descending voluntarily from the throne, and solemnly loading the French people with the reproach of ingratitude and blind animosity to the elder house of Bourbon, from which house they had received the very privileges which they now applied to its ruin.—Charles would have won the respectful sympathy of all moderate men through Europe. As it is, commiseration for fallen greatness, and awe-struck contemplation of the mighty ruins of time, are the prevailing sentiments of the thoughtful; but personal respect for the king has received a melancholy shock. The deceptions of his ministers may be answerable for his delusion as regards the policy of the orders in council; but no ministers could dupe his conscience on the obligation of his oaths. Hence we fear that his latter days will be doubly clouded. He would at any rate have been a monument of the wrath of Providence, which is now heavy upon his house, as heretofore upon the house of Stuart. But he might have been a victim altogether without blot or reproach: as it is, he will be admonished by the insults of the unfeeling, that he has co-operated to his own calamities, and has furnished that justification, to his enemies, which perhaps they did not venture to hope for, and would have bought at any price.

The die was now cast: the recoil of democracy was like an effort of Titans, or of Earth in her heroic ages. In sixty hours the city of Paris had completed her work:

"All power was given her in the dreadful trance;
Those new-born laws she wither'd like a flame."

In a week from the publication of the orders in council, the reigning house had abdicated. Doubtless, Charles X. was quickened by the remembrance of his unhappy brother, Louis XVI. sinking from weakness to weakness, from concession to concession, until he had nothing more to concede but his own head, and the heads of his dearest friends. The old proverb, "Short is the interval between the prisons of princes and their graves," probably stimulated his determination. But we have no reason to think that he would have shrunk from the trial, had he not been satisfied that it was hopeless. That chapter in the story is

therefore closed: Charles X. will perhaps soon hide his "discrowned head" and his afflictions in the sanctuary of the grave: his son is too deficient in personal merits to have any chance of profiting by future revolutions in France; and, if they were the only persons concerned,

* We have continued reason to observe, that matters of familiar notoriety to people of education, who were contemporary with the events which gave an interest to the facts, are imperfectly known to vast numbers, otherwise well informed, who have come forward in life at a later period. On this account, we shall state the divisions of the House of Bourbon, with the certainty that we shall be giving seasonable information to many of our younger readers. Of the Bourbon House there are four families. I. The family of Charles X. Few people can be ignorant that his eldest son, the Duc d'Angoulême, married his cousin, the Princess Royal of France, only daughter of Louis XVI. and the beautiful Marie Antoinette. On the accession of Charles to the crown, his son and daughter-in-law became Dauphin and Dauphiness. They are childless. The Duc d'Berri, younger son of Charles X., was assassinated before his father ascended the throne: he left two children, of whom the eldest is a boy, about ten years of age, said to be an interesting, graceful, and well educated prince. To his single person, as respects the succession to the crown, the entire hopes of this elder family were at length reduced. Secondly comes the Orleans family. The present head of that family, now King of the French, was *Duc de Chartres* at the French revolution of 1789. Naturally following the impulse of his father, who himself signed by the name of *Egalité*, he escaped the first dangers of the republican era, but was afterwards compelled to emigrate. He lived for a time with Madame Genlis, in Switzerland, (by whom his education had been conducted,) as a protector to her and his young sister, Mademoiselle d'Orleans; and most laudably rose at four o'clock on winter mornings, for the purpose of earning bread for himself and the two ladies, by teaching mathematics. In the *Memoirs* of Madame de Genlis will be found an interesting account of the early sufferings encountered, with so much fortitude and dignity, by the princely brother and sister. On the death of his father on the scaffold, in 1793, he became Duc d'Orleans. In 1809, he married the daughter of that King of Naples who has recently died. By this lady, an exemplary princess, whose character is entirely of a domestic cast, he has eight children—five sons, of whom the eldest is about twenty, and the youngest about six; and three daughters, of whom the eldest is eighteen—all well educated and promising young people. The whole family are agreeable in manners and personal appearance, some of them strikingly so. Thirdly comes the afflicted, and now expiring house of *Condé*. About twenty years ago, this family consisted of three generations,—the Prince de Condé, his son the Duc de Bourbon, and lastly the Duc d'Enghuén, son and grandson to the two former. The murder of d'Enghuén, one of the worst acts of Napoleon,

we might join in the general cry of our English newspapers—"that the great drama is wound up."

The drama wound up! Is it then indeed so? Have the great Æolian caves been again opened to the levantors of revolution, and shall we—the men of 1830, who look back for forty years—presume to measure their strength, or to calculate their course? Not so: experience is not thus unlearned. Signs and portents even already arise upon us, before the new kingdom is a fortnight old. Already the ancient mobs have begun to intimidate the course of debate; and La Fayette, that father of revolutions and patriarch of edition, will not always be at hand, to stretch his Neptunian rod over the rising billows. Even La Fayette could not (supposing that he would) have intercepted the organization of a strong republican faction, had the election of a king been delayed for ten days more. For a moment the agitations of irresolute republicanism have been quelled and arrested, by the certainty, that a resolution once taken, under avowed countenance from the prevailing leaders of the state, will and must be maintained. At present, therefore, when an open avowal of republicanism is exposed to the penalties of treason, the ardent young patriots in that school champ their unexpected curb, with as much patience as belongs to their sect and nation. Perhaps also the personal respectability of the Orleans family, for talents, accomplishments, and civic qualities, especially since this family would probably by any party have been placed at the head of affairs under some title or other, may take off the edge of the discontents for a time. Had a republic been immediately established, and had La Fayette been complimented with the titular distinction of First President, he must speedily have resigned a station that would be no sinecure: and who stands forward at this moment prominently enough in public estimation to contest the pretensions of the Duke of Or-

leans? Even republicans, therefore, satisfied that, under another name, they must have accepted the Duke, will acquiesce for a season; whilst all parties, except those who are careless of consequences, will rejoice that, by such an arrangement, the best course was taken for conciliating foreign powers. The Duke of Orleans, besides all his other advantages, has this, that his position and previous relation to the crown, makes him a pledge of compromise with the extreme principles in both directions. To the foreign potentates, jealous on the article of legitimate succession, the Duke presents a qualified title in blood. On the other hand, to the purists in republicanism, that is not the title upon which he stands, but his popular election.

To meet an emergency, such expedients may answer. But it is the nature of equivocal and ambidexter expedients, that they apply both ways. At present, when all parties seek a pretext to avoid open rupture, the wound is tented. But what will happen, when all parties are prepared, and eager for the assertion of consequences? The Orleans title will then be canvassed anew. Hypocrities on both sides will insist on flaws which at present they dissemble. For the college of princes, his title in blood may be found bad. For the democratic clubbists, his title by election may be good, but others may be better. What one election has established, a second may defeat. Indeed, the first election will be found self-defeated at any convenient season; for upon what right, precedent, or construction of jurists, did the representative house undertake to bestow a king upon France? The house of peers has since, it is true, communicated their approbation. But this act of countersigning was for the satisfaction of their own wounded pride, perhaps their security, rather than to meet any public acknowledged necessity: the instrument was perfect without their concurrence—the patent of creation had passed, and the king was proclaimed. Again, by what privilege, which their constituents could bestow, did that same house annul the powers of nearly one hundred peers? The late king's authority had been vitiated by the overthrow of the charter: that occurred on, and not before, the 26th of July. All his acts were valid up to that day. The ninety-three disfranchised peers, though yielding partially (for some have protested) to the current of enthusiasm, grew upon as constitutional an origin as those who so lightly sported with their rights. It cannot fail to strike every body in France, that if these particular creations of Charles X. were invalid, all were so. This hint will be improved hereafter. Again, if those peers are found null, what becomes of the numerous legislative acts carried by their majorities? In this one passionate annulment many retrospective consequences are involved, which a council of the sections may afterwards more hardly follow out. Here we have again the old revolutionary taint, and the old incon-

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* The Chamber "proposed," the new king decided. But the measure arose with the representatives, and virtually was forced upon the king.

* Is since dead.

sequence, denounced in 1790, by the greatest man of that age. "They have little regard," said Edmund Burke, speaking of those who proclaimed all thrones vacant which were not elective,—“they have little regard to the obvious consequences of their doctrine, though they may see that it bears positive authority in very few positive institutions of this country. When such an unwarrantable maxim is once established, no one act of the princes who preceded this era of fictitious elections can be valid. Do these theorists mean to invalidate, annul, or to call into question, together with the titles of the whole line of our kings, that great body of our statute law which passed under those whom they treat as usurpers?—to annul laws of inestimable value to our liberties—of as great value, at least, as any which have passed at or since the period of the revolution? If kings who did not owe their crowns to the choice of their people, had no title to make laws, what will become of the statute *de tallagio non concedendo*? of the *petition of right*? of the act of *habeas corpus*?¹ These questions are as pertinent now as then. The same questions will be applied in France, as occasions ripen, in a far different spirit—not for the rescinding of the late acts, but for the fearful enlargement of their operation.

Other changes have been made with equal precipitation, but all tending to impress a republican character upon the constitution, upon the legislative body, and the functions of the people. The qualifications both of the electors and the candidates are altered: both the great councils of the nation, and the preliminary *comitia* of the hustings, (which, by the way, are now to be renewed every five years,) are to be thrown open to the violence of youth. Perhaps the new law, in respect to the deputies, might, for itself, have been a prudent one; but the violence of the change, (sinking from forty to thirty years,) the suddenness, and the season, all mark the force of the revolutionary feeling. A change still more extensive in the pecuniary qualification, which is only not carried at the same moment, in consequence of a struggle about the exact point of the depression, will, at the next election, probably multiply the electors in a fourfold proportion. This concurrent change will give effect to the other change in the age of the electors. For the *existing* qualification in property would not, in any undue extent, have been found in young men of twenty-five. Consequent upon these changes will be an extension of the Chamber itself. And thus a large infusion into the legislative body of needy and republican men will soon open such communication with the clubbists and lower democracy of France, as formerly in the States General paved the way to anarchy.

Without the house and within, the same signs are abroad. Banners are already displayed, and these not the transitory ensigns of popular triumph, but the official banners of the commune of Paris, bearing the old watchword—"Liberty and Equality!" The title of

Excellency, as applied to the ministers of state, has been proscribed by a public order. Under an instinct of prudence, the new king set the example of abandoning the external honours of his station; and receives the applauses of his country for abjuring those safeguards of rank, which, merely upon a principle of good taste, if any thing so important could be placed on so inadequate a footing, assuredly upon every argument of good sense, ought to encompass those, under whatever name—of king, or consul, or president—who represent the majesty of the nation. It is natural that a *roi citoyen* should wear such a spirit of manners, which in him, perhaps, is not more a concession to the temper of modern France than to the plain and unpretending character* of his own mind. But these manners, as they argue and proclaim, will inevitably help forward, the tendencies of the times.

These tendencies run headlong into republicanism. For a time, the character of the king will fall in with that current. But a period will come, when he will and must oppose them. For if he is a plain man, he is also a sincere man, and of upright intentions. Had there been any real grievances under the two last Bourbons, (setting aside the censorship for the few last years, which, if we will deal honestly, was provoked by the intemperance and excesses of the press,) we might seek another origin for the disaffection of the nation. As it is, we know and lament that its true origin was the spirit of change and aspiring democracy in the middle and lower classes, a determination widely spread to obtain a stage for anti-social and disorganizing principles, either by war or by civil confusions, which will find an organ and an opening in the late revolution, but assuredly no final satisfaction. To this spirit, promoted by the infusion of young blood into the national deliberations, every thing will be thought (as it truly may be thought) to have been done upon too narrow a basis. Occasions will be sought or created for external quarrel; and the unquiet spirit of discontent with existing institutions will be called up in every land where civilization enough exists to allow a birth and an evolution to such sympathies. Let us not deceive ourselves; the French are, in many of the elements of that character, a noble people,—brave, martial, high-spirited, generous, and daily becoming more intelligent; but they are not eminently a wise people; and, in defiance of the obnoxious insults heaped upon their own country by a particular set of journals among us, they are not a moral people, in a degree which enable them to withstand the temptations likely to unfold themselves. Meantime it is notorious, that a class of English writers, the most

* Mr. Brougham, at the late dinner in celebration of the Yorkshire election, speaking of the new king, declared that "a man more unlike a prince he had never met with." This was meant as pure praise. But certainly, at the present era, with republicanism so powerfully setting in through every organ in France, a worse present might be conceived to the country than a sovereign whose bias lay in another direction.

¹ Burke's Reflections on the Revolution (Works, vol. v. p. 111).

unprincipled as individuals, some of them emphatically proscribed as "scamps" among respectable people, and judging, perhaps, by the character of their own associates, have for several years been attacking the British nation, with all the virulence and sarcasm in their power, on its pretensions to a higher tone of morality. Sheer spite and low-bred insolence are the moving forces in these attacks. On the other hand, sounder theorists, for instance, the late Mr. Chenevix, conducted the attack upon the French, perhaps, with too much asperity and keenness. For our own parts, we grant that the French are improving, and have made astonishing steps in advance since 1789. Growing more comprehensive and liberal in their literary sensibilities, they have grown more thoughtful; an age of great struggles and great events has had the same exalted tendency; and growing more thoughtful, with more extended sensibilities, it was a necessity that they should become more of a moral people. As proofs of the great enlargement in the French intellectual tastes, we need not refer to the striking revolution on the Parisian stage in all that relates to English acting and the English drama; the prevalence for some years back, and the general toleration, of foreign poetry appealing to the higher passions; the encouragement of English and German literature, and even of Grecian and German philosophy, in its most mystical parts. For illustration of all this, the reader may consult the *French Globe*, a journal conducted by the friends and pupils of Professor Cousin. Still, with all these evidences of increasing depth and reflectiveness of character, it will be long before a solid probity of national character, such as belongs to the English middle orders, a probity triumphant over the temptations of public glory, will be secured. And surely, of the writers we are now alluding to, who insist so much on liberty as a previous condition for the growth of all public virtue, we may demand—how such a character *could* arise in a people who have been so long inured to the discipline of despotism? Yet, in the face of that consideration, these writers have been lately pressing upon us a picture of French electioneering contests, as a pure scene of republican virtue, and therefore as an opprobrium to England. What is the answer? In France, the purpose was to overturn a dynasty, and the electors were sustained by that hope. In England, fortunately, the contest is simply between Mr. *This* and lord *That*, the utmost result in any possible issue of the struggle making no conceivable difference in the course of public affairs. Why should a poor man be "virtuous" on such an inspiration?

In this condition of French virtue, the king is not strong enough to control the appetites of the mob factions, if they should succeed in forcing their way to the surface. The Perriers, the Constants, the Dupins, will then be weak as Roland and his illustrious wife:—the king will refuse to obey the tide of popular frenzy; possibly one of his own sons, under the training of an ultra-civic education, may be found fitted to take his place; and again all nations will be summoned to drink from the vials of revolutionary wrath.

We are supposing a state of war. But in a state of peaceful and unobstructed intercourse, the danger will be still greater for many parts of Europe; for some, because they are too near; for others, because they are stored with inflammatory principles. Let us pass them rapidly in review.

Germany, from its situation, power, and high condition of intellect, stands first in all considerations of European danger or European hopes. Nothing can be conceived so anomalous as the aspect which it presents. Like the realms of Chaos and original Night, in which all the principles of order and harmony for future worlds were struggling for mastery, as mere elements of uproar, every universality in the land affords a stage on which the capital interests of man, as a social being, are given up to the fury of disputers and theorists raving beyond the license of fever and delirium; whilst in each of the "haughty schools," some great Doctor *Seraphicus* or *Inexpugnabilis* presides as umpire for the moment, like "the anarchy old," and "by decision more embroils the fray." A late writer of that country, with the best means for computing the number of works which never enter into the mess-catalogues of Leipzig, has assured us, that, two years ago, there were upwards of ten thousand new books annually thrown into the arena, a large proportion of which are theories of society and political institutions, submitted to every mode of experiment and torture, analysis and combination. All modes and questions of government and civil economy are tossed into the crucible of German metaphysics; and of most of these reveries it is fair to say, that they are not so much fitted for Utopia as for Laputa. Their violence is often on a level with their extravagance: and falling upon the combustible temperament of German students, they might be expected to produce insurrection or secret conspiracy. These dangers, however, have hitherto been counteracted by three forces—first, by the austerity of the German governments; secondly, by the vapoury character of German enthusiasm, which exhausts itself in showy speculation; thirdly by the peculiar timidity of the German populace in all the considerable towns. Great cities there are only two in Germany; but even there the "tame villatic" character prevails. A German of low rank, whether young or old, is the most household, quiet, servile animal in Europe. This feature in German society was well known to the principal officers under Napoleon, who kept in perfect subordination, by a single file of musketeers, an extent of district which in Spain would have required the superintendence of several battalions. It is remarkable, also, that none of the great German authors,* Goethe in particular, ventured to breathe one syllable of discontent against Napoleon, so long as it was an act of courage to do so. Multitudes, indeed, at one time, steep out of their hiding-places, and blustered both in prose and verse; but it was when the

* Arndt, the author of the *Geist der Zeiten*, never came forward to own his book, so far as we could learn, and at any rate, he left his publisher, Palm, to be shot as his representative.

battle of Leipsic had banished the enemy beyond the Rhine. The fact, also, that in so vast a country as Germany, no partisan warfare, no guerillas arose, except in the single instance of Schill in 1809, is of itself a sufficient illustration of the emasculated character of Germany, both upper and lower.

Hence it is true, that whilst in London, Paris, Edinburgh, Dublin, all ranks, from the gentleman down to the lowest of the mob, in a sufficient cause, would fight with equal spirit, throughout Germany the excitable classes are to be found only in the middle or upper classes. Some of these, indeed, as the *burschen* of the numerous universities, are in a permanent state of inflammation; but whether they would prove as pugnacious in a real civil war, like that in the streets of Paris, as in their frequent sham duels with each other, is as questionable as whether their courage and patriotism are commensurate with the grossness of their manners. In one point, however, undoubtedly, the tumults of Germany will wear a character even more sanguinary than those in Paris. There the soldiery, with the exception of the Swiss, were not always in earnest. Generally they flattered, and acted with indecision; sometimes repelling the people actively when they were pressed upon with ferocious energy; but again resuming a defensive posture, or a posture but partially offensive, as their assailants recoiled. In Germany, if conflicts on the same principles should arise, there will be no forbearance of that nature; so completely is the patriotic sympathy obliterated in the lower class, by the many local subdivisions and district governments into which that country is splintered, and so absolute is the mechanical subjugation of the soldier.

However, under every difficulty and discouragement, it is too probable that great troubles pregnant with change and ruin to the thrones of central Europe, are at hand in Germany. Putting Poland out of the inquiry, (as a Russian appendage,) there are four leading kingdoms in this vast division of Christendom—Bavaria and Austria in Upper (or South) Germany—Saxony and Prussia, in Lower (or north) Germany. The sovereigns of these, as of most German states, are not personally oppressive, or odious to their subjects: many, indeed, of the German princes are enlightened and amiable men; and it may be said, generally, that they have improved greatly within the last forty years. Previously to that era, the picture which the Margravine of Bareuth has drawn of her father, the king, horse-whipping the princesses of his family, or shooting his gentlemen on the large scale—and her husband, the Margrave, pursuing the same amusements on the small one—might be taken as fair representative portraits of the ruffians who swayed the German sceptres.

But personal merits make slight amends for institutions in many instances cruelly oppressive. No where is there a more mild and paternal prince than the Emperor of Austria; but no where is the popular voice more sternly gagged, or the oppression more absolute in every branch of the fiscal and judicial administration. Should the reservoir once burst, in which the accumulated grievances of five

centuries are at present painfully confined, Austria, Bohemia, Northern Italy, will be simultaneously deluged; turbulent Hungary will fall away from the empire; and, with respect to Austria in particular, it is to be feared that a timid people, caged and caged hitherto, like the lunatics of former times, in chains and darkness, will be peculiarly ferocious, and incapable of self-restraint, on achieving a momentary deliverance from bonds. The Emperor himself might perhaps develop new features of character, of perilous provocation to an excited populace, on finding himself, for the first time in his life, surrounded no longer by an awe-struck population, dutiful as the menial servants of a nobleman, but by insolent and raging malecontents, demanding—not the donations of eleemosynary bounty, descending from those who had no experience of the real operation and pressure of their grievances—but rights and immunities fatal to the tenure of his empire.

Bavaria is the last country from which an original movement of insurrection is to be expected. The king, when prince royal, was popular in the highest degree; and being a truly enlightened man, with intentions thoroughly patriotic, he has improved the condition of his people, and discerned the signs of the times, so far as was possible for an eye looking downwards from the elevation of a throne. A popular influence, however, more fully sustained by the reaction upon Bavaria of the tumults which can hardly fail to arise in neighbouring countries, will assuredly discover wants not visible to the most benignant king. Such reforms have, in that favoured land, a chance for being pacific.

In Saxony and Prussia it is that we may look for a fiery struggle. The government in both is stern and military; the jealousy mutual between the court and the people; and the diffusion of political knowledge prodigious, in spite of every discontentance from the public authorities, (from the court of Dresden, in particular, a discontentance which is continually increasing in harshness.) The intelligent population of these lands, it must be remembered, are sustained by vindictive feelings, gloomily cherished for sixteen years, as well as by the animating hopes of freedom. They conceive that promises were made to them at the time of the great coalition in 1814, as bribes to their cordial co-operation in the service of those days. That was a service upon which kings and their people embarked with an equal interest: and it is well known, that in the inquiry which afterwards settled the general claims, considerations were granted to each crown in the ratio of the efforts made. Upon this arrangement the sovereigns carried off the whole rewards, though some share was confessedly due to their subjects. That was to have been redeemed by the performance of their liberal engagements, which as yet have been blankly disowned, or disingenuously evaded. A day of vengeance has been long looked to; secret societies, with the view of forwarding that event, under a disguise of misleading names, have been extensively formed; many preparations have been made. We must not deceive ourselves; the contagion of the scenes

in Paris—the power of the example—the overwhelming success—the frenzy of the joy—the thundering applause reverberated from England, will overset all restraints of prudence; and if the strongest military demonstrations, on the part of the Prussian government, do not overawe the movement, there will be an immediate explosion in that quarter of Europe. The newspapers have given us an article, under the date of Maestricht, which professes to be a cabinet order from Berlin, abjuring all interference with the affairs of France, and allowing a free course to the expression of public opinion along the line of the Prussian frontiers. This article, though generally accredited by the journals, foreign and domestic, wears some appearance of forgery. Supposing it to be authentic, what a concession to the spirit of the age, as contrasted with the policy pursued by Prussia forty years ago! What a proclamation of her panic!

Still more perilously situated are the Netherlands. So many ties of neighbourhood, familiar use of the French language, and old political connexions, unite the Low Countries with France, that it will require something stronger than the Orange sceptre to repress the progress of the new opinions. Wherever the Rhine flows, we venture to predict, that within eighteen months this great river will water a country changed or changing, in the spirit of its institutions. The cabinets of the continent are all in one and the same perplexing dilemma; resisting the freest intercourse with France, and the most liberal expression of sympathy with France, they fall at once into an angry collision with the fermenting popular enthusiasm—a collision which is not unlikely to anticipate the very crisis they fear, in seeking to prevent it. On the other hand, to allow unlimited indulgence to every city that may choose to bandy compliments and congratulations with the *commune* of Paris, is really nothing else than laying the foundation stone of a revolution, under the tacit sanction of government. States like England, free for ages, are privileged exceptions: England, with the ease and carelessness which belong to robust health, can stand the shock of wild republican ebullitions at dinner parties, or other scenes of public display. But the raw and undisciplined kingdoms of the continent will make a fearful inauguration of their newborn hopes, if they are permitted to build upon a revolution which will teach them that the French character of 1814 was not sufficient in its concessions for the demands of rational freedom.

Of Southern Europe we speak with more reserve. Those countries are under powerful political influences, but mixed and self-counteracting. Misrule assists the cause of revolution far and wide in Italy, and absolute disorganization in Spain and Portugal. On the other hand, Popish bigotry, to an extent unknown in Austria or Bavaria, throughout Spain, and very much in Portugal, throws its undivided force into the opposite scale. Personal questions, in some instances, interfere to disturb the calculation still further; and few prudent men would attempt to predict the course of events for six consecutive months.

The Carlists in Spain, put down with so much difficulty two years ago, are again moving. The mercantile and liberal faction in Oporto, and elsewhere, are again putting out their feelers. Emissaries of revolt will be continually teasing the coasts of the whole Peninsula; and the grievous defect of personal respectability in the reigning sovereigns offers an encouragement to such attempts. In Northern Italy, perhaps the constitutional languor of the natives will yield at length to the double excitement from France and from Germany. But whatever may be the final tendency of the many schisms in both Peninsulas, one thing is perfectly certain—that a long series of new and fierce distractions will be the immediate portions of those harassed (and of the Western Peninsula we may say—exhausted) countries.

These prospects are important to us at any rate—they become a thousand times more important in their relation to our domestic evils. On these, and the menaces they present, we would say a few words. It is the hackneyed artifice of political writers, either out of party violence, as a trick of rhetoric, or by way of stimulating attention, to speak of the country as on the brink of ruin; as though a mighty empire could so easily receive an impulse of that magnitude from the errors of some one individual, or of a single transitory cabinet. Extravagancies of that kind are disdained by men of sense. And we have little need of hyperbole, where the grave realities before us are more than sufficiently alarming. The waters of the great abyss are again abroad: One deep is calling to another—trepidation and panic are spreading over the thrones of Europe: the friends of real liberty are perplexed, and uncertain of the course before them: no William Pitt is at hand to guide us; no "great leading angel" arises to dictate the destinies of Europe; nor could a second Pitt avail us in an age which would not brook the harsh temper of his imperial policy. We depend, therefore, upon the hope of moderation in the present French democracy, not upon any resources of our own, in the event of that hope failing. We rely, it seems, upon the mutable populace of Paris; and, if they should deceive us, we are without compass or anchor. Yet in this state of acknowledged uncertainty, we hear one uniform shout of exultation ascending from men of every party—Whigs, Tories, Bigots, Liberals, Radicals, and Subscribers to the Holy Alliance!

Fatal, if it should prove irretrievable, and most memorable in any case, is the dissolution of party connexions, and the obligations which grew upon them, within the three last years. No longer period than that has been found sufficient to unknit whatsoever it was the subtle policy of our ancestors, sagacious at least as politicians, to bind into fixed combinations. Mr. Canning's apostasy, followed afterwards by many lesser apostasies, was the first great shattering blow to the separate cohesion of Whigs and Tories. What insulated fragments might remain of either party, still clinging to some unity of principle and action, received a second and final blow from the general apostasy of the late wicked House of Commons on the Catholic Question. In illustra-

tion of this, we copy a few lines from the letter of a friend, who had been absent for about two years from England:—

"Nothing," says he, "strikes me so much, during these five weeks that I have been in London, as the prodigious revolution in the tone of political leaders—those even that preserve their honesty. In the *Standard*, which seems to be about the ablest of the London papers, I see things daily that two years ago would have stamped any man a radical. Formerly, you and I, and all of our party, pursued a policy with regard to all the proposals of the radical party, such as the honest men in a king's ship pursue towards mutineers. They resist them: and even when the mutineers talk sense, they resist them, because else they would be strengthening the mutineers against the king's officers. At length, however, the ship has gone on shore; the captain is killed, the officers are drowned, or missing, except a midshipman or two who bear no commission, and the mutineers are individually the most respectable of the survivors. In this situation we consult for the common safety; and, of course, we listen to any man, mutineer or not, nay, to the ringleader of the mutineers, according as what he says is rational and hopeful. Such I imagine to be our position with respect to the defunct parties of Whig and Tory. And in that way only am I able to explain the continued radicalisms of our friends. They are set loose from all restraints of duty to their party, whom it is no longer possible to serve, because they have split into a thousand fractions, and recombined with all sorts of aliens, runaways, and vagabonds like themselves."

Thus far our friend, whose observation of the phenomena is true to the case which public life now exhibits, and his explanation natural.

Yet we hear continually some foolish voice raised in triumph on the extinction of Whigs and Tories. A single reflection upon the theory of our constitution will satisfy us that this triumph is founded in folly. Philosophically speaking, neither Whigs nor Tories, taken separately, express the truth of our constitution—but both in combination. They are the antagonist forces of the English constitution, as necessary to each other as the centrifugal and centripetal forces in another system, which by mutual hostility produce an equilibrium, and a uniform motion, that could not otherwise have resulted. When Mr. Fox, therefore, took as the thesis for his projected History of our Revolution—the justification of the Whig party—meaning that they, and not the Tories, were right and consistent in that great effort of wisdom,—he totally misconceived the philosophy of the case; since neither Whig principles nor Tory principles prevailed in that measure, as in opposition to each other; but the two parties met in *equilibrium*; and the Revolution belonged equally to both. To one party is confided the conservative charge of the popular powers—to the other of the powers of the crown. Either party, insulated, would represent an abortion; both together, make up the total constitution. But it was wisely arranged in the practice of our forefathers, that, by consigning the two opposite functions of the con-

stitution to two different organs—Whigs and Tories,—a life and a passionate justice should be secured to the support of each, which would droop and fall into languor or inequality, supposing that one and the same mind were charged with the defence of two opposite principles. One man, from complexional differences of mind, has a keener sensibility to the regal rights—another to the rights of the people. And upon these elementary distinctions, which constituted the original meaning of *Whig* and *Tory*, grew, or sometimes accidentally supervened, other distinctions which stood in no necessary relation to the characteristic principles of either, but which (equally with such as did) promoted the public service. Thus, for example, the Tories opposed Napoleon; the Whigs patronised him. The Tories, on the other hand, patronised the Spanish cause; the Whigs opposed it. In neither case did the political feelings grow at all upon the stock of Whig or Tory principles—but upon the accidental position of the Whigs, as a party out of office, to the Tories as a party then in administration. In other instances, it often happened that the differences had more a reference to the original distinctions of the two parties. But, in any case, this division of parties, cast the parts in the public drama, distributed the business, and organized the functions of public life. No other possible arrangement could so effectually provide for the hearty and vigorous administration of the national interests as this which is now so unwisely abandoned. And if it should be argued that the same substantial division of parties still prevails, though abandoning the names of Whig and Tory, this were to boast a mere verbal change, which would be childish indeed. But it is most evident to every observer that it is *not* so; since the vile apostasy of the late vile House of Commons, there was (as there must always be) a distinction of members as in and out of office; but there the distinction ceased. You could not even distinguish them as Ministerial and Anti-ministerial; for he who opposed Ministers to-day, perhaps gave them his vote to-morrow. Nay, as we now learn by the manifesto of the parties, themselves, one weighty division of his late Majesty's Opposition through the whole of last session, gave their support to the Minister, in the teeth of their own convictions, out of sheer pity for his imbecility, (perhaps, also, out of some lingering hopes for themselves.) In reality, party combinations, on any broad public principles, having been broken by public profligacy, are in a condition which scarcely allows of their restoration. Casual and momentary cohesions for private purposes, and on no one principle whatever,—resembling the shifting pillars of sand in the Great Desert, which mould and un mould themselves as restlessly as northern lights, unable to maintain their consistency for two successive minutes—such are the fractionary and crumbling elements from which the public service is to be furnished. And it may truly be said, that of the late House of Commons, the majority was united by no one principle of connexion, except the perfidious violation of the only great principle they had ever professed. Yes! too lamentably true is it, that, the

Catholic Question was carried, not by accession of strength to the Whigs, but by desertion of those who used to call themselves Tories. Hence the union of all parties in expressing their scorn of these men. Hence Mr. Brougham has lately assured us, that they would just as readily have voted the other way, had the Minister directed them: so much do those ever hate the traitors who prize the treason. Hence also the single effort of public sentiment through the late elections has been towards those unworthy traitors. For a reason which it would not be decorous to allude to more particularly, as also on account of the imbecility of the Ministry, it has been generally felt by the nation, that any new Parliament at this time might have several chances for proving a short one. For this reason, few persons would go any great lengths in expensive contests; and the elections generally were of the very tamest character. Yet, in a single set of cases, there has been an exception: whosoever one of the traitors has appeared, he has been a marked man. Witness the seven members of the Peel family (five Peels, Derry Dawson, and the Dean of York,) who have all been trampled under foot by public scorn, no family having ever sustained so much public humiliation at one time—"Into what depth thou seest, from what height fallen." From the same cause it has happened, that the few real Whigs and Tories faithful to their principles, have come, by comparison with so many traitors, to look upon each other with mutual esteem, and have even approximated to a Parliamentary union.

We have enlarged upon this question of constitutional parties, their justification, and their present condition, as topics of especial interest and application to the great subject before us. Hence, reverting to the difficulty we stated, we can understand why it is that all parties, and, amongst them, even Tories, in the present relaxation of their principles, have united to applaud the great Revolution of Paris, of which some features are so auspicious, and the consequences as yet so indeterminate and so illimitable. Hence we perceive why so much thoughtless indignation has been poured out upon a paper in the Quarterly Review, which discusses M. Cotti's project of a Dictatorship in France; a paper in which we, who profess ourselves champions of civil liberty as it exists in Great Britain, can perceive much seasonable wisdom, and nothing that is inconsistent with our constitution, provided the writer had more clearly explained himself upon the possibility of reconciling his schemes with the king's oath.

Hence also we explain some other phenomena, else unaccountable, in the public meetings of the day; in particular the rashness with which men of judgment and cautious politics have prejudged the merits of a revolution so imperfectly unfolded. Three years ago they would have acted under a more vigilant sense of responsibility to known and authentic parties. At present, out of Parliament as within it, each man stands upon his separate and momentary views of political expediency, which are often as mutable as they are insulated and detached from all deliberate principles.

But anxiety for the future, at this tremendous epoch, swallows up all other considerations; and our thoughts continually revert to the miserable and fragmentary state of parties among us, more for what it bodes than what it explains; for the fearful dangers which it augurs, than for the mysteries which it interprets. Feelings of nothing less than awe subdue us, when we consider to what hands the Parliamentary management of this overwhelming interest will be confided, for perhaps the decisive period of its progress. Within the walls of Parliament there is even less cohesion, or discipline of mutual support and concert, than without. For if men outside the House have lost their old Parliamentary leaders, and their most authentic monitors on the constitutional boundaries of political distinctions, at least they have no such reasons, as many inside have created for themselves, to forget their principles. Ministers, who have hitherto existed by sufferance and the forbearance of their antagonists, and who, if they are to keep their places for another session, must now be as obsequious to the prevailing passions of the land, as they are despotic in their wishes; representatives of the nation, without union, plans, or leaders; trembling before their constituents, trembling before the journals of Europe, trembling before the organs of democracy and the tribunals of liberalism in London and Paris;—such are the men who will eventually be called upon to discuss and to protect the solemn interests that are staked upon this revolution. Much will depend upon the voice of the English Parliament, if it could be hoped that it would be firmly and powerfully expressed in behalf of moderate counsels and the rights of every party. But the timid politician is rarely just; and it can scarcely be expected that the same men, or nearly so, who lately betrayed the ancient guarantees of their own domestic constitution, will contend with fidelity and earnestness for the revolutionary guarantees which are now become necessary for Europe.

Meantime, whatever becomes of these great interests, to which we shall return at intervals during the awful times which are preparing for us all—as citizens of a magnanimous nation, we point the public indignation to the atrocious spirit in which two or three of the London journals have endeavoured to awaken a spirit of ruffian inhospitality and insult toward the aged Charles X., and the illustrious ladies, as innocent as they are unhappy, who bear him company in his exile. One journal has coolly proposed to deny "a shilling" to purchase bread for the family, or a retreat for their afflictions. Another has pushed its brutality farther, and has called upon the people of Paris to consign their venerable Prince to the "pillory" and the "scourge!" Even the toasts given at some of the public dinners, though less unfeeling, have been violent and sanguinary. We are certain that the generous in France, as well as in England, would wish to spare even the criminal ministers any heavier punishment than exile for life. As to the royal family they are consecrated by misfortunes in the eyes of all men of feeling. In both the revolutions of France some of them

were the earliest sacrifices. Would to God we could believe—they were destined to be the last!

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LIBERTY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Blest be the land, where'er it lies,
'Neath brilliant blue Arcadian skies;
Or far in dreary solitude,
'Mid cataract and forest rude,

It shores a desert sea:
To me it shall be holy ground,
If in its air there lives one sound,
And that glad sound is Liberty!

Dear Liberty!—thou ray of Heaven!
Bright emanation from our God!
Spirit to whom a power is given
Superior to the prophet's rod;
Where'er thou touchest—flows a stream
Of grace and grandeur, brightening all!
Beauty awakes as from a dream—
Wealth hears, and straight obeys thy call!

Brave are thy youths, and fair thy maids,
The very soul of love pervades
Their every word and sigh;
Around thou turn'st thine eagle gaze,
And tyrants wither in the blaze
Of thine insulted eye!
There is no attribute of mind,
No glow of faculties refined,
No charm (that genius gave)
But grows and strengthens in thy light:
And lives there one such gift to blight?
Go!—cast the traitor from thy sight,
To crawl an *abject slave*!

Yea! by whatever ocean bound,
That land to me is hallowed ground,
If *freedom's* heart there springs one sound,
The lofty sound of Liberty!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

[It is somewhat strange that a class of men who can command such interesting, extensive, and instructive materials, as the experience of most members of the medical profession seems with, should have hitherto made so few contributions to the stock of polite and popular literature. The bar, the church, the army, the navy, and the stage, have all of them spread the volumes of their secret history to the prying gaze of the public; while that of the medical profession has remained hitherto—with scarcely an exception—a sealed book. And yet there are no members of society whose pursuits lead them to listen more frequently to what has been exquisitely termed the “still and music of humanity.” What instances of noble, though unostentatious heroism—of calm and patient fortitude under the most intolerable

anguish which can wring and torture these poor bodies of ours—what appalling combinations of moral and physical wretchedness, laying prostrate the proudest energies of humanity—what diversified manifestations of character—what singular and touching passages of domestic history—must have come under the notice of the intelligent practitioner of physic? And are none of these calculated to furnish both instruction and amusement to the public? With the exception of one solitary paper, which appeared in a contemporaneous Magazine* some months ago, and which professed to be the first of a series—what periodical has sunk a shaft into this rich mine of incident and sentiment?

Considerations such as these have led to the publication of the present series of extracts from a late physician's diary—and in a Magazine, which was the first to present—papers of this class to the public. Whether the subject and writer of the ensuing pages is dead or alive, can be matter of very little consequence it is apprehended, to the reader; and, therefore, no information on that point, for obvious reasons, will be communicated. In selecting from a very copious store of sketches, in every instance drawn from nature, warm and vivid with the colouring of reality, all possible care will be taken to avoid undue disclosures. Names, dates, and places, therefore, will be generally omitted—except where they can be inserted with perfect safety. It was thought—that the modest, and simple account of the commencement of his professional career, which immediately follows, would form a suitable introduction; and for the few remaining numbers—such “passages”—only, will be culled, as will appear likely to interest the readers of this Magazine, and the public generally.]

CHAP. I.

EARLY STRUGGLES.

* * * * * CAN any thing be conceived more dreary and disheartening, than the prospect before a young London physician, who, without friends or fortune, yet with high aspirations after professional eminence, is striving to weave around him what is technically called “a connexion?” Such was my case. After having exhausted the slender finances allotted to me from the funds of a poor but somewhat ambitious family, in passing through the usual routine of a college and a medical education, I found myself, about my twenty-sixth year, in London—possessed of about £100 in cash, a few books, a tolerable wardrobe, an inexhaustible fund of animal spirits, and a wife—a lovely young creature whom I had been absurd enough, some few weeks before, to marry, merely because we loved each other. She was the only daughter of a very worthy fellow townsman of mine, a widower; whose fortunes, alas, had decayed, long before their possessor. Emily was the glory of his age, and, need I add, the pride of my youth; and after having assiduously attended her father, through his last illness, the sole and rich return was his daughter's heart.

* The New Monthly.

I must own that when we found ourselves fairly housed in the mighty metropolis of England, with so poor an exchequer, and the means of replenishing it so remote and contingent, we were somewhat startled at the boldness of the step we had taken. "Nothing venture, nothing have," however, was my maxim; and I felt supported by that unaccountable conviction which clings to all in such circumstances as mine, up to the very pinching moment, but no longer—that there must be thousands of ways of getting a livelihood, to which we can turn at a moment's warning. And then the swelling thought of being the architect of one's own fortune!—As, however, daily drafts began to diminish my £100, my spirits faltered a little. I discovered that I might indeed as well

—"lie pack'd in mine own grave,"

as continue in London without money, or the means of getting it; and after resolving endless schemes, the only conceivable mode of doing so seemed by calling in the assistance of the Jews. My father had fortunately effected a policy on my life for £2000, at an early period, on which some fourteen premiums had been paid; and this available security, added to the powerful influence of a young nobleman to whom I had rendered some service at college, enabled me to succeed in wringing a loan from old Amos L—, of £3000, at the trifling interest of fifteen per cent. payable by way of redeemable annuity. It was with fear and trembling that I called myself master of this large sum, and with the utmost diffidence that I could bring myself to exercise what the lawyers would call *acts of ownership* on it. As, however, there was no time to lose, I took a respectable house in C— street, West—furnished it neatly and respectably—fortunately enough let the first floor to a rich old East India bachelor—beheld—"Dr. —" glisten conspicuously on my door—and then dropped my little line into the great waters of London, resolved to abide the issue with patience.

Blessed with buoyant and sanguine spirits, I did not lay it much to heart, that my only occupation during the first six months, was—abroad, to practise the pardonable solecism of hurrying *aud passibus aquis* through the streets, as if in attendance on numerous patients; and at home, to ponder pleasantly over my books, and enjoy the company of my cheerful and affectionate wife. But when I had numbered twelve months, almost without feeling a pulse or receiving a fee, and was reminded by old L—, that the second half yearly instalment of £225 was due, I began to look forward with some apprehension to the overcast future. Of the £3000, for the use of which I was paying so cruel and exorbitant a premium, little more than half remained—and this, notwithstanding we had practised the most rigid economy in our little household expenditure, and devoted as little to dress as was compatible with maintaining a respectable exterior. To my sorrow, I found myself unavoidably contracting debts, which with the interest due to old L—, I found it would be impossible to discharge. If matters went on as they seemed to threaten, what was to be-

come of me in a year or two? Putting every thing else out of the question, where was I to find the funds to meet old L—'s annual demand of £450? Relying on my prospects of professional success, I had bound myself to return the £3000 within five years of the time of borrowing it; and now, I thought I must have been mad to do so. I had no family resources—for my father had died since I came to London, very much embarrassed in his circumstances; and my mother, who was aged and infirm, had gone to reside with some relatives, who were few and poor. My wife, as I have stated, was in like plight. I do not think she had a relative in England (for her father and all his family were Germans,) except

—"him, whose brightest joy,

Was that he called her—wife."

Lord —, the nobleman before mentioned, whom I am sure would have rejoiced in assisting me, either by pecuniary advances or professional introductions, had been on the continent ever since I commenced practice. Being of studious habits, and a very bashful and reserved disposition, while at Cambridge, I could number but few college friends—none of whom I knew where to find in London. Neither my wife nor I knew more than five people, besides our India lodger; for, to tell the truth, we were, like many a fond and foolish couple before us, all the world to one another, and cared little for scraping together promiscuous acquaintances. If we had even been inclined to visiting, our straitened circumstances would have forbid our incurring the expenses attached to it. What then was to be done?—My wife would say, "Pho, love, we shall contrive to get on as well as our neighbours;" but the simple fact was, we were not getting on like our neighbours—nor did I see any prospect of our ever doing so. I began, therefore, to pass sleepless nights and days of despondency—casting about in every direction for any employment consistent with my profession, and redoubling my fruitless efforts to obtain practice.

It is almost laughable to say that our only receipts were a few paltry guineas sent at long intervals from old Asperne, the proprietor of the European Magazine, as remuneration for a sort of monthly medical summary—and a trifle or two from Mr. Nicholls of the Gentleman's Magazine, as an acknowledgment for several sweet sonnets sent by my wife. Knowing the success which often attended professional authorship, as tending to acquire for the writer a reputation for skill in the subject of which he treated, and introduce him to the notice of the higher members of his own profession, I determined to turn my attention that way. For several months I was up early and late, at a work on Diseases of the Lungs. I bestowed incredible pains on it; and my toil was sweetened by my wife, who would sit by me in the long summer evenings like an angel, consoling and encouraging me with predictions of success. She lightened my labour by undertaking the transcription of the manuscript; and I thought that two or three hundred sheets of fair and regular hand-writing were heavily purchased by the impaired eye-

sight of the beloved amanuensis. When at length it was completed, having been read and revised twenty times, so that there was not a comma wanted, I hurried, full of fluttering hopes and fears, to a well-known medical bookseller, expecting he would at once purchase the copyright. Fifty pounds I had fixed in my own mind as the minimum of what I would accept; and I had already appropriated part of it towards buying a handsome dress for my wife. Alas! even in this branch of my profession, my hopes were doomed to meet with disappointment. The bookseller received me with great civility; listened to every word I had to say, seemed to take some interest in the new views of the disease treated of, which I explained to him, and repeated, and ventured to assure him that they would certainly attract public attention. My heart leaped for joy as I saw his business-like eye settled upon me with an expression of attentive interest. After having almost talked myself hoarse, and flushed myself all over with excitement, he removed his spectacles, and politely assured me of his approbation of the work; but that he had determined never to publish any more medical works on his own account. I have the most vivid recollection of my almost turning sick with chagrin. With a faltering voice I asked him if that was his unalterable determination? He replied, it was; for he had "lost too much by speculations of that sort." I tied up the manuscript and withdrew. As soon as I left his shop, I let fall a scorching tear of mingled sorrow and mortification. I could almost have wept aloud. At that moment, whom should I meet but my dear wife; for we had both been talking all night long, and all breakfast time, about the probable result of my interview with the bookseller; and her anxious affection would not permit her to wait my return. She had been pacing to and fro on the other side of the street—and flew to me on my leaving the shop. I could not speak to her; I felt almost choked. At last her continued expressions of tenderness and sympathy soothed me into a more equable frame of mind, and we returned to dinner. In the afternoon I offered it to another bookseller, who, John Trot like, told me at once he never did that sort of thing. I offered it subsequently to every medical bookseller I could find—with like success. One fat fellow actually whiffled out, "if he might make so bold," he would advise me to leave off book-making, and stick to my practice. Another assured me he had got two similar works then in the press; and the last I consulted, told me I was too young, he thought, to have seen enough of practice for writing "a book of that nature," as his words were. "Publish it on your own account, love," said my wife. That, however, was out of the question, whatever might be the merits of the work—for I had no friends; and a kind hearted bookseller, to whom I mentioned the project, assured me that if I went to press, my work would fall from it still-born. When I returned home from making this last attempt, I flung myself into a chair by the fireside, opposite my wife, without speaking. There was an anxious smile of sweet solicitude in her face. My agitated and mortified air convinced her that I

was finally disappointed, and that six months' hard labour were thrown away. In a fit of uncontrollable pique and passion, I flung the manuscript on the fire, but Emily suddenly snatched it from the flames, gazed at me with a look such as none but a fond and devoted wife could give—threw her arms round my neck, and kissed me back to calmness, if not happiness. I laid the MSS. in question on a shelf in my study; and it was my first and last attempt at medical book-making.

From what cause, or combination of causes, I know not, but I seemed marked out for failure in my profession. Though my name shone on my door, and the respectable neighbourhood could not but have noticed the regularity and decorum of my habits and manners, yet none ever thought of calling me in! Had I been able to exhibit a line of carriages at my door—or to open my house for the reception of company—or to dash about town in an elegant equipage—or be seen at the opera and theatres—had I been able to do this, the case might have been different. In candour I must acknowledge, that another probable cause of my ill success was a somewhat insignificant person, and unprepossessing countenance. I could not wear such an eternal smirk of concealed complacency, or keep my head perpetually bowing, mandarin-like, as many of my professional brothers; still there were thousands to whom these deficiencies proved no serious obstacles. The great misfortune in my case was, undoubtedly, the want of introductions. There was a man of considerable rank and great wealth, who was a sort of fiftieth cousin of mine, resided in one of the fashionable squares, not far from me, and on whom I had called to claim kindred, and solicit his patronage; but after having sent up my name and address, I was suffered to wait so long in an anteroom, that, what with the noise of servants, bustling past with insolent familiarity, I quite forgot the relationship, and left the house, wondering what had brought me there. I never felt inclined to go near it again; so there was an end of all prospects of introduction from that quarter. I was left, therefore, to rely exclusively on my own efforts, and trust to chance for patients. It is true, that in the time I have mentioned, I was twice called in at an instant's warning; but, in both cases, the objects of my visits had expired before my arrival, probably before a messenger could be despatched for me; and the manner in which my fees were proffered, convinced me that I should be cursed for a mercenary wretch if I accepted them. I was, therefore, induced in each case to decline the guinea, though it would have purchased me a week's happiness! I was also, on several occasions, called in to visit the inferior members of families in the neighbourhood—servants, housekeepers, porters, &c.; and of all the trying, the mortifying occurrences in the life of a young physician, such occasions as these are the most irritating. You go to the house—a large one probably—and are instructed not to knock at the front door, but to go down by the area to your patient! I think it was about this time that I was summoned in haste to young Sir Charles F—, who resided near Mayfair.

Delighted at the prospect of securing so distinguished a patient, I hurried to his house, resolved to do my utmost to give satisfaction. When I entered the room, I found the sprig of fashion enveloped in a crimson silk dressing-gown, sitting conceitedly on the sofa, and sipping a cup of coffee, from which he desisted a moment to examine me through his eye-glass, and then direct me to inspect the swelled foot of a favourite pointer! Daring a look of anger at the insulted cockcomb, I instantly withdrew without uttering a word. Five years afterwards, did that young man make use of the most strenuous effort, to oust me from the confidence of a family of distinction, to which he was distantly related.*

A more mortifying incident occurred shortly afterwards. I had the misfortune to be called on a sudden emergency into consultation with the late celebrated Dr.—. It was the first consultational visit that I had ever paid; and I was, of course, very anxious to acquit myself creditably. Shall I ever forget or forgive the air of insolent condescension with which he received me, or the remark he made in the presence of several individuals, professional as well as unprofessional—"I assure you Dr.—, there is really some difference between apoplexy and epilepsy, at least there was when I was a young man!" He accompanied those words with a look of supercilious commiseration, directed to the lady, whose husband was our patient; and I need not add, that my future services were dispensed with. My heart ached to think that such a fellow as this should have it in his power, as it were, to take the bread out of the mouth of an unpretending, and almost spirit-broken, professional brother; but I had no remedy. I am happy to have it in my power to say how much the tone of consulting physicians is now (1834) lowered towards their brethren who may happen to be of a few years' less standing, and, consequently, less firmly fixed in the confidence of their patients. It was by a few similar incidents to those above related, that my spirit began to be soured; and had it not been for the unvarying sweetness and cheerfulness of my incomparable wife, existence would not have been tolerable. My professional efforts were paralyzed; failure attended every attempt; my ruin seemed sealed. My resources were rapidly melting away—my expenditure, moderate as it was, was counterbalanced by no incomes. A prison and starvation awaited before me.

Despairing of finding any better source of emolument, I was induced to send an advertisement to one of the daily papers, stating, that "a graduate of Cambridge University, having a little spare time at his disposal, was

willing to give private instructions in the classics, in the evenings, to gentlemen preparing for college—or to others!" After about a week's interval, I received one solitary communication. It was from a young man holding some subordinate situation under Government, and residing at Fimlico. This person offered me two guineas a month, if I would attend him at his own house, for two hours on the evenings of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday! With these hard terms was I obliged to comply—yes, a gentleman, and a member of an English University, was driven so low as to attend, for these terms, an ignorant underling, and endeavour to instil a few drops of classic lore into the turbid and shallow waters of his understanding. I had hardly given him a month's attendance, before this fellow assured me with a flippant air, that as he had now acquired "a practical knowledge of the classics," he would dispense with my further services! Dull dunce—he could not, in Latin, be brought to comprehend the difference between a *noter* and an *active verb*: while, as for Greek, it was an absolute choke-poor; so he nibbled on to *εὐδαιμονία*—and then gave it up. Bitter but unavailing were my regrets, as I returned from paying my last visit to this promising scholar, that I had not entered the army, and gone to America, or even betaken myself to some subordinate commercial situation. A thousand and a thousand times did I curse the ambition which brought me up to London, and the egregious vanity which led me to rely so implicitly on my talents for success. Had I but been content with the humbler sphere of a general practitioner, I might have laid out my dearly bought £3000 with a reasonable prospect of soon repaying it, and acquiring a respectable livelihood. But all these soberer thoughts, as is usual, came only time enough to enhance the mortification of failure.

About £300 was now the miserable remnant of the money borrowed from the Jew; and half a year's interest, (£225,) together with my rent, was due in about a fortnight's time. I was, besides, indebted to many tradesmen—who were becoming every day more querulous—for articles of food, clothing, and furniture. My poor Emily was in daily expectation of her accouchement; and my own health was sensibly sinking under the combined pressure of anxiety and excessive parsimony. What was to be done? Despair was clinging to me, and shedding blight and mildew over all my faculties. Every avenue was closed against me. I never knew what it was to have more than one or two hours' sleep at night, and that so heavy, so troubled, and interrupted, that I woke each morning more dead than alive. I lay tossing in bed, revolving all conceivable schemes and fancies in my tortured brain, till at length, from mere iteration, they began to assume a feasible aspect; but, alas! they would none of them bear the blush of daylight—but faded away as extravagant and absurd. I would endeavour to set afloat a popular Medical Journal—to give lectures on diseases of the lungs—(a department with which I was familiar)—I would advertise for a small medical partnership as a general practitioner—I

* This anecdote calls to my mind one told me by the late Dr. Hamilton. He was sent for once in great haste by Lady P—, to see—absolutely a little favourite monkey, which was almost suffocated with its morning's feed. When the Doctor entered the room, he saw only her ladyship, her young son, (a lad of ten years old, who was most absurdly dressed,) and his patient. Looking at each of the two latter, he said coolly to Lady P—, "My Lady, which is the monkey?"

would do a thousand things of the sort; but where was my capital to set out with? I had £300 in the world, and £450 yearly to pay to an extortionating old miser: that was the simple fact; and it almost drove me to despair to advert to it for one instant. Wretched, however, as I was, and almost every instant loathing my existence, the idea of suicide was never entertained for a moment. If the fiend would occasionally flit across the dreary chamber of my heart—a strong, an unceasing confidence in the goodness and power of my Maker always repelled the fearful visitant. Even yet, rapidly as I seemed approaching the precipice of ruin, I could not avoid cherishing a feeble hope that some unexpected avenue would open to better fortune; and the thought of it would for a time soothe my troubled breast, and nerve it to bear up against the inroads of my present misfortunes.

I recollect one day sitting down in St. James's Park on one of the benches, weary with wandering the whole morning I knew not whither. I felt faint and ill, and more than usually depressed in mind. I had that morning paid one of my tradesmen's bills, amounting to £10, and the fellow told my servant, that as he had so much trouble in getting his money, he did not want the honour of my custom any longer. The thought that my credit was failing in the neighbourhood was insupportable. Ruin and disgrace would then be accelerated; and being unable to meet my creditors, I should be proclaimed little less than a swindler, and shaken like a viper from the lap of society. Fearful as were such thoughts, I had not enough of energy of feeling left to suffer much agitation from them. I folded my arms on my breast in sullen apathy, and wished only that, whatever might be my fate, certainly might be substituted for suspense.

While indulging in thoughts like these, a glittering troop of soldiers passed by me, preceded by their band, playing a merry air. How the sounds jarred on the broken strings of my heart! And many a bright face, dressed in smiles of gaiety and happiness, thronged past, attracted by the music—little thinking of the wretchedness of him who was sitting by. I could not prevent the tears of anguish from gushing forth. I thought of Emily—of her delicate and interesting, but to me, melancholy situation. I could not bear the thought of returning home to encounter her affectionate looks,—her meek and gentle resignation to her bitter fortunes. Why had I married her, without first having considered whether I could support her? Passionately fond of me as I well knew she was, could she avoid frequently recurring to the days of our courtship, when I reiterated assured her of my certainty of professional success as soon as I could get settled in London? Where now were all the fair and flourishing scenes to which my childish enthusiasm had taught me to look forward? Would not the bitter contrast she was now experiencing, and seemed doomed long yet to experience, alienate from me a portion of her affections, and induce feelings of anger and contempt? Could I blame her for all this? If the goodly superstructure of my fortunes fell, was it not I that had loosened and destroyed

the foundation?—Reflections like these were harassing and scourging me, when an elderly gentleman, evidently an invalid, tottered slowly to the bench where I was sitting, and sat down beside me. He seemed a man of wealth and consideration; for his servant, on whose arm he had been leaning, stood behind the bench on which he was sitting. He was almost shaken to pieces by an asthmatic cough, and was besides suffering from another severe disorder, which need not be more particularly named. He looked at me once or twice, in a manner which seemed to say that he would not take it rudely if I addressed him. I did so. I said, "I am afraid you are in great pain from that cough, sir?"—"Yes," he gasped faintly; "and I don't know how to get rid of it. I am an old man, you see, sir; and methinks my summons to the grave might have been less loud and painful." After a little pause, I ventured to ask him how long he had been subject to the cough which now harassed him? He said, more or less for the last ten years; but that latterly it had increased so much upon him, that he could not derive any benefit from medical advice. "I should think, sir, the more violent symptoms of your disorder might be mitigated," said I; and proceeded to question him minutely as to the origin and progress of the complaints which now afflicted him. He answered all my questions with civility; and as I went on, seemed to be roused into something like curiosity and interest. I need not say more, than that I discovered he had not been in the hands of a skilful practitioner; and that I assured him very few and simple means would give him great relief from at least the more violent symptoms. He, of course, perceived I was in the medical profession; and, after some apparent hesitation, evidently as to whether or not I should feel hurt, tendered me a guinea. I refused it promptly and decidedly, and assured him that he was quite welcome to the very trifling advice I had rendered him. At that moment, a young man of fashionable appearance walked up, and told him their carriage was waiting at the corner of the stable yard. This last gentleman, who seemed to be either the son or nephew of the old gentleman, eyed me, I thought, with a certain superciliousness, which was not lessened when the invalid told him I had given him some excellent advice, for which he could not prevail on me to receive a fee. "We are vastly obliged to you, sir; but are going home to the family physician," said the young man, haughtily; and placing the invalid's arm in his, led him slowly away. He was addressed several times by the servant, as "Sir," something *Wilton or William*, I think; but I could not distinctly catch it, so that it was evidently a person of some rank that I had been addressing. How many there are, thought I, that with a more plausible and insinuating address than mine is, would have contrived to have got into the confidence of this gentleman, and become his medical attendant? How foolish was I not to give him my card when he proffered me a fee, and thus, in all probability, be sent for the next morning to pay a regular professional visit! and to what lucrative introductions might not that have led! A thousand times I cursed

my absurd diffidence—my sensitiveness as to professional etiquette—and my inability to seize the advantages occasionally offered by a fortunate conjuncture of circumstances. I was fitter, I thought, for *La Trappe*, than the bustling world of business. I deserved my ill fortune: and professional failure was the natural consequence of the *mauvaise honte* which has injured so many. As the day, however, was far advancing, I left the seat, and turned my steps towards my cheerless home.

As was generally the case, I found Emily busily engaged in painting little fire-screens and other ornamental toys, which, when completed, I was in the habit of carrying to a kind of private bazaar in Oxford street, where I was not known, and where, with an aching heart, I disposed of the delicate and beautiful productions of my poor wife for a trifle hardly worth taking home. Could any man, pretending to the slightest feeling, contemplate his young wife—far advanced in pregnancy, in a critical state of health, and requiring air, exercise, and cheerful company—toiling, in the manner I have related, from morning to night, and for a miserably inadequate remuneration? She submitted, however, to our misfortunes with infinitely more firmness and equanimity than I could pretend to; and her uniform cheerfulness of demeanour, together with the passionate fervour of her fondness for me, contributed to fling a few rays of trembling and evanescent lustre over the gloomy prospects of the future. Still, however, the dreadful question incessantly presented itself—What, in God's name, is to become of us? I cannot say that we were at this time in absolute literal want; though our parsimonious fare hardly deserved the name of food, especially such as my wife's delicate situation required. It was the hopelessness of all prospective resources that kept us in perpetual thralldom. With infinite effort we might contrive to hold on to a given period—say till the next half yearly demand of old L.—; and then we must sink altogether, unless a miracle intervened to save us. Had I been alone in the world, I might have braved the worst—have turned my hands to a thousand things—have accommodated myself to almost any circumstances—and borne the extremest privations with fortitude. But my darling—my meek, smiling, gentle Emily!—my heart bled for her.

Not to leave any stone unturned, seeing an advertisement addressed "To Medical Men," I applied for the situation of assistant to a general practitioner, though I had but little skill in the practical part of compounding medicines. I applied personally to the advertiser, a fat, red faced, vulgar fellow,* who had contrived to gain a very large practice, by what means God only knows. His terms were—and these named in the most offensive contemptuousness of manner—£90l. a year, board and lodge out, and give *all* my time in the day to my employer! Absurd as was the idea of acceding to terms like these, I thought I might still con-

sider them. I pressed hard for £100 a year, and told him I was married—

"Married!" said he, with a loud laugh—"No, no, sir—you're not the man for my money—so I wish you good morning."

Thus was I baffled in every attempt to obtain a permanent source of support from my profession. It brought me about £40 per annum: I gained, by occasional contributions to magazines, an average sum annually of about £25; my wife earned about that sum by her pencil; and these were all the funds I had to meet the enormous interest due half yearly to old L.—, to discharge my rent, and the various other expenses of housekeeping, &c. Might I not well despair? I did—and God's goodness only preserved me from the frightful calamity which has suddenly terminated the earthly miseries of thousands in similar circumstances.

And is it possible, I often thought, with all the tormenting incredulosity of a man half stupified with his misfortunes—is it possible that, in the very heart of this metropolis of splendour, wealth, and extravagance, a gentleman and a scholar, who has laboured long in the honourable toil of acquiring professional knowledge, cannot contrive to scrape together even a competent subsistence?—and that, too, while ignorance and infamy are wallowing in wealth—while charlatantry and quackery of all kinds are bloated with success!

Two days after the occurrence in St. James's Park, above related, I was, as usual, reading the columns of advertisements in one of the daily papers, when my eyes lit on the following:—

"The professional gentleman, who, a day or two ago, had some conversation on the subject of asthma with an *invalid*, on one of the benches in St. James's Park, is particularly requested to forward his name and address to W. J. care of Messrs —."

I had almost let the paper fall from my hands with delighted surprise. That I was the "professional gentleman" alluded to, was clear; and on the slender foundation of this advertisement, I had in a few moments built a large and splendid superstructure of good fortune. I had hardly calmed enough to call my wife, who was engaged with some small household matters, for the purpose of communicating the good news to her. I need hardly say with what eagerness I complied with the requisitions of the advertisement. Half an hour beheld my name and address in an envelope, with the superscription, "W. J." lying at Messrs —'s, who were stationers. After passing a most anxious and sleepless night, agitated by all kinds of hopes and fears, my wife and I were sitting at breakfast, when a livery servant knocked at the door; and after inquiring whether Dr. — was at home, left a letter. It was an envelope containing the card of address of Sir William —, No. 26, — Street, accompanied with the following note:—

"Sir William —'s compliments to Dr. —, and will feel obliged by his looking in, in the course of the morning."

"Now be calm, my dear —," said Emily, as she saw my fluttering excitement of man-

* This worthy (a Mr. C— by name) lived at this time in the region of St. George's in the East.

ner. But, alas! that was impossible. I was impatient for the hour of twelve; and precisely as the clock struck, I sallied forth to visit my titled patient. All the way I went, I was taxing my ingenuity for palliatives, remedies for asthma; I would now-regulate his diet and plan of life—in short, I would do wonders!

Sir William, who was sitting gasping by the fire-side, received me with great courtesy; and after motioning his niece, a charming young woman, to retire, told me he had been so much interested by my remarks the other day, in the Park, that he felt inclined to follow my advice, and put himself under my care altogether. He then entered on a history of his complaints. I found his constitution was entirely broken up, and that in a very little time it would fall to pieces. I told him, however, that if he would adhere strictly to the regimen I proposed, I could promise him great, if not permanent relief. He listened to what I said with the utmost interest. "Do you think you could prolong my life, Doctor, for two years?" said he, with emotion. I told him I certainly could not pretend to promise him so much. "My only reason for asking the question," he replied, "is my beloved niece, that young lady who has just left us. If I cannot live for two years or eighteen months longer, it will be a bitter thing for her!"—He sighed deeply—and added abruptly—"but of that more hereafter. I hope to see you to-morrow, Doctor." He insisted on my accepting five guineas in return for the *two*-visits he said he had received—and I took my departure. I felt altogether a new man as I walked home. My spirits were more light and buoyant than they had been for many a long month: for I could not help thinking that I had now a fair chance of introduction into respectable practice. My wife shared my joy; and we were as happy for the rest of that day, as if we had already surmounted the heavy difficulties which oppressed us.

I attended Sir William every day that week, and received a fee of two guineas for each visit. On Sunday, I met the family physician, Dr. —, who had just been released from attendance on one of the royal family. He was a polite but haughty man, and seemed inclined to be much displeased with Sir William for calling me in. When I entered, Sir William introduced me to him as "Dr. —." "Dr. —, of — Square?" inquired the other physician, carelessly. I told him where I lived. He affected to be reflecting where the street was; it was the one next to that in which he himself resided. There is nothing in the world so easy, as for the eminent members of our profession to take the bread out of the mouths of their younger brethren, with the best grace in the world. So Sir — contrived in the present case. He assured Sir William that nothing was calculated to do him so much good as change of air—of course I could not but assent;—the sooner, he said, Sir William left town, the better; Sir William asked me if I concurred in that opinion?—Certainly. He set off for Worthington two days after—and I lost the best—and almost the only patient I had then ever had; for Sir William died after three weeks' residence at Worthington.

This circumstance occasioned me great depression of spirits. Nothing that I touched seemed to prosper; and the transient glimpses I occasionally obtained of good fortune, seemed given only to tantalize me, and enhance the bitterness of the contrast. My store of money was reduced at last from £3000 to £25 in cash; my debts amounted to upwards of £100; and in six months another £225 would be due to old L—! My wife, too, had been confined, and there was another source of expense; for both she and my little daughter were in a very feeble state of health. Still, secretly wishing to accommodate herself to one lowered in circumstances, she almost broke my heart with the proposal of dismissing our servant, the whole of whose labour my sweet Emily herself undertook to perform! No, no—this was too much; the tears of agony gushed from my eyes, as I folded her delicate frame in my arms, and assured her that Providence would never permit so much virtue and gentleness to be degraded into such humiliating servitude. I said this; but my heart heavily misgave me, that a more wretched prospect was before her!

I have often sat by my small, solitary parlour fire, and pondered over my misery and misfortunes till I have been almost frenzied with the violence of my emotions. Where was I to look for relief? What earthly remedy was there? Oh, my God! thou alone knowest what this poor heart of mine suffered in such times as these—not on my own account—but for those beloved beings whose ruin was implicated in mine!—What, however, was to be done at the present crisis, seeing at Christmas, old L— would come upon me for his interest, and my other creditors would insist on payment? A dewy mist came over my mind's eye whenever I attempted to look steadily forward into futurity. I had written several times to my kind and condescending friend Lord —, who still continued abroad; but as I knew not to what part of the continent to direct, and the servants of his family pretended they knew not, I left my letters at his town-house, to be forwarded with his quarterly packages. I suppose my letters must have been opened and burnt, as little other than pestering, begging letters: for I never heard from him.

I had often heard from my father, that we had a sort of fiftieth cousin in London, a baronet of great wealth, who had married a distant relation of our family, on account solely of her beauty; but that he was one of the most haughty and arrogant men breathing—had in the most insolent manner disavowed the relationship, and treated my father, on one occasion, very contumeliously. Since I had been in London, and suffered from the pressure of accumulated misfortunes, the idea of applying to this man, and stating my circumstances, had presented itself a thousand times. As one is easily induced to believe what one wishes to be true, I could not help thinking, that surely he must in some degree relent, if informed of our utter misery; but my heart always failed when I took my pen in hand to write to him. I was at a loss for terms in which to state our distress most feelingly, and in a man-

ner best calculated to arrest his attention. I had, however, after infinite reluctance, addressed a letter of this sort to his lady—who, I am sorry to say, shared all Sir —'s *hauteur*; and received an answer from a fashionable watering-place, where her ladyship was spending the summer months. This is it:—

"Lady —'s compliments to Dr. —, and having received his letter, and given it her best consideration, is happy in being able to request Dr. —'s acceptance of the enclosed—which, however, owing to Sir —'s temporary embarrassment in pecuniary matters, she has had some difficulty in sending. She is, therefore, under the painful necessity of requesting Dr. — to abstain from future applications of this sort. As to Dr. —'s offer of his medical services to Lady —'s family, when in town, Lady — must beg to decline them, as the present physician has attended the family for years, and neither Lady — nor Sir — see any reason for changing.

"W —, to Dr. H —."

The enclosure was £10, which I was on the point of returning in a blank envelope, indignant at the cold and unfeeling letter which accompanied it; but I thought of my wife—and retained it. To return. Recollecting the reception of this application, my heart was frozen at the idea of a similar one to Sir —. To what, however, will not misfortune compel a man! I determined at length, to call upon Sir —; to insist upon being shown to him. I set out for this purpose, without telling my errand to my wife, who, as I have before stated, was confined to her bed, and in a very feeble state of health. It was a fine sunny morning, or rather noon; all that I passed seemed happy and contented; their spirits exhilarated by the genial weather, and sustained by the successful prosecution of business. My heart, however, was fluttering feebly beneath the pressure of anticipated disappointment. I was going in the spirit of a forlorn hope; with the dogged determination to make the attempt; to know that even this door was shut against me. My knees trembled beneath me as I entered — Place, and saw elegant equipages standing at the doors of most of the gloomy, but magnificent houses, which seemed to frown off such insignificant and wretched individuals as myself. How could I ever muster resolution enough—I thought—to ascend the steps, and knock and ring in a sufficiently authoritative manner to be attended to? It is laughable to relate—but I could not refrain from stepping back into a by-street, and getting a small glass of some cordial spirit to give me a little firmness. Although I ventured again into — Place, and found Sir —'s house, on the opposite side, there was no one to be seen but some men servants in undress, lolling indolently at the dining-room window, and making their remarks on passers by. I dreaded these fellows as much as their master!—It was no use, however, indulging in thoughts of that kind; so I crossed over, and lifting the huge knocker, made a tolerably decided application of it, and pulled the bell with what I fancied was a sudden and imperative jerk. The summons was instantly answered by the corpulent porter, who, seeing nothing but a

plain pedestrian, kept hold of the door, and leaning against the door-post, asked me familiarly what were my commands.

"Is Sir — at home?"

"He is," said the fellow, in a supercilious tone, "and what then, sir?"

"Can he be spoken to?"

"I think he can't, for he wasn't home till six o'clock this morning from the Duchess of —'s."

"Can I wait for him; and will you show him this card," said I tendering it to him—"and say I have particular business?"

"You couldn't look in again at four, could you?" inquired he, in the same tone of vulgar assurance.

"No, sir;" I replied, kindling with indignation, "my business is urgent,—I shall wait now."

He opened the door for me, and called to a servant to show me into the ante-chamber, saying, I must make up my mind to wait an hour or two, as Sir — was then only just getting up, and would be an hour at least at his breakfast. He then left me, saying he would send my card up to his master. My spirits were somewhat ruffled and agitated with having forced my way so far through the frozen island of English aristocracy, and I sat down determined to wait patiently, till I was summoned up to Sir —. I could hear several equipages dashing up to the door, and the visitors they brought were always shown up immediately. I rung the bell, and asked the servant why I was suffered to wait so long, as Sir — was clearly visible now.

"Pon honour, I don't know, indeed," said the fellow, coolly, shutting the door.

Boiling with indignation, I resumed my seat, then walked to and fro and then sat down again. Presently, I heard the French valet ordering the carriage to be in readiness in half an hour. I rung again; the same servant answered. He walked into the room, and standing near me, asked, in a familiar tone, what I wanted. "Show me up to Sir —, for I shall wait no longer," said I sternly.

"Can't, sir, indeed," he replied, with a smirk in his face.

"Has my card been shown to Sir —?" I inquired, struggling to preserve my temper.

"I'll ask the porter if he gave it to Sir —'s valet," he replied, and shut the door.

About ten minutes afterwards a carriage drove up; there was a bustle on the stairs, and in the hall. I heard a voice saying, "if Lord — calls, tell him I am gone to his house;" in a few moments, the steps of the carriage were let down—the carriage drove off—and all was quiet. Once more I rung.

"Is Sir — now at liberty?"

"Oh, he's gone out sir," said the same servant, who had twice before answered my summons. The valet then entered, I asked him, with lips quivering with indignation, why I had not seen Sir —? I was given to understand that my card had been shown the Baronet—that he said, "I've no time to attend to this person," or words to that effect—and had left his house without deigning to notice me! without uttering more than "Show me the door, Sir," to the servant, I took my depar-

ture, determined to perish rather than to make a second application. To anticipate my narrative a little, I may state, that ten years afterwards, Sir —, who had become dreadfully addicted to gambling, lost all his property, and died suddenly of an apoplectic seizure, brought on by a paroxysm of fury! Thus did Providence reward this selfish and unfeeling man.

I walked about the town for several hours, endeavouring to wear off that air of chagrin and sorrow which had been occasioned by my reception at Sir —'s. Something *must* be done—and that immediately; for absolute starvation was now before us. I could think of but two other quarters where I could apply for a little temporary relief. I resolved to write a note to a very celebrated and successful brother practitioner, stating my necessities—acquainting him candidly with my whole circumstances, and soliciting the favour of a temporary accommodation of a few pounds—twenty was the sum I ventured to name. I wrote the letter at a coffee-house, and returned home. I spent all that evening in attempting to picture to myself the reception it would meet with. I tried to put myself in the place of him I had written to, and fancy the feelings with which I should receive a similar application. I need not, however, tantalize the reader. After nearly a fortnight's suspense, I received the following reply to my letter, I shall give it *verbatim*—after premising that the writer of it was at that time making about £10,000 or £12,000 a-year, “—encloses a trifle (*one guinea*) to Dr. —, wishes it may be serviceable, but must say, that when young men attempt a station in life without competent funds to meet it they cannot wonder if they fail.

“— Square.”

The other quarter was old Mr. G—, our Indian lodger. Though an eccentric and reserved man, shunning all company except that of a favourite black servant, I thought he might yet be liberal. As he was something of a character, I must be allowed a word or two about him, in passing. Though he occupied the whole of the first floor of my house, I seldom saw him. In truth, he was little else than a bronze fireside fixture, all day long, summer and winter,—protected from the intrusion of draughts and visitors, which equally annoyed him, by a huge folding screen. Swathed, mummy-like, in flannel and furs,—squalling incessant execrations against the chilly English climate,—and solacing himself, alternately, with sleep, caudle, and curry, he would sit for hours listening to a strange clattering, (I know no word but this that can give any thing like an idea of it,) and most melancholy noise, uttered by his black grizzle headed servant—which I was given to understand was a species of Indian song—evinced his satisfaction by a face curiously puckered together, and small beady black eyes, glittering with the light of vertical suns: thus, I say, he would sit till both dropt asleep. He was very fond of this servant, (whose name was Clinquabor, or something of that sort,) and yet would kick and strike him with great violence on the slightest occasions.

Without being self-interested, I candidly

acknowledge, that on receiving him into our house, and submitting to divers inconveniences from his strange foreign fancies, I had calculated on his proving a lucrative lodger. I was, however, very much mistaken. He uniformly discouraged my visits, by evincing the utmost restlessness and even trepidation, whenever I approached. He was more tolerant to my wife's visits; but even to her could not help intimating, in pretty plain terms, on more occasions than one, that he had no idea of being “drugged to death by his landlord.” On one occasion, however, his servant came stuttering with agitation into my room, that “hib massa wis to see—a doctor.” I found him suffering from the heart-burn; submitted to his asthmatic querulousness for nearly half an hour; prescribed the usual remedies—and received in return—a guinea? No, a curious, ugly, and perfectly useless cane, with which (to enhance its value) he assured me he had once kept a large snake at bay! On another occasion, in return for a similar professional assistance, he dismissed me without tendering me a fee, or any thing instead of it; but sent for my wife, in the course of the afternoon, and presented her with a hideous little cracked china teapot, the lid fastened with a dingy silver chain, and the lip of the spout bearing evident marks of an ancient compound fracture. He was singularly exact in every thing he did; he paid his rent, for instance, at ten o'clock in the morning every quarter day, as long as he lived with me.

Such was the man whose assistance I had at last determined to ask. With infinite hesitation and embarrassment, I stated my circumstances. He fidgeted sadly, till I concluded, almost inarticulate with agitation, by soliciting the loan of £300—offering, at the same time, to deposit with him the lease of my house, as a collateral security for what he might advance me.

“My God!” he exclaimed, falling back in his chair, and elevating his hands.

“Would you favour me with this sum, Mr. G—?” I inquired in a respectful tone.

“Do you take me, doctor, for a money-lender?”

“No, indeed, sir—but for an obliging friend as well as lodger—if you will allow me the liberty.”

“Ha—you think me a rich old hunk come from India to fling his gold at every one he sees?”

“May I beg an answer, sir?” said I, after a pause.

“I cannot lend it you, doctor,” he replied calmly, and bowed me to the door. I rushed down stairs almost gnashing my teeth with fury. The Deity seemed to have marked me with a curse. No one would listen to me!

The next day my rent was due; which, with Mr. G—'s rent, and the savings of excommunicating parsimony, I contrived to meet. Then came old L—! Good God! what were my feelings when I saw him hobble up to my door. I civilly assured him, with a quaking heart, and ashy cheeks, but with the calmness of despair, that though it was not convenient to-day, he should have it on the morning of the next day. His greedy, black

Jewish eye seemed to dart into my very soul. He retired apparently satisfied, and I almost fell down and blessed him on my knees, for his forbearance.

It was on Wednesday, two days after Christmas, that my dear Emily came down stairs after her confinement. Though pale and languid, she looked very lovely, and her fondness for me seemed redoubled. By way of honouring the season, and welcoming my dear wife down stairs, in spite of my fearful embarrassments, I expended my last guinea in providing a tolerably comfortable dinner, such as I had not sat down to for many a long week. I was determined to cast care aside for one day at least. The little table was set; the small but savoury roast beef was on—and I was just drawing the cork of a solitary bottle of port, when a heavy knock was heard at the street door. I almost fainted at the sound—I knew not why. The servant answered the door, and two men entered the very parlour, holding a thin slip of parchment in their hands.

"In God's name, who are you? What brings you here?" while my wife sat silent, trembling, and looking very faint.

"Are you the gentleman that is named here?" inquired one of the men, in a civil and even compassionate tone—showing me a *writ* issued against me by old L—, for the money I owed him! My poor wife saw my agitation, and the servant arrived just in time to preserve her from falling, for she had fainted. I had her carried to bed, and was permitted to wait by her bedside for a few moments; when, more dead than alive, I surrendered myself into the hands of the officers. I shall never forget that half hour if I were to live a thousand years. I felt as if I were stepping into my grave. My heart was utterly withered within me.

A few hours beheld me the sullen and despairing occupant of the back attic of a sponging house near Leicester Square. The weather was bitterly inclement, yet no fire was allowed one who had not a farthing in his pocket. Had it not been for my poor Emily and my child, I think I should have put an end to my miserable existence; for *to prison I must go*—there was no miracle to save me—and what was to become of Emily and her little one? Jewels she had none to pawn—my books had nearly all disappeared—the scanty remnants of our furniture were not worth selling. Great God, I was nearly frantic when I thought of all this! I sat up the whole night without fire or candle, (for the brutal wretch in whose custody I was, suspected I had money with me and would not part with it,) till nearly seven o'clock in the morning, when I sunk, in a state of stupor, on the bed, and fell asleep. How long I continued so, I know not; for I was roused from a dreary dream by some one embracing me, and reiteratedly kissing my lips and forehead. It was my poor Emily! who, at the imminent risk of her life, having found out where I was, had hurried to bring me the news of release; for she had succeeded in obtaining the sum of £300 from our lodger, which I had in vain solicited. We returned home immediately. I hastened up stairs to our lodger to express the

most enthusiastic thanks. He listened without interruption, and then coldly replied—"I would rather have your note of hand, sir!" Almost choked with mortification at receiving such an unfeeling rebuff, I gave him what he asked, expecting nothing more than that he would presently act the part of old L—. He did not, however, trouble me.

The few pounds above what was due to our relentless creditor L—, sufficed to meet some of our most pressing exigencies; but as they gradually disappeared, my prospects became darker than ever. The agitation and distress which recent occurrences had occasioned, threw my wife into a low, nervous, hysterical state, which added to my misfortunes; and her little infant was sensibly pining away, as if in unconscious sympathy with its wretched parents. Where now were we to look for help? We had a new creditor to a serious amount, in Mr. G—, our lodger; whatever, therefore, might be the extremity of our distress, applying to him was out of the question; nay, it would be well if he proved a lenient creditor. The hateful annuity was again becoming due. It pressed like an incubus upon us. The form of old L— flitted incessantly around us, as though it were a fiend, goading us on to destruction. I am sure I must often have raved frightfully in my sleep; for more than once I was woken by my wife clinging to me, and exclaiming in terrified accents, "Oh, hush, hush, —, don't for Heaven's sake, say so!"

To add to my misery, she and the infant began to keep their bed; and our lodger, whose constitution had been long ago broken up, began to fail rapidly. I was in daily attendance, but, of course could not expect a fee, as I was already his debtor to a large amount. I had three patients who paid me regularly, but only one was a daily patient; and I was obliged to lay by, out of these small incomings, a cruel portion to meet my rent, and L—'s annuity. Surely my situation was now like that of the fabled scorpion, surrounded with fiery destruction! Every one in the house, and my few acquaintances without, expressed surprise and commiseration at my wretched appearance. I was worn almost to a skeleton; and when I looked suddenly in the glass, my worn and hollow looks startled me. My fears magnified the illness of my wife; the whole world seemed melting away from me into gloom and darkness.

My thoughts—I well recollect—seemed to be perpetually occupied with the dreary image of a desolate churchyard, wet and cold with the sleets and storms of winter. O, that I, and my wife and child, I have sometimes madly thought, were sleeping peacefully in our long home! Why were we brought into the world?—why did my nature prompt me to seek my present station in society?—merely for the purpose of reducing me to the dreadful condition of him of old, whose only consolation from his friends was—*curse God and die!* What had I done—what had our forefathers done—that Providence should thus come upon us, and thwart us in every thing we attempted?

Fortune, however, at last seemed tired of persecuting me; and my affairs took a favour-

able turn when most they needed it. On what small and insignificant things do our fates depend! Truly—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

About eight o'clock one evening in the month of March, I was walking down the Haymarket, as usual, in a very disconsolate mood, in search of some shop where I might execute a small commission for my wife. The whole neighbourhood in front of the Opera-house door, exhibited the usual scene of uproar arising from clashing carriages and quarrelsome coachmen. I was standing at the box-door, and watching the company descend from their carriages, when a cry was heard from the very centre of the crowd of coaches—"Run for a doctor!" I rushed instantly to the spot, at the peril of my life, announcing my profession. I soon made my way up to the open door of a carriage, from which issued the moanings of a female, evidently in great agony. The accident was this: A young lady had suddenly stretched her arm through the open window of the carriage conveying her to the opera, for the purpose of pointing out to one of her companions a brilliant illumination of one of the opposite houses. At that instant their coachman, dashing forward to gain the open space opposite the box-door, shot with great velocity, and within a hair's breadth distance, past a retiring carriage. The consequence was inevitable: A sudden shriek announced the dislocation of the young lady's shoulder, and the shocking laceration of the fore-arm and hand. When I arrived at the carriage door, the unfortunate sufferer was lying motionless in the arms of an elderly gentleman and a young lady, both of them, as might be expected, dreadfully agitated. It was the Earl of — and his two daughters. Having entered the carriage, I placed my fair patient in such a position as would prevent her suffering more than was necessary from the motion of the carriage—despatched one of the servants for Mr. Cline, to meet us on our arrival at home, and then the coachman was ordered to drive home as fast as possible. I need not say more, than that by Mr. Cline's skill the dislocation was quickly reduced, and the wounded hand and arm duly dressed. I then prescribed what medicines were necessary—received a check for ten guineas from the Earl, accompanied with fervent thanks for my prompt attentions, and was requested to call as early as possible the next morning.

As soon as I had left his lordship's door, I shot homeward like an arrow. My good fortune, (truly it is an ill wind that blows *nobody* any good,) was almost too much for me. I could scarce repress the violence of my emotions, but felt a continual inclination to relieve myself, by singing, shouting, or committing some other such extravagance. I arrived at home in a very few minutes, and rushed breathless up stairs, joy glittering in my eyes, to communicate my good fortune to my wife, and congratulate ourselves that the door of professional success was at last opened to us. How tenderly she tried to calm my excitement, and moderate my expectations, without

at the same time depressing my spirits! I did certainly feel somewhat damped, when I recollected the little incident of introduction to Sir William —, and its abrupt and unexpected termination. This, however, differed from that—and the event proved that my expectations were not ill founded.

I continued in constant attendance on my fair patient, who was really a very lovely girl; and by my unremitting and anxious attentions, so conciliated the favour of the Earl, and the rest of his family, that the countess, who had long been an invalid, was committed to my care, jointly with that of the family physician. I need hardly say, that my poor services were most nobly remunerated; and more than this—having succeeded in securing the confidence of the family, it was not many weeks before I had the honour of visiting one or two other families of high rank; and I felt conscious that I was laying the foundation of a fashionable and lucrative practice. With joy unutterable, I contrived to be ready for our half yearly tormentor, old L—; and somewhat surprised him, by asking with an easy air, when he wished for a return of his principal. Of course, he was not desirous of losing such interest as I was paying!

I had seen too much of the bitterness of adversity, to suffer the dawn of good fortune to elate me into too great confidence. I now husbanded my resources with rigorous economy—and had, in return, the inexpressible satisfaction of being able to pay my way, and stand fair with *all* my creditors. My beloved Emily appeared in that society which she was born to ornament; and we numbered several families of high respectability among our visiting friends. As is usual, whenever accident threw me in the way of those who formerly scowled upon me contemptuously, I was received with an excess of civility. The very physician who sent me the munificent donation of a guinea, I met in consultation, and made his cheeks tingle, by returning him the *loun* he had advanced me!

In four years time from the occurrence at the Haymarket, I contrived to pay old L— his £3000, (though he did not live a month after signing the receipt,) and thus escaped for ever from the fangs of the money-lender. A word or two, also, about our Indian lodger. He died about eighteen months after the accident I have been relating. His sole heir was a young lieutenant in the navy; and very much to my surprise and gratification, in a codicil to old Mr. G—'s will, I was left a legacy of £2000, including the £300 he had lent me, saying it was some return for the many attentions he had received from us, since he had been our lodger, and as a mark of his approbation of the honourable and virtuous principles by which, he said, he had always perceived our conduct to be actuated.

Twelve years from this period, my income amounted to between £3000 and £4000 a-year; and as my family was increasing, I thought my means warranted a more extensive establishment. I therefore removed into a large and elegant house, and set up my carriage. The recollection of past times has taught me at least one useful lesson—whether my life be

long or short—to bear success with moderation, and never to turn a deaf ear to applications from the younger and less successful members of my profession.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

CHAP. II.

Cancer;—The Dentist and the Comedian;—A Scholar's Death-Bed;—Preparing for the House;—Duelling.

ONE often hears of the great firmness of the female sex, and their powers of enduring a degree of physical pain which would utterly break down the stubborn strength of man. An interesting exemplification of this remark will be found in the short narrative immediately following. The event made a strong impression on my mind at the time, and I thought it well worthy of an entry in my Diary.

I had for several months been in constant attendance on a Mrs. St—, a young married lady, of considerable family and fortune, who was the victim of that terrible scourge of the female sex—a cancer. To great personal attractions, she added uncommon sweetness of disposition: and the fortitude with which she submitted to the agonizing inroads of her malady, together with her ardent expressions of gratitude for such temporary alleviations as her anxious medical attendants could supply, contributed to inspire me with a very lively interest in her fate. I can conscientiously say, that during the whole period of my attendance, I never heard a word of complaint fall from her, nor witnessed any indications of impatience or irritability. I found her, one morning, stretched on the crimson sofa in the drawing-room; and though her pallid features, and gently corrugated eyebrows, evidenced the intense agony she was suffering,—on my inquiring what sort of a night she had passed, she replied in a calm but tremulous tone, "Oh, Doctor, I have had a dreadful night—but I am glad Captain St— was not with me—for it would have made him very wretched!" At that moment a fine flaxen-haired little boy, her first and only child, came running into the room, his blue laughing eyes glittering with innocent merriment. I took him on my knee, and amused him with my watch, in order that he might not disturb his mother. The poor sufferer, after gazing on him with an air of intense fondness for some moments, suddenly covered her eyes with her hand (oh, how slender—how snowy—how almost transparent! was it!)—and I presently saw the tears trickling through her fingers—but she uttered not a word. There was the *mother!*—The aggravated malignity of her disorder rendered an operation at length inevitable. The eminent surgeon, who, jointly with myself, was in regular attendance on her, feelingly communicated the intelligence, and asked whether she thought she had fortitude enough to submit to an operation. She assured him with a sweet smile of resignation, that she had for some time been suspecting as much, and had made up her mind to submit to it—but on two conditions—that her husband (who was then at

sea) should not be informed of it till it was over; and that, during the operation, she should not be in any wise bound, or blindfolded. Her calm and decisive manner, convinced me that remonstrance would be useless. Sir — looked at me with a doubtful air. She observed it; and said, "I see what you are thinking, Sir —; but I hope to show you that a woman has more courage than you seem willing to give her credit for." In short, after the surgeon had acquiesced in the latter condition—to which he had especially demurred—a day was fixed for the operation—subject, of course, to Mrs. St—'s state of health. When the Wednesday arrived, it was with some agitation that I entered Sir —'s carriage, in company with himself, and his senior pupil, Mr. —. I could scarce avoid a certain nervous tremor—unprofessional as it may seem—when I saw the servant place the operating case on the seat of the carriage. "Are you sure you have every thing ready, Mr. —?" enquired Sir —, with a calm and business-like air, which somewhat irritated me. On being assured of the affirmative, and after cautiously casting his eye over the case of instruments,* to make assurance doubly sure, we drove off. We arrived at Mrs. St—'s, who resided a few miles from town,—about two o'clock in the afternoon, and were immediately ushered into the room in which the operation was to be performed—a back parlour, the window of which looked into a beautiful garden. I shall be pardoned, I hope, for acknowledging, that the glimpse I caught of the pale and disordered countenance of the servant, as he retired, after showing us into the room, somewhat disconcerted me; for, in addition to the deep interest I felt in the fate of the lovely sufferer, I had always an abhorrence, for the operative part of the profession, which many years of practice did not suffice to remove. The necessary arrangements being at length completed,—consisting of a hateful array of instruments,—cloths,—sponge,—warm water, &c. &c.—a message was sent to Mrs. St—, to inform her all was ready.

Sir — was just making a jocular and not very well-timed allusion to my agitated air, when the door was opened, and Mrs. St— entered, followed by her two attendants. Her step was firm—her air composed—and her pale features irradiated with a smile—sad, however, as the cold twilight of October. She was then about twenty-six or seven years of age—and under all the disadvantageous circumstances in which she was placed, looked at that moment a beautiful woman. Her hair was light auburn, and hung back neglectedly over a forehead and neck white as marble. Her full blue eyes, which usually beamed with a delicious pensive expression from beneath

—"the soft languor of the drooping lid,"

* I once saw the life of a patient lost, merely through the want of such laudable precaution as that of Sir —, in the present instance. An indispensable instrument was suddenly required, in the middle of the operation; and to the dismay of the operator and those around him, there was none at hand!

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were now lighted with the glitter of a restlessness and agitation, which the noblest degree of self-command could not entirely conceal or repress. Her features were regular—her nose and mouth were exquisitely chiselled—and her complexion fair, almost to transparency. Indeed, an eminent medical writer has remarked that the most beautiful women are generally the subjects of this terrible disease. A large Indian shawl was thrown over her shoulders and she wore a white muslin dressing-gown. And was it this innocent and beautiful being who was doomed to writhe beneath the torture and disfigurement of the operating knife? My heart ached. A decanter of port wine and some glasses were placed on a small table near the window; she beckoned me towards it, and was going to speak.

"Allow me, my dear madam, to pour you a glass of wine," said I.

"If it would do me good, Doctor," she whispered. She barely touched the glass with her lips, and then handed it to me, saying, with assumed cheerfulness, "Come, Doctor, I see you need it as much as I do, after all. Yes, Doctor," she continued with emphasis, "you are very, very kind and feeling to me." When I had set down the glass, she continued, "Dear Doctor, do forgive a woman's weakness—and try if you can hold this letter which I received yesterday from Captain St—, and in which he speaks very fondly—so that my eyes may rest on his dear hand writing all the while I am sitting here—without being noticed by any one else—will you?"

"Madam, you must really excuse me—it will agitate you—I must beg—"

"You are mistaken," she replied with firmness; "it will rather compose me. And if I should —" expire, she was going to have said—but her tongue refused utterance. She then put the letter into my hand—hers was cold, icy cold, and clammy—but I did not perceive it tremble.

"In return, madam, you must give me leave to hold your hand during the operation."

"What—you fear me, Doctor?" she replied with a faint smile, but did not refuse my request. At this moment, Sir — approached us with a cheerful air, saying, "Well, madam, is your tête-à-tête finished? I want to get this little matter over, and give you permanent ease." I do not think there ever lived a professional man who could speak with such an assuring air as Sir —.

"I am ready, Sir —. Are the servants sent out?" she inquired from one of the women present.

"Yes, madam," she replied, in tears.

"And my little Harry?" Mrs. St— asked, in a fainter tone. She was answered in the affirmative.

"Then I am prepared," said she, and sat down in the chair that was placed for her. One of the attendants then removed the shawl from her shoulders, and Mrs. St— herself, with perfect composure, assisted in displacing as much of her dress as was necessary. She then suffered Sir — to place her on the corner side of the chair, with her left arm thrown over the back of it, and her face looking over her right shoulder. She gave me her right

hand; and with my left, I endeavoured to hold Captain St—'s letter, as she had desired. She smiled sweetly, as if to assure me of her fortitude; and there was something so indescribably affecting in the expression of her full blue eyes, that it almost broke my heart. I shall never forget that smile as long as I live! Half closing her eyes, she fixed them on the letter I held—and did not once remove them till all was over. Nothing could console me at this trying moment, but a conviction of the consummate skill of Sir —, who now, with a calm eye, and a steady hand, commenced the operation. At the instant of the first incision, her whole frame quivered with a convulsive shudder, and her cheeks became ashy pale. I prayed inwardly that she might faint, so that the earlier stage of the operation might be got over while she was in a state of insensibility. It was not the case, however—her eyes continued riveted in one long burning gaze of fondness on the beloved hand-writing of her husband; and she moved not a limb, nor uttered more than an occasional sigh, during the whole of the protracted and painful operation. When the last bandage had been applied, she whispered almost inarticulately, "Is it all over, Doctor?"

"Yes, madam," I replied, "and we are going to carry you up to bed."

"No, no—I think I can walk—I will try," said she, and endeavoured to rise; but on Sir — assuring her that the motion might perhaps induce fatal consequences, she desisted, and we carried her, sitting in the chair, up to bed. The instant we had laid her down, she swooned—and continued so long insensible, that Sir — held a looking-glass over her mouth and nostrils, apprehensive that the vital energies had at last sunk under the terrible struggle. She recovered, however; and under the influence of an opiate draught, slept for several hours.

Mrs. St— recovered, though very slowly; and I attended her assiduously—sometimes two or three times a day, till she could be removed to the sea-side. I shall not easily forget an observation she made at the last visit I paid her. She was alluding, one morning, distantly and delicately to the personal disfigurement she had suffered. I, of course, said all that was soothing.

"But, Doctor, my husband—" said she, suddenly, while a faint crimson mantled on her cheek—adding falteringly, after a pause—"I think St— will love me yet!"

THE DENTIST AND THE COMEDIAN.

Friday, —, 18—. A ludicrous contretemps happened to-day, which I wish I could describe as forcibly as it struck me. Mr. —, the well known comedian, with whom I was on terms of intimacy, after having suffered so severely from the tooth-ache, as to be prevented for two evenings from taking his part in the play, sent, under my direction, for Mons. —, a fashionable dentist, then but recently imported from France. While I was sitting with my friend, endeavouring to "scrow his courage up to the sticking-place," Monsieur arrived, duly furnished with the "tools of his craft." The

comedian sat down with a rueful visage, and eyed the dentist's formidable preparations with a piteous and disconcerted air. As soon as I had taken my station behind, for the purpose of holding the patient's head, the gum was lanced without much ado; but as the doomed tooth was a very formidable broad-rooted molar, Monsieur prepared for a vigorous effort. He was just commencing the dreadful wrench, when he suddenly relaxed his hold, retired a step or two from his patient, and burst into a loud fit of laughter! Up started the astounded comedian, and with clenched fists demanded furiously, "What the d—l he meant by such conduct?" The little bewhiskered foreigner, however, continued standing at a little distance, still so convulsed with laughter, as to disregard the menacing movements of his patient; and exclaiming, "Ah, mon Dieu!—ver good—ver good—bien! ha! ha!—Be gar, Monsieur, you pull one such d— queer, extraordinaire comique face—Be gar, like one big fiddle!" or words to that effect. The dentist was right: Mr. —'s features were odd enough at all times; but, on the present occasion, they suffered such excruciating contortions—such a strange puckering together of the mouth and cheeks, and upturning of the eyes, that it was ten thousand times more laughable than any artificially distorted features with which he used to set Drury Lane in a roar.—Oh that a painter had been present!—There was, on one side, my friend, standing in menacing attitude, with both fists clenched, his left cheek swelled, and looking as if the mastication of a large apple had been suddenly suspended, and his whole features creating a grotesque expression of mingled pain, indecision and fury. Then there was the operator beginning to look a little startled at the probable consequences of his sally; and lastly, I stood a little aside, almost suffocated with suppressed laughter! At length, however, —'s perception of the ridiculous prevailed; and after a very hearty laugh, and exclaiming, "I *must* have looked d—d odd, I suppose!" he once more resigned himself into the hands of Monsieur, and the tooth was out in a twinkling.

A SCHOLAR'S DEATH-BED.

[The following short but melancholy narrative, will, it is hoped, be perused with additional interest, when the reader is assured that it is *FACT*. Much more might have been committed to press; but as it would have related chiefly to a mad devotion to *alekemy*, which some of Mr. —'s few posthumous papers abundantly evidence, it is omitted, lest the reader should consider the details as romantic or improbable. All that is worth recording is told; and it is hoped, that some young men of powerful undisciplined, and ambitious minds, will find their account in an attentive consideration of the fate of a kindred spirit.—*Bene facit qui ex aliorum erroribus sibi exemplum sumat.*]

Thinking, one morning, that I had gone through the whole of my usual levee of home-patients, I was preparing to go out, when the servant informed me there was one yet to be spoken with, who, he thought, must have been asleep in a corner of the room, or he should not

have failed to summon him in his turn. Directing him to be shown in immediately, I retook my place at my desk. The servant in a few moments ushered in a young man, who seemed to have scarce strength enough, even with the assistance of a walking-stick, to totter to a chair opposite me. I was much struck with his appearance, which was that of one in reduced circumstances. His clothes, though perfectly clean and neat, were faded and threadbare; and his coat was buttoned up to his chin, where it was joined by a black silk neck-kerchief, in such a manner as to lead me to suspect the absence of a shirt. He was rather below than above the average height, and seemed wasted almost to a shadow. There was an air of superior ease and politeness in his demeanour; and an expression about his countenance, sickly and sallow though it was, so melancholy, mild, and intelligent, that I could not help viewing him with peculiar interest.

"I was afraid, my friend, I should have missed you," said I, in a kind tone, "as I was on the point of going out."—"I heard your carriage drive up to the door, doctor, and shall not detain you more than a few moments; nay, I will call to-morrow, if that would be more convenient," he replied faintly, suddenly pressing his hand to his side, as though the effort of speaking occasioned him pain. I assured him I had a quarter of an hour at his service, and begged he would proceed at once to state the nature of his complaint. He detailed—what I had anticipated from his appearance—all the symptoms of a very advanced stage of pulmonary consumption. He expressed himself in very select and forcible language; and once or twice when at a loss for what he conceived an adequate expression in English, chose such an appropriate Latin phrase, that the thought perpetually suggested itself to me, while he was speaking—"a starved scholar!"—He made not the most distant allusion to poverty, but confined himself to the leading symptoms of his indisposition. I determined, however, (*haud prateritorum immemor!*) to ascertain his circumstances, with a view, if possible, of relieving them. I asked if he ate animal food with relish,—enjoyed his dinner,—whether his meals were regular. He coloured, and hesitated a little, for I put the question searchingly; and replied, with some embarrassment, that he did not, certainly, *then* eat regularly, nor enjoy his food when he did. I soon found that he was in very straitened circumstances; that, in short, he was sinking rapidly under the pressure of want and harassing anxiety, which alone had accelerated, if not wholly induced, his present illness; and that all he had to expect from medical aid, was a little alleviation. I prescribed a few simple medicines, and then asked him in what part of the town he resided.

"I am afraid, Doctor," said he, modestly, "I shall be unable to afford your visiting me at my own lodgings. I will occasionally call on you here, as a morning patient,"—and he proffered me half a guinea. The conviction that it was probably the very last he had in the world, and a keen recollection of similar scenes in my own history, almost brought the tears

into my eyes. I refused the fee, of course; and prevailed on him to let me set him down, as I was driving close past his residence. He seemed overwhelmed with gratitude; and, with a blush, hinted, that he was "not quite in carriage costume." He lived in one of the small streets leading from May-fair; and after having made a note in my tablets, of his name and number, I set him down, promising him an early call.

The clammy pressure of his wasted fingers, as I shook his hand at parting, remained with me all that day. I could not dismiss from my mind the wild and sorrowful countenance of this young man, go where I would; and I was on the point of mentioning the incident to a most excellent and generous nobleman, whom I was then attending, and soliciting his assistance,—but the thought that it was premature, checked me. There *might* be something unworthy in the young man; he might *possibly* be an—impostor. These were hard thoughts—chilling and unworthy suspicions, but I could not resist them; alas! an eighteen years' intercourse with a deceitful world has alone taught me how to entertain them!

As my wife dined a little out of town that evening, I hastily swallowed a solitary meal, and set out in quest of my morning patient. With some difficulty I found the house; it was the meanest, and in the meanest street, I had visited for months. I knocked at the door, which was open, and surrounded by a babbling throng of dirty children. A slatternly woman, with a child in her arms, answered my summons. Mr. —, she said, lived there, in the top floor; but he was just gone out for a few moments, she supposed, "to get a mouthful of victuals, but I was welcome to go up and wait for him, since there was not much to make away with, however," said the rude and vulgar creature. One of her children led me up the narrow, dirty staircase, and having ushered me into the room, led me to my meditations. A wretched hole it was in which I was sitting! The evening sun streamed in discoloured rays through the unwashed panes, here and there mended with brown paper, and sufficed to show me that the only furniture consisted of a miserable, curtainless bed, (the disordered clothes showing that the weary limbs of the wretched occupant had but recently left it)—three old rush-bottomed chairs—and a ricketty deal table, on which were scattered several pages of manuscript—a letter or two—pens, ink, and a few books. There was no chest of drawers—nor did I see any thing likely to serve as a substitute. Poor Mr. — probably carried about with him all he had in the world! There was a small sheet of writing paper pinned over the mantel piece, (if such it deserved to be called,) which I gazed at with a sigh; it bore simply the outline of a coffin, with Mr. —'s initials, and "obit — 18 —," evidently in his own hand writing. Curious to see the kind of books he preferred, I took them up and examined them. There were—if I recollect right—a small Amsterdam edition of Plautus—a Horace—a much-befingered copy of Aristophanes—a neat pocket edition of Æschylus—a small copy of the works of Lactantius—and two odd volumes of English books. I had no intention

of being impertinently inquisitive, but my eye accidentally lit on the uppermost manuscript, and seeing it to be in the Greek character, I took it up, and found a few verses of Greek sapphics, entitled—*Εἰς τὴν γυναικα ταυρωταίαν*—evidently the recent composition of Mr. —. He entered the room as I was laying down the paper, and started at seeing a stranger, for it seems the people of the house had not taken the trouble to inform him I was waiting. On discovering who it was, he bowed politely, and gave me his hand; but the sudden agitation my presence had occasioned, deprived him of utterance. I thought I could almost hear the palpitation of his heart. I brought him to a chair, and begged him to be calm.

"You are not worse, Mr. —, I hope, since I saw you this morning?" I inquired. He whispered almost inarticulately, holding his hand to his left side, that he was always worse in the evenings. I felt his pulse; it beat 130! I discovered that he had gone out for the purpose of trying to get employment in a neighbouring printing-office, but having failed, was returned in a state of deeper depression than usual. The perspiration rolled from his brow almost faster than he could wipe it away. I sat by him for nearly two minutes, holding his hand, without uttering a word, for I was deeply affected. At length I begged he would forgive my inquiring how it was that a young man of talent and education like himself could be reduced to a state of such utter destitution? While I was waiting for an answer, he suddenly fell from his chair in a swoon. The exertion of walking, the pressure of disappointment, and, I fear, the almost unbroken fast of the day, had completely prostrated the small remains of his strength. When he had a little revived, I succeeded in laying him on the bed, and instantly summoned the woman of the house. After some time she sauntered lazily to the door, and asked me what I wanted. "Are you the person that attends on this gentleman, my good woman?" I inquired.

"Marry come up, sir!" she replied in a loud tone. "I've no manner of cause for attending on him, not I; he ought to attend on himself: and as for his being a *gentleman*," she continued with an insolent sneer, for which I felt inclined to throw her down stairs, "not a stiver of his money have I seen for this three weeks for his rent, and"—Seeing the fluent virago was warming, and approaching close to my unfortunate patient's bed side, I stopped her short by putting half a guinea into her hand, and directing her to purchase a bottle of port wine; at the same time hinting, that if she conducted herself properly, I would see her rent paid myself. I then shut the door, and resumed my seat by Mr. —, who was trembling violently all over with agitation, and endeavoured to soothe him. The more I said, however, and the kinder were my tones, the more was he affected. At length he burst into a flood of tears, and continued weeping for some time, like a child. I saw it was hysterical, and that it was best to let his feelings have their full course. His nervous excitement at last gradually subsided, and he began to converse with tolerable coolness.

"Doctor," he faltered, "your conduct is

very—very noble—it must be disinterested," pointing, with a bitter air, to the wretched room in which we were sitting.

"I feel sure, Mr. —, that you have done nothing to merit your present misfortunes," I replied with a serious and inquiring air.

"Yes—yes, I have!—I have indulged in wild ambitious hopes—lived in absurd dreams of future greatness,—been educated beyond my fortunes—and formed tastes, and cherished feelings, incompatible with the station it seems I was born to—beggary or daily labour!" was his answer, with as much vehemence as his weakness would allow.

"But, Mr. —, your friends—your relatives—they cannot be apprized of your situation."

"Alas, Doctor, friends I have none—unless you will permit me to name the last and noblest, yourself; relatives, several."

"And they, of course, do not know of your illness and straitened circumstances."

"They do, Doctor—and kindly assure me I have brought it on myself. To do them justice, however, they could not, I believe, efficiently help me, if they would."

"Why, have you offended them, Mr. —? Have they cast you off?"

"Not avowedly—not in so many words. They have simply refused to receive or answer any more of my letters. Possibly I may have offended them, but am content to meet them hereafter, and try the justice of the case—there," said Mr. —, solemnly pointing upwards—"Well I know, and so do you, Doctor, that my days on earth are very few, and likely to be very bitter also." It was in vain I pressed him to tell me who his relatives were, and suffer me to solicit their personal attendance on his last moments. "It is altogether useless, Doctor, to ask me further," said he, raising himself a little in bed,—*"my father and mother are both dead, and no power on earth shall extract from me a syllable further. It is hard,"* he continued, bursting again into tears, *"if I must die amid their taunts and reproaches."* I felt quite at a loss what to say to all this. There was something very singular, if not reprehensible, in his manner of alluding to his relatives, which led me to fear that he was by no means free from blame. Had I not felt myself very delicately situated, and dreaded even the possibility of hurting his morbidly irritable feelings, I felt inclined to have asked him how he thought of existing without their aid, especially in his forlorn and helpless state; having neither friends, nor the means of obtaining them. I thought also, that short as had been my intimacy with him, I had discerned symptoms of a certain obstinacy, and haughty imperiousness of temper, which would sufficiently account, if not for occasioning, at least for widening, any unhappy breach which might have occurred in his family. But what was to be done? I could not let him starve; as I had voluntarily stepped in to his assistance, I determined to make his last moments easy—at least as far as lay in my power.

A little to anticipate the course of my narrative, I may here state what little information concerning him was elicited in the course of our various interviews. His father and mo-

ther had left Ireland, their native place, early, and gone to Jamaica, where they lived as slave-superintendants. They left their only son to the care of the wife's brother-in-law, who put him to school, where he much distinguished himself. On the faith of it, he contrived to get to the college in Dublin, where he staid two years: and then, in a confident reliance on his own talents, and the sum of 50*l.* which was sent him from Jamaica, with the intelligence of the death of both his parents in impoverished circumstances, he had come up to London, it seems, with no very definite end in view. Here he had continued for about two years; but in addition to the failure of his health, all his efforts to establish himself proved abortive. He contrived to glean a scanty sum, God knows how, which was gradually lessening at a time when his impaired health rather required that his resources should be augmented. He had no friends in respectable life, whose influence or wealth might have been serviceable; and at the time he called on me, he had not more in the world than the solitary half guinea he proffered to me as a fee. I never learnt the names of any of his relatives; but, from several things occasionally dropped in the heat of conversation, it was clear there must have been unhappy differences.

To return, however. As the evening was far advancing, and I had one or two patients yet to visit, I began to think of taking my departure. I enjoined him strictly to keep his bed till I saw him again, to preserve as calm and equable a frame of mind as possible, and to dismiss all anxiety for the future, as I would gladly supply his present necessities, and send him a civil and attentive nurse. He tried to thank me, but his emotions choked his utterance. He grasped my hand with convulsive energy. His eye spoke eloquently—but, alas! it shone with the fierce and unnatural lustre of consumption, as though, I have often thought in such cases, the conscious soul was glowing with the reflected light of its kindred element—eternity. I knew it was impossible for him to survive many days, from several unequivocal symptoms of what is called, in common language, a galloping consumption. I was as good as my word, and sent him a nurse, (the mother of one of my servants,) who was charged to pay him the utmost attention in her power. My wife also sent him a little bed-furniture, linen, preserves, jellies, and other small matters of that sort. I visited him every evening, and found him on each occasion verifying my apprehensions, for he was sinking rapidly. His mental energies, however, seemed to increase in an inverse ratio with the decline of his physical powers. His conversation was animated, various, and, at times, enchainingly interesting. I have sometimes sat at his bedside for several hours together, wondering how one so young (he was not more than two or three and twenty) could have acquired so much information. He spoke with spirit and justness on the leading political topics of the day; and I particularly recollect his making some very noble reflections on the character and exploits of Bonaparte, who was then blazing in the zenith of his glory. Still, however, the current of his thoughts

and language was frequently tinged with the enthusiasm and extravagance of delirium. Of this he seemed himself conscious; for he would sometimes suddenly stop, and pressing his hand to his forehead, exclaim, "Doctor, doctor, I am failing here—here!" He acknowledged that he had from his childhood given himself up to the dominion of ambition; and that his whole life had been spent in the most extravagant and visionary expectations. He would smile bitterly when he recounted some of what he justly stigmatized as his insane projects. "The objects of my ambition," he said, "have been vague and general; I never knew exactly where, or what, I would be. Had my powers, such as they are, been concentrated on one point—had I formed a more just and modest estimate of my abilities—I might possibly have become something. * * * Besides, doctor, I had no money—no solid substratum to build upon—there was the rotten point!—Oh, doctor," he continued with a deep sigh, "if I could but have seen these things three years ago, as I see them now, I might at this moment have been a sober and respectable member of society; but now I am dying a hanger-on—a fool—a beggar!" and he burst into tears. "You, doctor," he presently continued, "are accustomed, I suppose, to listen to these death-bed repinings, these soul scourings—these wailings over a badly spent life!—Oh, yes—as I am nearing eternity, I seem to look at things—at my own mind and heart, especially—through the medium of a strange, searching, unearthly light. Oh, how many, many things it makes distinct, which I would fain have forgotten for ever! Do you recollect the terrible language of Scripture, doctor, which compares the human breast to a *cage of unclean birds*!"—I left him that evening deeply convinced of the compulsory truths he had uttered; I never thought so seriously before. It is some Scotch divine who has said, that one death-bed preaches a more startling sermon than a bench of bishops.

Mr. — was an excellent and thorough Greek scholar, perfectly well versed in the Greek dramatists, and passionately fond, in particular, of Sophocles. I recollect his reciting one evening, with great force and feeling, the touching exclamation of the chorus, in the *Edipus Tyrannus*—

ὦ πάτερ—ἀγαθὸν μα γάρ
φύειν τέμναται,
νῆσθαι δὲ μοί πρίπας στίλος,
οὐδ' ἢν φρενίδος ἔγχεος
ᾗ τις ἀλγίσται.

&c. &c. 167-171.

—which, he said, was never absent from his mind, sleeping or waking. I once asked him, if he did not regret having devoted his life almost exclusively to the study of the classics. He replied, with enthusiasm, "No, doctor—no,

no! I should be an ingrate if I did. How can I regret having lived in constant converse, through their works, with the greatest and noblest men that ever breathed? I have lived in Elysium—have breathed the celestial air of those hallowed plains, while engaged in the study of the philosophy and poetry of Greece and Rome. Yes, it is a consolation even for my bitter and premature death-bed, to think that my mind will quit this wretched, diseased, unworthy body, imbued with the refinement—redolent of the eternal freshness and beauty of the most exquisite poetry and philosophy the world ever saw! With my faculties quickened and strengthened, I shall go confidently, and claim kindred with the great ones of Eternity. They know I love their works—have consumed all the oil of my life in their study, and they will welcome their son—their disciple!" Ill as he was, Mr. — uttered these sentiments (as nearly as I can recollect, in the very words I have given) with an energy, an enthusiasm, and an eloquence, which I never saw surpassed. He faltered suddenly, however, from this lofty pitch of excitement, and complained bitterly that his devotion to ancient literature had engendered a morbid sensibility, which had rendered him totally unfit for the ordinary business of life, or intermixture with society. * * *

Often I found him sitting up in bed, and reading his favourite play, *Prometheus Vinculus* of *Æschylus*, while his pale and wasted features glowed with delighted enthusiasm. He told me, that, in his estimation, there was an air of grandeur and romance about that play, such as was not equalled by any of the productions of the other Greek Dramatists; and that the opening dialogue was peculiarly impressive and affecting. He had committed to memory nearly three-fourths of the whole play! I on one occasion asked him, how it came to pass that a person of his superior classical attainments had not obtained some tolerably lucrative engagement as an usher or tutor? He answered, with rather an haughty air, that he would rather have broken stones on the highway.

"To hear," said he, "the magnificent language of Greece—the harmonious cadences of the Romans, mangled and disfigured by stupid lads and duller ushers—oh, it would have been such a profanation as the sacred groves of old suffered, when their solemn silence was disturbed by a rude unhallowed throng of Bacchanalians. I should have expired, doctor!" I told him, I could not help lamenting such an absurd and morbid sensitiveness—at which he seemed exceedingly piqued. He possibly thought I should rather have admired than reprobated the lofty tone he assumed! I asked him if the stations, of which he spoke with such supercilious contempt, had not been joyfully occupied by some of the greatest scholars that had ever lived? He replied simply, with a cold air, that it was his misfortune—not his fault. He told me, however, that his classical acquirements had certainly been capable of something like a profitable employment; for that about two months before he had called on me, he had nearly come to terms with a bookseller, for publishing a poetical version of

* Ah, me! I groan beneath the pressure of innumerable sorrows; truly my substance is languishing away, nor can I devise any means of bettering my condition, or discover any source of consolation.

the comedies of Aristophanes; that he had nearly completed one—the ΝΕΦΕΑΛ, if I recollect right—when the great difficulty of the task, and the wretched remuneration offered, so dispirited him, that he threw it aside in disgust.* His only means of subsistence had been the sorry pay of an occasional reader for the press, as well as a contributor to the columns of a daily paper. He had parted with almost the whole of his slender stock of books, his watch, and all his clothes, except what he wore when he called on me. "And you never try any of the magazines?" I inquired; "for they afford to many young men of talent a fair livelihood." He said he had indeed struggled hard to gain a footing in one of the popular periodicals, but that his communications were invariably returned, "with polite acknowledgment." One of these notes I saw, and have now in my possession. It was thus:

"Mr. M—— begs to return the enclosed 'Remarks on English Versions of Euripides,' with many thanks for the writer's polite offer of it to the E—— M——; but fears that, though an able performance, it is not exactly suited for the readers of the E—— M——."

To Δ. Δ.

A series of similar disappointments, and the consequent poverty and embarrassment into which he sunk, had gradually undermined a constitution naturally feeble; and he told me with much agitation, that had it not been for the trifling but timely assistance of myself and family, he saw no means of escaping literal starvation! Could I help sympathizing deeply with him? Alas! his misfortunes were very nearly paralleled by my own. While listening to his melancholy details, I seemed living over again the four first wretched years of my professional career.

I must hasten, however, to the closing scene. I had left word with the nurse, that when Mr. —— appeared dying, I should be instantly summoned. About five o'clock, in the evening of the 6th of July, 18—, I received a message from Mr. —— himself, saying that he

wished to breathe his last in my presence, as the only friend he had on earth. Unavoidable and pressing professional engagements detained me until half past six; and it was seven o'clock before I reached his bedside.

"Lord, Lord, doctor, poor Mr. —— is dying, sure!" exclaimed the woman of the house, as she opened the door. Mrs. Jones says he has been picking and clearing the bedclothes awfully, so he must be dying! On entering the room, I found he had dropt asleep. The nurse told me he had been wandering a good deal in his mind. I asked what he had talked about? "Larning, doctor," she replied, "and a proud young lady." I sat down by his bedside. I saw the dew of death were stealing rapidly over him. His eyes, which were naturally very dark and piercing, were now far sunk into their sockets; his cheeks were hollow, and his hair matted with perspiration over his damp and pallid forehead. While I was gazing silently on the melancholy spectacle, and reflecting what great but undisciplined powers of mind were about soon to be disunited from the body, Mr. —— opened his eyes, and seeing me, said, in a low, but clear and steady tone of voice—"Doctor—the last act of the tragedy!" He gave me his hand. It was all he could do to lift it into mine. I could not speak—the tears were nearly gushing forth. I felt as if I were gazing on my dying son.

"I have been dreaming, doctor, since you went," said he, "and what do you think about? I thought I had squared the circle, and was to perish for ever for my discovery."

"I hope, Mr. ——," I replied, in a serious tone, and with something of displeasure in my manner—"I hope that, at this awful moment, you have more suitable and consolatory thoughts to occupy your mind with than those?" He sighed. "The clergyman you were so good as to send me," he said, after a

* This very prevalent but absurd notion is not confined to the vulgar: and as I have, in the course of my practice, met with hundreds of respectable and intelligent people, who have held that a patient's "picking and clearing the bed-clothes" is a symptom of death, and who consequently view it with a kind of superstitious horror, I cannot refrain from explaining the philosophy of it to the numerous unprofessional readers of this Magazine, in the simple and satisfactory words of Mr. C. Bell:

"It is very common," he says, "to see the patient picking the bed-clothes, or catching at the empty air. This proceeds from an appearance of *motes or flies* passing before the eyes, and is occasioned by an affection of the retina, producing in it a sensation similar to that produced by the impression of images; and what is deficient in sensation, the imagination supplies: for although the resemblance betwixt those diseased affections of the retina, and the idea conveyed to the brain, may be very remote, yet, by that slight resemblance, the idea usually associated with the sensation will be excited in the mind."—*Bell's Anatomy*, vol. iii. pp. 57—58.

The secret lies in a disordered circulation of the blood, forcing the red globules into the minute vessels of the retina.

* Among his papers I found the following spirited and close version of one of the choral odes in the *Nubes*, commencing,

Ἀμφὶ μὲν αὖτ' ὅτ' ἔραζε
Δάμν, &c.

"Thee, too, great Phæbus, I invoke,
Thou Delian King,
Who dwell'st on Cynthia's lofty rock!
Thy passage hither wing.
Blest Goddess! whom Ephesian splendours
hold

In temple bright with gold,
Mid Lydian maidens nobly worshipping!
And thee, our native deity,
Pallas, our city's guardian, thou!
Who wieldst the dreadful Ægis. Thee,
Thee, too, gay Bacchus, from Parnassian
height,

Ruddy with festive torches' glow—
To crown the sacred choir, I thee invite!"

Those who are conversant with the original, will perceive that many of the difficult Greek expressions are rendered into literal English.

pause, "was here this afternoon. He is a good man, I dare say, but weak, and has his head stuffed with the quibbles of the schools. He wanted to discuss the question of *free will* with a dying man, doctor!"

"I hope he did not leave without administering the ordinances of religion?" I inquired.

"He read me some of the church prayers, which were exquisitely touching and beautiful, and the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians, which is very sublime. He could not help giving me a rehearsal of what he was shortly to repeat over my grave!" exclaimed the dying man, with a melancholy smile. I felt some irritation at the light tone of his remarks, but concealed it.

"You received the sacrament, I hope, Mr. —?" He paused a few moments, and his brow was clouded. "No, doctor, to tell the truth, I declined it!"

"Declined the sacrament!" I exclaimed, with surprise.

"Yes—but, dear doctor, I beg—I entreat you not to ask me about it any further," replied Mr. —, gloomily, and lapsed into a fit of abstraction for some moments. Unnoticed by him, I despatched the nurse for another clergyman, an excellent and learned man, who was my intimate friend. I was gazing earnestly on Mr. —, as he lay with closed eyes; and was surprised to see the tears trickling from them.

"Mr. —, you have nothing, I hope, on your mind, to render your last moments unhappy?" I asked, in a gentle tone.

"No—nothing material," he replied with a deep sigh; continuing, with his eyes closed, "I was only thinking what a bitter thing it is to be struck down so soon from among the bright throng of the living—to leave this fair, this beautiful world, after so short and sorrowful a sojourn. Oh, it is hard!" He shortly opened his eyes. His agitation had apparently passed away, and delirium was hovering over and disarranging his thoughts.

"Doctor, doctor, what a strange passage that is,"—said he suddenly, startling me with his altered voice, and the dreamy, thoughtful expression of his eyes,—*"in the chorus of the Medea—"*

"Διὰ ποταμῶν ἱερῶν χαρούσι παρὰ καὶ διὰ καὶ πάντα πάλιν ἐπείθεται."

Is not there something very mysterious and romantic about these lines? I could never exactly understand what was meant by them." Finding I continued silent,—for I did not wish to encourage his indulging in a train of thought so foreign to his situation,—he kept murmuring at intervals, metricaly,

Διὰ ποταμῶν ἱερῶν,

in a most melancholy, monotonous tone. He then wandered on from one topic of classical literature to another, till he suddenly stopped short, and turning to me, said, "Doctor, I am raving very absurdly. I feel I am; but I cannot dismiss from my thoughts, even though I know I am dying, the subjects about which my mind has been occupied nearly all my life

through.—Oh!" changing the subject abruptly, "tell me, Doctor, do those who die of my disorder generally continue in the possession of their intellects to the last?" I told him I thought they generally did.

"Then I shall burn brightly to the last! Thank God!—And yet," with a shudder, "it is shocking too to find oneself gradually ceasing to exist.—Doctor, I should recover, I am sure I should, if you were to bleed me," said he—his intellects were wandering.

The nurse now returned, and, to my vexation, unaccompanied by Doctor —, who had gone that morning into the country. I did not send for any one else. His frame of mind was peculiar, and very unsatisfactory; but I thought it, on the whole, better not to disturb or irritate him by alluding to a subject he evidently disliked. I ordered candles to be brought, as it was now nearly nine o'clock. "Doctor," said the dying young man, in a feeble tone, "I think you will find a copy of Lactantius lying on my table. He has been a great favourite with me. May I trouble you to read me a passage—the eighth chapter of the seventh book—on the immortality of the soul? I should like to die thoroughly convinced of that noble truth—if truth it is—and I have often read that chapter with much satisfaction." I went to the table and found the book—a pocket copy—the leaves of which were ready turned down to the very page I wanted. I therefore read him, slowly and emphatically, the whole of the eighth and ninth chapters, beginning, "*Num est igitur summum bonum immortalitas, ad quam capiendam, et formati a principio, et nati sumus.*" When I had got as far as the allusion to Cicero's vacillating views, Mr. — repeated with me, sighing, the words, "*harum inquit sententiarum, quæ vera sit, Deus aliquis viderit.*"—As an instance of the

"Ruling passion, strong in death,"

I may mention, though somewhat to my own discredit, that he briskly corrected a false quantity which slipped from me. "Allow me, Doctor,—*'expetit,'* not *'expetit.'*" He made no other observation, when I had concluded reading the chapters from Lactantius, than "I certainly wish I had early formed fixed principles on religious subjects—but it is now too late." He then dropped asleep, but presently began murmuring very sorrowfully,—*"Emma, Emma! haughty one! Not one look?—I am dying—and you don't know it—nor care for me! * * * How beautiful she looked stepping from the carriage! How magnificently dressed! I think she saw—why can't she love me? She cannot love somebody else—No—madness—no!"*—In this strain he continued soliloquizing for some minutes longer. It was the first time I had ever heard any thing of the kind fall from him. At length he asked, "I wonder if they ever came to her hands?" as if striving to recollect something. The nurse whispered that she had often heard him talk in the night time about this lady, and that he would go on till he stopped in tears. I discovered, from a scrap or two found among his papers, after his decease, that the person he addressed as Emma, was a young lady in the higher circles of society, of considerable beau-

ty, whom he first saw by accident, and fancied she had a regard for him. He had, in turn, indulged in the most extravagant and hopeless passion for her. He suspected himself, that she was wholly unconscious of being the object of his almost frenzied admiration. When he was asking, "if something came to her hands," I have no doubt he alluded to some copy of verses he had sent to her—of which the following fragments, written in pencil, on a blank leaf of his Aristophanes, probably formed a part. There is some merit in them, but more extravagance.

"I could go through the world with thee,
To spend with thee eternity!"

"To see thy blue and passionate eye,
Light on another scornfully,
But fix its melting glance on me,
And blend!"

"Read the poor heart that throbs for thee,
Imprint all o'er with thy dear name—
Yet withering 'neath a lonely flame,
That warms thee not, yet me consumes!"

"Aye, I would have thee all my own,
Thy love, thy life, mine, mine alone;
See nothing in the world but me,
Since nought I know, or love, but thee!"

"The eyes that on a thousand fall,
I would collect their glances all,
And fling their lustre on my soul,
Till it imbibed, absorb'd the whole."

These are followed by several more lines; but these will suffice. This insane attachment was exactly what I might have expected from one of his ardent and enthusiastic temperament. To return, however, once more. Towards eleven o'clock, he began to fail rapidly. I had my fingers on his pulse, which beat very feebly, almost imperceptibly. He opened his eyes slowly, and gazed upwards with a vacant air.

"Why are you taking the candles away, nurse?" he inquired feebly. They had not been touched. His cold fingers gently compressed my hand—they were stiffening with death. "Don't, don't put the candles out, Doctor," he commenced again, looking at me, with an eye on which the thick mists and shadows of the grave were settling fast—they were filmy and glazed.

"Don't blow them out—don't—don't!" he again exclaimed, almost inaudibly.

"No, we will not!—My dear Mr. —, both candles are burning brightly beside you, on the table," I replied tremulously—for I saw the senses were forgetting their functions—that life and consciousness were fast retiring!

"Well!" he murmured almost inarticulately, "I am now quite in darkness!—Oh, there is something at my heart—cold, cold!—Doctor, keep them off!"—Why—oh, death.—"He

* I once before heard these strange words fall from the lips of a dying patient—a lady. To me they suggest very unpleasant, I may say, fearful thoughts. What is to be kept off?

ceased. He had spoken his last on earth. The intervals of respiration became gradually longer and longer; and the precise moment when he ceased to breathe at all could not be ascertained. Yes; it was all over. Poor Mr. — was dead. I shall never forget him.

PREPARING FOR THE HOUSE!

"Do, dear Doctor, be so good as to drop in at — Place, in the course of the morning, by accident—for I want you to see Mr. —. He has, I verily believe, bid adieu to his senses—for he is conducting himself very strangely. To tell you the truth, he is resolved on going down to the House this evening, for the purpose of speaking on the — bill, and will, I fear, act so absurdly, as to make himself the laughing-stock of the whole country—at least I suspect as much, from what I have heard of his preparations. Ask to be shown up at once to Mr. —, when you arrive, and gradually direct the conversation to politics—when you will soon see what is the matter. But mind, Doctor, not a word of this note! Your visit will be quite accidental, you know. Believe me, my dear Doctor, yours, &c. &c." Such was the note put into my hands by a servant, as my carriage was driving off on my first morning round. I knew Mrs. —, the fair writer of it, very intimately—as, indeed, the familiar and confidential strain of her note will suffice to show. She was a very amiable and clever woman—and would not have complained, I was sure, without reason. Wishing, therefore, to oblige her by a prompt attention to her request, and in the full expectation, from what I knew of the worthy member's eccentricities, of encountering some singular scene, I directed the horses' heads to be turned towards — Place. I reached the house about twelve o'clock, and went up stairs at once to the drawing-room, where I understood Mr. — had taken up quarters for the day. The servant opened the door and announced me.

"Oh—show Dr. — in." I entered. The object of my visit, I may just say, was the very *beau idéal* of a county member; somewhat inclined to corpulency, with a fine, fresh, rubicund, good-natured face—and that bluff old English frankness of manner which flings you back into the age of Sir Roger De Coverley. He was dressed in a long, gray woollen morning-gown; and, with his hands crammed into the hind pockets, was pacing rapidly to and fro from one end of the spacious room to the other. At one extremity was a table, on which lay a sheet of foolscap, closely written, and crumpled as if with constant handling—his gold repeater, and a half emptied decanter of sherry, with a wine-glass. A glance at all these paraphernalia convinced me of the nature of Mr. —'s occupation; he was committing his speech to memory!

"How d'ye do—how d'ye do, Doctor?" he exclaimed, in a hearty but hurried tone; "you must not keep me long: busy—very busy indeed, Doctor." I had looked in by accident, I assured him, and did not intend to detain him on instant. I remarked that I supposed he was busy preparing for the House.

"Ah, right, Doctor—right! Aye, by —, a

d—d good hit, too! I shall peg it into them to-night, Doctor! D—o, I'll let them know what an English county member is! I'll make the House too hot to hold them!" said Mr. —, walking to and fro, at an accelerated pace. He, was evidently boiling over with excitement.

"You are going to speak to-night, then, on the great — question, I suppose?" said I, hardly able to repress a smile.

"Speak, Doctor? I'll burst on them with such a view-halloo as shall startle the whole pack! I'll show my Lord — what kind of stuff I'm made of—I will, by —!" He was pleased to tell the House, the other evening—curse his impudence!—that the two members for —shire were a mere couple of dumb-bells—he did, by —! But I'll show him whether or not I, for one of them, am to be jeered and flamm'd with impunity! Ha, Doctor—what d'ye think of this?" said he, hurrying to the table, and taking up the manuscript I have mentioned. He was going to read it to me, but suddenly stopped short and laid it down again on the table, exclaiming, "Nay, d—e, I know it off by this time—so listen! Have at ye, Doctor!"

After a pompous hem! hem! he commenced, and with infinite energy and boisterousness of manner, recited the whole oration. It was certainly a wonderful—a matchless performance—parcell'd out with a rigid adherence to the rules of ancient rhetoric. As he proceeded, he recited such astounding absurdities—such preposterous, high-down, Bombastes-furioso declamations—as, had it but been uttered in the House, would assuredly have procured the triumphant speaker six or seven distinct rounds of convulsive laughter! Had I not known well the simplicity and sincerity—the perfect *bon-homie*—of Mr. —, I should have supposed he was hoaxing me—but I assuredly suspected he was *himself* the hoaxed party—the joking-post of some witty wag who had determined to afford the House a night's sport at poor Mr. —'s expense! Indeed, I never in my life listened to such pitifully puerile—such almost idiotic *gallimatia*. I felt certain it could never have been the composition of fox-hunting Mr. —! There was a hacknied quotation from Horace—from the Septuagint, (!) and from Locke; and then a scampering through the whole flowery realms of rhetorical ornament—and a glancing at every topic of foreign or domestic policy that could conceivably attract the attention of the most erratic fancy. In short, there never before was such a speech composed since the world began! And this was the sort of thing that poor Mr. — actually intended to deliver that memorable evening in the House of Commons! As for myself, I could not control my risible faculties; but accompanied the peroration with a perfect shout of laughter! Mr. — laid down the paper, (which he had twisted into a sort of scroll) in an ecstasy, and joined me in full chorus, slapping me on the shoulder, and exclaiming—"Ah! d—e, Doctor, I *knew* you would like it! It's just the thing—isn't it? There will be no standing me at the next election for —shire, if I can only deliver all this in the House to-night! Old Turnpenny, that's going to start against me, backed by the manufactur-

ing interest—won't come up—and you see if he does!—Curse it! I thought it was in me—and would come out, some of these days.—They shall have it all to-night—they shall,—by —! Only be on the look-out for the morning papers, Doctor—that's all!" and he set off, walking rapidly, with long strides, from one end of the room to the other. I began to be apprehensive that there was too much ground for Mrs. —'s suspicions, that he had literally "taken leave of his senses." Recollecting, at length, the object of my visit, which the amusing exhibition I have been attempting to describe had almost driven from my memory, I endeavoured to think, on the spur of the moment, of some scheme for diverting him from his purpose, and preventing the lamentable exposure he was preparing for himself. I could think of nothing else than attacking him on a sore point—one on which he had been hipped for years, and not without reason—an hereditary tendency to apoplexy.

"But, my dear air," said I, "this excitement will destroy you—you will bring on a fit of apoplexy, if you go on for an hour longer in this way—you will indeed!" He stood still, changed colour a little, and stammered, "What! eh, d—e, apoplexy! You don't say so, Doctor? Hem! how is my pulse?" extending his wrist. I felt it—looked at my watch, and shook my head.

"Eh—what, Doctor! *Newmarket*, eh?" said he, with an alarmed air—meaning to ask me whether his pulse was beating rapidly.

"It is, indeed, Mr. —. It beats upwards of one hundred and fifteen a minute," I replied, still keeping my fingers at his wrist, and my eyes riveted on my watch—for I dared not trust myself with looking in his countenance. He started from me without uttering a syllable; hurried to the table, poured out a glass of wine, and gulped it down instantly. I suppose he caught an unfortunate smile or a smirk on my face—for he came up to me, and in a coaxing but disturbed manner, said—"Now come, come, Doctor—Doctor, no humbug! I feel well enough all over! D—e, I *will* speak in the House to-night, come what may, that's flat! Why, there'll be a general election in a few months, and it's of consequence for me to do something—to make a figure in the House. Besides—it is a great constitutional!"

"Well, well, Mr. —, undoubtedly you must please yourself," said I, seriously; "but if a fit *should*—you'll remember I did my duty, and warned you how to avert it!"—"Hem, ahem!" he ejaculated, with a somewhat puzzled air. I thought I had succeeded in shaking his purpose. I was, however, too sanguine in my expectations. "I must bid you good morning, Doctor. I *must* speak! I *will* try it, to-night, at all events;—but I'll be calm—I will! And if I *should* die—but d—, that's *impossible*, you know! But if I *should*—why, it will be a martyr's death; I shall die a patriot—ha, ha, ha! Good morning, Doctor." He led me to the door, laughing, as he went, but not so heartily or boisterously as formerly. I was hurrying down stairs, when Mr. — reopened the drawing-room door, and called out, "Doctor, Doctor, just be so good as to look in on my good lady before you go. She's some-

where about the house—in her *boudoir*, I dare say. She's not quite well this morning—a fit of the vapours—hem! You understand me, Doctor?" putting his finger to the side of his nose, with a wise air. I could not help smiling at the reciprocal anxiety for each other's health simultaneously manifested by this worthy couple.

"Well, Doctor, am not I right?" exclaimed Mrs. —, in a low tone, opening the dining-room door, and beckoning me in.

"Yes, indeed, madam. My interview was little else than a running commentary on your note to me."

"How did you find him engaged, Doctor?—Learning his *speech*, as he calls it—eh?" inquired the lady, with a chagrined air, which was heightened, when I recounted what had passed up stairs.

"Oh, absurd! monstrous! Doctor, I am ready to expire with vexation to see Mr. — acting so foolishly. But it is all owing to that odious Dr. —, the village rector, who is up in town now, and an immense crony of Mr. —'s. I suspected there was something brewing between them; for they have been laying their wise heads together for a week past. Did not he repeat the *speech* to you, Doctor?—the whole of it?"

"Yes, indeed, madam, he did," I replied smiling at the recollection.

"Ah—hideous rant it was, I dare say!—I'll tell you a secret, doctor. I know it was every word composed by that abominable old addle-head, Dr. —, a doodle that he is!—(I wonder what brought him up from his parish!)—And it is he that has inflamed Mr. —'s fancy, with making a *great hit* in the House, as they call it. That precious piece of stuff which they call a *speech*, poor Mr. — has been learning for this week past; and has several times woke me in the night with ranting snatches of it." I begged Mrs. — not to take it so seriously.

"Now tell me candidly, Dr. —, did you ever hear such nonsense in your life? It is all that country parson's small-beer trash! I'm sure our name will run the gauntlet of all the papers in England, for a fortnight to come!" I said, I was sorry to be compelled to acquiesce in the truth of what she was saying.

"Really," she continued, pressing her hand to her forehead, "I feel quite poorly myself, with agitation at the thought of to-night's farce. Did you attempt to dissuade him? You might have frightened him with a hint or two about his tendency to apoplexy, you know."

"I did my utmost, madam, I assure you; and certainly startled him not a little. But, alas, he rallied, and good humouredly sent me from the room, telling me, that if the effort of speaking killed him, he should share the fate of Lord Chatham, or something of that sort."

"Preposterous!" exclaimed Mrs. —, almost shedding tears with vexation. "But, *entre nous*, doctor, could not you think of any thing—hem!—something in the medical way—to prevent his going to the House to-night?—A—a sleeping draught—eh, doctor?"

"Really, my dear madam," said I, seriously, "I should not feel justified in going so far as that."

"Oh, dear, dear doctor, what possible harm can there be in it? Do consent to my wishes for once, and I shall be eternally obliged to you. Do order a simple sleeping draught—strong enough to keep him in bed till five or six o'clock in the morning—and I will myself slip it into his wine at dinner."—In short, there was no resisting the importunities and distress of so fine a woman as Mrs. —; so I ordered about five-and-thirty drops of laudanum, in a little sirup and water. But, alas, this scheme was frustrated by Mr. —'s, two hours afterwards, unexpectedly ordering the carriage, (while Mrs. — was herself gone to procure his *quietus*), and leaving word he should dine with some members that evening at Brooke's. After all, however, a lucky accident accomplished Mrs. —'s wishes, though it deprived her husband of that opportunity of wearing the laurels of parliamentary eloquence; for the ministry, finding the measure against which Mr. — had intended to level his oration, to be extremely unpopular, and anticipating that they should be dead beat, wisely postponed it *sine die*.

DUELLING.*

I had been invited by young Lord —, to spend the latter part of my last college-vacation with his lordship at his shooting-box in —shire. As his destined profession was the army, he had already a tolerably numerous retinue of military friends, several of whom were engaged to join us on our arrival at —; so that we anticipated a very gay and jovial season. Our expectations were not disappointed. What with shooting, fishing, and riding, abroad—billiards, songs, and high *feeding*, at home, our days and nights glided as merrily away as fun and frolic would make them. One of the many schemes of amusement devised by our party, was giving a sort of military subscription-ball at the small town of —, from which we were distant not more than four or five miles. All my Lord —'s party, of course, were to be there, as well as several others of his friends, scattered at a little distance from him in the country. On the appointed day all went off admirably. The little town of — absolutely reeled beneath the unusual excitement of music, dancing, and universal *feting*. It was, in short, a sort of miniature carnival, which the inhabitants, for several reasons, but more especially the melancholy one I am going to mention, have not yet forgotten. It is not very wonderful, that all the rustic beauty of the place was there. Many a village belle was there, in truth, panting and fluttering with delighted agitation at the unusual attentions of their handsome and agreeable partners; for there was not a young military member of our party but merited the epithets. As for myself, being cursed with a very insignificant person,

* The melancholy facts on which the ensuing narrative is founded, I find entered in the Diary as far back as nearly twenty-five years ago; and I am convinced, after some little inquiry, that there is no one now living whose feelings could be shocked at reading this month's Blackwood.

and not the most attractive or communicative manners—being utterly incapable of pouring that soft delicious nonsense—that fascinating, searching, small-talk, which has stolen so often right through a lady's ear, into the very centre of her heart—being no hand, I say, at this, I contented myself with dancing a set or two with a young woman, whom nobody else seemed inclined to lead out; and continued, for the rest of the evening, more a *spectator* than a partaker of the gaieties of the scene. There was one girl there—the daughter of a reputable retired tradesman—of singular beauty, and known in the neighbourhood by the name of "*The Blue Belle of —*." Of course, she was the object of universal admiration, and literally besieged the whole evening with applications for "the honour of her hand." I do not exaggerate, when I say, that in my opinion, this young woman was perfectly beautiful. Her complexion was of dazzling purity and transparency—her symmetrical features of a placid bust-like character, which, however, would perhaps have been considered insipid, had it not been for a brilliant pair of large, languishing, soft, blue eyes, resembling

— "blue water-lilies, when the breeze
Maketh the crystal waters round them trem-
ble,"

which it was almost madness to look upon. And then her light auburn hair, which hung in loose and easy curls, and settled on each cheek like a soft golden cloud flitting past the moon! Her figure was in keeping with her countenance—slender, graceful, and delicate—with a most exquisitely turned foot and ankle. I have spent so many words about her description, because I have never since seen any woman that I thought equalled her; and because her beauty was the cause of what I am about to relate. She rivetted the attention of all our party, except my young host, Lord —, who adhered all the evening to a sweet creature he had selected on first entering the room. I observed, however, one of our party, a dashing young captain in the Guards, highly connected, and of handsome and prepossessing person and manners, and a gentleman, of nearly equal personal pretensions, who had been invited from — Hall, his father's seat, to exceed every one present in their attentions to sweet Mary —; and as she occasionally smiled on one or the other of the rivals, I saw the countenance of either alternately clouded with displeasure. Captain — was soliciting her hand for the last set—a country dance—when his rival, (whom, for distinction's sake, I shall call *Trevor*, though that, of course, is very far from his real name,) stepping up to her, seized her hand, and said, in rather a sharp and quick tone, "Captain —, she has promised me the last set; I beg, therefore, you will resign her.—I am right, Miss —?" he inquired of the girl, who blushing replied, "I think I did promise Mr. Trevor—but I would dance with both, if I could. Captain, you are not angry with me; are you?" she smiled, appealingly.

"Certainly not, madam," he replied with a peculiar emphasis; and after directing an eye, which kindled like a star, to his more success-

ful rival, retired haughtily a few paces, and soon afterwards left the room. A strong conviction seized me, that even this small and trifling incident would be attended with mischief between those two haughty and undisciplined spirits; for I occasionally saw Mr. Trevor turn a moment from his beautiful partner, and cast a stern inquiring glance round the room, as if in search of Captain —. I saw he had noticed the haughty frown with which the Captain had retired.

Most of the gentlemen who had accompanied Lord — to this ball were engaged to dine with him the next Sunday evening. Mr. Trevor and the Captain (who, I think, I mentioned, was staying a few days with his lordship) would meet at this party; and I determined to watch their demeanour. Captain — was at the window, when Mr. Trevor, on horseback, attended by his groom, alighted at the door, and on seeing who it was, walked away to another part of the room, with an air of assumed indifference; but I caught his quick and restless glance invariably directed at the door through which Mr. Trevor would enter. They saluted each other with civility—rather coldly, I thought—but there was nothing particularly marked in the manner of either. About twenty sat down to dinner. All promised to go off well—for the cooking was admirable—the wines first-rate, and conversation brisk and various. Captain — and Mr. Trevor were seated at some distance from each other—the former was my next neighbour. The cloth was not removed till a few minutes after eight—when a dessert and a fresh and large supply of wine were introduced. The late ball, of course, was a prominent topic of conversation; and after a few of the usual bachelor toasts had been drunk with noisy enthusiasm, and we all felt the elevating influence of the wine we had been drinking, Lord — stood up, and said—"Now, my dear fellows—I have a toast in my eye that will delight you all—so, bumpers, gentlemen—bumpers!—up to the very brim,—so make sure your glasses are full—while I propose to you the health of a beautiful—nay, by —! the most beautiful girl we have any of us seen for this year—Ha! I see all anticipate me—so, to be short—here is the health of Mary —, the Blue Belle of —!" It was drunk with acclamation. I thought I perceived Captain —'s hand, however, shake a little, as he lifted his glass to his mouth.

"Who is to return thanks for her?"—"Her favourite beau, to be sure."—"Who is he?"—"Legs—rise—legs—whoever he is!" was shouted, asked, and answered, in a breath. "Oh—Trevor is the happy man—there's no doubt of that—he monopolized her all the evening—I could not get her hand once," exclaimed one near Mr. Trevor—"Nor I!"—"Nor I!"—echoed several. Mr. Trevor looked with a delighted and triumphant air round the room, and seemed about to rise, but there was a cry—"No—Trevor is not the man—I say Captain — is the favourite!"—"Ay—ten to one on the Captain!" roared a young hero of Ascot. "Stuff—stuff!" muttered the Captain, hurriedly cutting an apple to fritters, —and now and then casting a fierce glance to-

wards Mr. Trevor. There were many noisy maintainers of both Trevor and the Captain.

"Come—come, gentlemen," said a young Cornish baronet, good-humouredly, seeing the two young men appeared to view the affair very seriously—"The best way, since I dare be sworn the girl herself does not know which she likes best, will be to *toss up* who shall be given the credit of her beau!" A loud laugh followed this droll proposal; in which all joined except Trevor and the Captain. The latter had poured out some claret while Sir — was speaking, and sipped it with an air of assumed carelessness. I observed, however, that he never removed his eye from his glass—and that his face was pale—as if from some strong internal emotion. Mr. Trevor's demeanour, however, also indicated considerable embarrassment; but he was older than the Captain, and had much more command of manner. I was amazed, for my own part, to see them take up such an insignificant affair so seriously; but these things generally involve so much of the strong passions of our youthful nature, —especially our vanity and jealousy, that, on second thoughts, my surprise abated.

"I certainly fancied you were the favourite, Captain; for I saw her blush with satisfaction when you squeezed her hand," I whispered. "You are right, —," he answered, with a forced smile.—"I don't think Trevor can have any pretensions to her favour." The noisiness of the party was now subsiding—and nobody knew why an air of blank embarrassment seemed to pervade all present.

"Upon my honour, gentlemen, this is a vastly silly affair altogether, and quite unworthy such a stir as it has excited," said Mr. Trevor; "but as so much notice has been taken of it, I cannot help saying, though it is monstrously absurd, perhaps, that I think the beautiful 'Blue Bell of —' is mine—mine alone! I believe I have good ground for saying I am the sole winner of the prize, and have distanced my military competitor," continued Mr. Trevor, turning to Captain —, with a grim air, which was very foreign to his real feelings, "though his bright eyes—his debonaire demeanour—that fascinating *je ne sais quoi* of his!" —

"Trevor! Don't be insolent!" exclaimed the Captain sternly, reddening with passion.

"Insolent! Captain?—What the deuce do you mean? I'm sure you don't want to quarrel with me—oh, it's impossible! If I have said what was offensive, by —, I did not mean it—and, as we said at Rugby, *indictum patet*—and there's an end of it. But as for my smart little Blue Bell, I know—am perfectly certain—aye, spite of the Captain's dark looks—that I am the happy man. So, gentlemen, *de jure* and *de facto*—for her, I return you thanks." He sat down. There was so much kindness in his manner, and he had so handsomely disavowed any intentions of hurting Captain —'s feelings, that I hoped the young Hotspur beside me was quieted. Not so, however.

"Trevor," said he, in a hurried tone, "you are mistaken—you are, by —! You don't know what passed between Mary — and myself that evening. On my word and honour, she

told me she wished she could be off her engagement with you."

"Nonsense! nonsense! She must have said it to amuse you, Captain—she *could* have had no other intention. The very next morning she told me" —

"The very next morning!" shouted Captain —, "why, what the — could you have wanted with Mary — the next morning?"

"That is my affair, Captain—not yours. And since you *will* have it out, I tell you, for your consolation, that Mary and I have met every day since!" said Mr. Trevor, loudly, even vehemently. He was getting a little *flushed*, as the phrase is, with wine, which he was pouring down, glass after glass, or of course he could never have made such an absurd—such an unusual disclosure.

"Trevor, I must say you act very meanly in telling us,—if it really is so," said the Captain, with an intensely chagrined and mortified air; "and—if you intend to ruin that sweet and innocent creature—I shall take leave to say, that you are a—a—a—curse on it, it will out—a villain!" continued the Captain, slowly and deliberately. My heart flew up to my throat, where it fluttered as though it would have choked me. There was an instant and dead silence.

"A villain—did you say, Captain? and accuse me of meanness?" inquired Mr. Trevor, coolly, while the colour suddenly faded from his darkening features; and rising from his chair, he stepped forward, and stood nearly opposite to the Captain, with his half-emptied glass in his hand, which, however, was not observed by him he addressed. "Yes, sir, I did say so," replied the Captain, firmly—"and what then?"

"Then, of course, you will see the necessity of apologizing for it instantly," rejoined Mr. Trevor.

"As I am not in the habit, Mr. Trevor, of saying what requires an apology, I have none to offer," said Captain —, drawing himself up in his chair, and eyeing Mr. Trevor with a steady look of composed intrepidity.

"Then, Captain, don't expect me to apologize for *this*!" thundered Mr. Trevor, at the same time hurling his glass, wine and all, at the Captain's head. Part of the wine fell on me, but the glass glanced at the ear of Captain —, and cut it slightly; for he had started aside on seeing Mr. Trevor's intention. A mist seemed to cover my eyes, as I saw every one present rising from his chair. The room was, of course, in an uproar. The two who had quarrelled were the only calm persons present. Mr. Trevor remained standing on the same spot with his arms folded on his breast; while Captain — calmly wiped off the stains of wine from his shirt-ruffles and white waistcoat, walked up to Lord —, who was at but a yard or two's distance, and inquired, in a low tone of voice, "Your Lordship has pistols here, of course? We had better settle this little matter now, and here. Captain V —, you will kindly do what is necessary for me?"

"My dear fellow, be calm! This is really a very absurd quarrel—likely to be a dreadful business, though!" replied his Lordship with

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great agitation. "Come, shake hands, and be friends!—Come, don't let a trumpety dinner brawl lead to bloodshed—and in my house, too!—Make it up like men of sense!"

"That, your Lordship of course knows as well as I do, is impossible. Will you, Captain V—, be good enough to bring the pistols? You will find them in his Lordship's shooting gallery—we had better adjourn there, by the way, eh?" inquired the Captain, coolly—he had seen many of these *affairs*!

"Then, bring them—bring them, by all means."—"In God's name, let this quarrel be settled on the spot!" exclaimed —, and —, and —.

"We all know they *must* fight—that's as clear as the sun—so the sooner the better!" exclaimed the Honourable Mr. —, a hot-headed cousin of Lord —'s.

"Eternal curses on the silly slut!" groaned his Lordship; "here will be blood shed for her!—My dear Trevor!" said he, hurrying to that gentleman, who, with seven or eight people round him, was conversing on the affair, with perfect composure; "do, I implore—I beg—I supplicate, that you would leave my house! Oh! don't let it be said I asked people here to kill one another! Why may not this wretched business be made up?—By —, it *shall* be," said he, vehemently; and, putting his arm into that of Mr. Trevor, he endeavoured to draw him towards the spot where Captain — was standing.

"Your Lordship is very good, but it's useless," replied Mr. Trevor, struggling to disengage his arm from that of Lord —. "Your Lordship knows the business *must* be settled, and the sooner the better. My friend Sir — has undertaken to do what is correct on the occasion. Come," addressing the young baronet, "away! and join Captain V—." All this was uttered with *real* nonchalance! Somebody present told him, that the Captain was one of the best shots in England—could hit a sixpence at ten yards' distance. "Can he, by —?" said he with a smile, without evincing the slightest symptoms of trepidation. "Why, then, I may as well make my will, for I'm as blind as a mole!—Ha! I have it." He walked out from among those who were standing round him, and strode up to Captain —, who was conversing earnestly with one or two of his brother officers.

"Captain —," said Mr. Trevor, firmly, extending his right hand, with his glove half drawn on. The Captain turned suddenly towards him with a furious scowl. "I am told you are a dead shot—eh?"

"Well, sir, and what of that?" inquired the Captain, haughtily, and with some curiosity in his countenance.

"You know I am short-sighted, blind as a beetle, and not very well used in shooting matters"—Every one present started, and looked with surprise and displeasure at the speaker; and one muttered in my ear—"Eh—d—!"—Trevor showing the white feather? I am astonished!"

"Why, what do you mean by all this, sir?" inquired the Captain, with a contemptuous sneer.

"Oh, merely that we ought not to fight on Museum.—VOL. XVII.

unequal terms. Do you think, my good sir, I will stand to be shot at without having a chance of returning the favour? I have to say, therefore, merely, that since this quarrel is of your own seeking—and your own d—d folly only has brought it about—I shall insist on our fighting breast to breast—muzzle to muzzle—and across a table. Yes," he continued, elevating his voice to nearly a shout; "we will go down to hell together—if we go at all—that is some consolation."

"Infamous!"—"Monstrous!" was echoed from all present. They would not, they said, hear of such a thing—they would not stand to see such butchery! Eight or ten left the room abruptly, and did not return. Captain — made no reply to Trevor's proposal, but was conversing anxiously with his friends.

"Now, sir, who is the coward?" inquired Mr. Trevor, sarcastically.

"A few moments will show," replied the Captain, stepping forward, with no sign of agitation, except a countenance of an ashy hue; "for I accede to your terms—ruffianly—murderous as they are; and may the curse of a ruined house overwhelm you and your family forever!" faltered Captain —, who saw, of course, that certain death was before both. "Are the pistols preparing?" inquired Mr. Trevor, without regarding the exclamation of Captain —. He was answered in the affirmative, that Captain V— and Sir — were both absent on that errand. It was agreed that the distressing affair should take place in the shooting gallery, where their noise would be less likely to alarm the servants. It is hardly necessary to repeat the exclamations of "Murder!—downright, savage, deliberate murder!" which burst from all around. Two gentlemen left abruptly, saddled their horses, and galloped after peace officers; while Lord —, who was almost distracted, hurried, accompanied by several gentlemen, and myself, to the shooting-gallery, leaving the Captain and a friend in the dining room, while Mr. Trevor, with another, betook themselves to the shrubbery walk. His Lordship informed Captain V— and the Baronet of the dreadful nature of the combat that had been determined on since they had left the room. They both threw down the pistols they were in the act of loading, and, horror-struck, swore they would have no concern whatever in such a barbarous and bloody transaction. A sudden suggestion of Lord —'s, however, was adopted. They agreed, after much hesitation, and doubt as to the success of the project, to charge the pistols with powder only, and put them into the hands of the Captain and Mr. Trevor, as though they were loaded with ball. Lord — was sanguine enough to suppose that, when they had both stood fire, and indisputably proved their courage, the affair might be settled amicably. As soon as the necessary preparations were completed, and two dreary lights were placed in the shooting-gallery, both the hostile parties were summoned. As it was well known that I was preparing for the medical profession, my services were put into requisition for both.

"But have you any instruments or bandages?" inquired some one.

No. 101.—2 N

"It is of little consequence;—we are not likely to want them, I think, if our pistols do their duty," said Mr. Trevor.

But a servant was mounted on the fleetest horse in Lord ——'s stable, and despatched for the surgeon, who resided at not more than half a mile's distance, with a note, requesting him to come furnished with the necessary instruments for a gun-shot wound. As the principals were impatient, and the seconds, as well as the others present, were in the secret of the blank charge in the pistols, and anticipated nothing like bloodshed, the pistols were placed in the hands of each, in dead silence, and the two parties, with their respective friends, retired to a little distance from each other.

"Are you prepared, Mr. Trevor?" inquired one of Captain ——'s party; and, being answered in the affirmative, in a moment after the two principals, pistol in hand, approached one another. Though I was almost blinded with agitation, and was, in common with those around, quaking for the success of our scheme, my eyes were riveted on their every movement. There was something solemn and impressive in their demeanour. Though stopping to certain death, as they supposed, there was not the slightest symptom of terror or agitation visible—no swaggering—no affectation of a calmness they did not feel. The countenance of each was deadly pale and damp; but not a muscle trembled.

"Who is to give us the word?" asked the Captain, in a whisper, which, though low, was heard all over the room; "for, in this sort of affair, if one fires a second before the other, he is a murderer." At that moment there was a noise heard—it was the surgeon who had arrived, and now entered breathless. "Step out, and give the word at once," said Mr. Trevor, impatiently. Both the Captain and Mr. Trevor returned and shook hands with a melancholy smile with their friends, and then retook their places. The gentleman who was to give the signal then stepped towards them, and closing his eyes with his hands, said, in a tremulous tone, "Raise your pistols!"—the muzzles were instantly touching one another's breasts—"and, when I have counted three, fire. One—two—three!"—They fired—both recoiled with the shock several paces, and their friends rushed forward.

"Why, what is the meaning of this?" exclaimed both in a breath. "Who has dared to mock us in this way? There were no balls in the pistols!" exclaimed Trevor, fiercely. Lord —— and the seconds explained the well-meant artifice, and received an indignant curse for their pains. It was in vain we all implored them to be reconciled, as each had done amply sufficient to vindicate their honour. Trevor almost gnashed his teeth with fury. There was something fiendish, I thought, in the expression of his countenance. "It is easily remedied," said Captain ——, as his eye caught several small swords hanging up. He took down two, measured them, and proffered one to his antagonist, who clutched it eagerly.—"There can be no deception here, however," said he! "and now"—each put himself into posture—"stand off there!"

We fell back, horror-struck at the relentless and revengeful spirit with which they seemed animated. I do not know which was the better swordsman; I recollect only seeing a rapid glancing of their weapons, flashing about like sparks of fire, and a hurrying about in all directions, which lasted for several moments, when one of them fell. It was the Captain; for the strong and skilful arm of Mr. Trevor had thrust his sword nearly up to the hilt in the side of his antagonist. His very heart was cloven! The unfortunate young man fell without uttering a groan—his sword dropped from his grasp, he pressed his right hand to his heart, and with a quivering motion of the lips, as though struggling to speak, expired! "Oh, my great God!" exclaimed Trevor, in a broken and hollow tone, with a face so blanched and horror-stricken, that it froze my very blood to look upon, "what have I done? Can all this be REAL?" He continued on his knees by the side of his fallen antagonist, with his hands clasped convulsively, and his eyes glaring upwards for several moments.

A haze of horror is spread over that black transaction; and if it is dissipated for an instant, when my mind's eye suddenly looks back through the vista of years, the scene seems rather the gloomy representation—or picture—of some occurrence, which I cannot persuade myself that I actually witnessed. To this hour, when I advert to it, I am not free from fits of incredulosity. The affair created a great ferment at the time. The unhappy survivor (who in this narrative has passed under the name of Trevor) instantly left England, and died in the south of France, about five years afterwards, in truth, broken-hearted. In a word, since that day, I have never seen men entering into discussion, when warning with wine, and approaching never so slowly towards the confines of formality, without reverting, with a shudder, to the trifling, the utterly insignificant circumstances, which wine and the hot passions of youth kindled into the fatal brawl which cost poor Captain —— his life, and drove Mr. —— abroad, to die a broken-hearted exile!

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE FATHERLESS.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

"Come hither, 'tis thy father, boy!
Receive him with a kiss."

"Oh, mother, mother! do not jest
On such a theme as this:
Though I was but a little child,
How bitterly I cried,
And clung to thee in agony,
When my poor father died."

"Come, child, this is no time to weep,
Partake thy mother's joy;
The husband of my choice will prove
A parent to my boy."
"Oh, mother! mother, say not so,
I cast no blame on thee,

But yon gay stranger cannot feel
A father's love for me."

"Come, boy, 'tis for thy sake I wed—"

"No, mother, not for mine,
I do not ask in all the world,
One smile of love save thine:
Oh say, why is the widow's veil
So early thrown aside:
The hateful rumour is not true?
Thou wilt not be a bride?"

"Oh, mother, canst thou quite forget
How hand in hand we crept
To my own honour'd father's bed,
To watch him as he slept;
And do you not remember still
His fond but feeble kiss?"
"Alas! such thoughts but little suit
A day—of joy—like this."

"Of joy! oh, mother, we must part,
This is no home for me;
I cannot bear to breathe one word
Of bitterness to thee.
My father placed my hand in thine,
And bade me love thee well,
And how I love, these tears of shame
May eloquently tell.

"Thou say'st yon stranger loves thy child;
I see he strives to please;
But, mother, do not be his bride,
I ask it on my knees:
I used to listen to his voice
With pleasure, I confess;
But call him husband! and I shrink
Ashamed of his caress.

"Had I been younger when he died,
Scarce conscious of his death,
I might perhaps have smiled to see
Thy gems and bridal wreath:
My memory would have lost a tie
So very lightly link'd,
Resigning that dear form, which *now*
Is vividly distinct.

"Had I been older,—more inured
To this world's cold career,
I might have sought a festival
To check a filial tear:
Gay banners find gay followers—
But, from their station hurl'd,
The gay forget them, and pursue
The next that is unfurl'd.

"But I am of an age to prize
The being in whom blend
The love and the solicitude
Of Monitor and Friend:
He plann'd my boyish sports, and shared
Each joy and care I felt;
And taught my infant lips to pray,
As by his side I knelt.

"Yet deem not mine an impious grief;
No, mother, thou wilt own
With cheerfulness I spoke of him
When we have been alone.
But bring no other father here—
No, mother, we must part;
The feeling that I'm Fatherless
Weighs heavy on my heart."

From the *Edinburgh Review*.

JEFFERSON'S MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE.*

EVERY picture has its point of view, which, as a matter of course, all people seek to find, before they begin to criticise. It is admitted, that the most perfect work of art may otherwise be overlooked as a mass of undistinguished colour. There are places in the boxes, as well as gallery, of many theatres, whence it would be ridiculous to pass sentence on the merits of a half-heard piece, or the talents of an almost invisible performer. So simple a rule of sense and fairness is, nevertheless, often unaccountably disregarded, when we sit in judgment on the much more difficult cases of national or individual character. How few persons, while dealing with Asiatic literature, morals, or society, think it necessary to consider beforehand where they shall take their stand. The spot on which they happen themselves to be placed at the moment, is immediately assumed to be the only position from which the object ought to be viewed. We have some difficulty in believing that the peculiarities, important as they are, which distinguish America from Europe, should have proceeded to such irreconcilable differences of a moral and intellectual nature, as to disqualify us from the possibility of an approximating estimate of each other. But we have none at all in perceiving that the assistance of some friendly and skilful hand in conducting us by proper steps to the proper points of observation, is an indispensable condition to any intelligible execution of the task. The moral of such a state of things ought to be mutual forbearance. On the one hand, the American who finds himself rapidly losing, during a short absence, the distinctive qualities of Americanism,[†] and who has experienced in his own per-

* Memoirs, Correspondence, and Private Papers of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States; now first published from the Original Manuscripts. Edited by Thomas Jefferson Randolph. 4 vols. 8vo. London: 1829.

† Jefferson's evidence on this point (1801,) is very remarkable. "When I returned from France, after an absence of six or seven years, I was astonished at the change which I found had taken place in the United States in that time. No more like the same people—their habits and manners—the course of their commerce so totally changed—that I, who stood in those of 1784, found myself not at all qualified to speak their sentiments, or forward their views, in 1790. Very soon, therefore, after entering on the office of Secretary of State, I recommended to General Washington to establish, as a rule of practice, that no person should be continued on foreign mission beyond an absence of six, seven, or eight years. He approved it. We return like foreigners, and like them require a considerable residence here to become Americanized. . . . There is no point, in which an American long absent from his country wanders so widely from its sentiments, as on the subject of foreign affairs. We have a perfect horror at any thing like connecting ourselves with the politics of Europe."

son that the required discipline of re-Americanization is a process of considerable effort,

America runs no risk of the fate of Turkey—that of being exposed to annihilation from a systematic ignorance of the temper and the interests of Europe. But there is an unreasonableness in thus keeping aloof from us on system, and afterwards grumbling because we are found more ignorant and more indifferent concerning her, than concerning countries whose policy is founded, (whether wisely or not, is a different point,) upon the opposite principle of multiplying every possible relation. Ten years preceding, Jefferson had requested of the Portuguese court, an exemption from certain diplomatic etiquettes, as a thing “due to a nation whom distance and difference of circumstances liberate, in some degree, from an etiquette to which it is a stranger at home as well as abroad. The nations of Europe have already seen the necessity of distinguishing America from Europe even in their treaties; and a difference of commerce, of government, of condition and character, must every day evince more and more the impracticability of involving them under common regulations!” A country which thus prides itself upon a privileged latitude of behaviour, ought to be prepared for being occasionally misunderstood. Unless, also, she is at once justified in assuming, that wherever a distance exists, America, as a matter of course, is right, and Europe wrong, she must take the disadvantages along with the advantages of the distinction. A lady who will not wear stays, must submit to criticism on her shape. The farmer, who insists upon the license of a *déboutonné* dress and posture, is hardly consistent in pretending to the elegance of refinements, which are purchased, and perhaps dearly purchased, by a hundred conventional restraints. Jefferson justly observes, on the folly of reasoning backwards and forwards from Europe to America: “Before the establishment of the American States, nothing was known to history but the man of the old world crowded within limits either small or overcharged, and steeped in the vices which that situation generates. A government adapted to such men would be one thing; but a very different one that for the man of these States.” Nothing is throughout these Letters more repeatedly and more thoroughly disclaimed, than the notion that any one form of government or self-government can be logically laid down as the proper formula suited to all communities, or that the success of their own experiment has any other original foundation, and probably any more permanent security, than the advantages which their actual local peculiarities create. Among these advantages, a principal one would be the formation of a distinct national character, which might continue after its cause had passed away. Jefferson, however, hardly expects it could long survive; so that the peace of society might be regularly preserved by keeping up information in the people, instead of energy in the government. This reliance he unfortunately is obliged to confine, as Milton in his bitter disappointment had been reduced before him, within the following limits: “It cannot deceive us as long

should put a charitable construction on the ignorances and mistakes of uninitiated Europeans. On the other hand, our countrymen might recollect, that the fortune of mankind is not concluded by the form into which society has fallen or been compressed under our ancient institutions. It ought not surely to require any great philosophy or temper in a foreigner, however fresh about him he may carry his European sympathies, to bear in patient mind that he has got into a new world, where the religious and political atmosphere of a Republic, though at first a little sharp, may possibly be no less healthy than the artificial warmth of our old-established climate of Church and King. The more vehement his prepossession in behalf of his own persuasions, the more ought he to congratulate himself, provided he is a creature of reason as well as passion, on the opportunity of observing, at what he will deem another man's expense, whether the great objects of Christianity and government can be fairly left to make good their cause under the vigorous scramble of unrestrained and unbridled opinions.

The difficulty of getting at the truth, in questions so clouded by misrepresentation as the politics of America, makes the *Memoirs and Correspondence* of Jefferson, a most acceptable present. Yet neither pleasure nor profit can be derived from the perusal, except on the above preliminary supposition. The most extensive experiment of national self-government ever attempted in the world is now in progress; eminent statesmen, with considerable shades of difference in their opinions, have presided over its administration; the means of tracing this progress, comparing these opinions, and calculating the ultimate result, are by degrees coming within our reach. Notwithstanding all assertions to the contrary, we never can admit that the nations of Europe generally, and England in particular, are too invincibly stupid or perverse to compre-

as we remain virtuous; and I think we shall so as long as Agriculture is our principal object, which will be the case while there remain vacant lands in any part of America. When we get piled upon one another in large cities, as in Europe, we shall become corrupt as in Europe, and go to eating one another as they do there.” From his observations on the tendency of their people to move off to the westward, and from his criticism on their maritime states generally, he appears to consider that a true American begins to feel himself uneasy, and the genuine republican virtues to be in danger, as soon as the population passes ten to the square mile. The first letter from a Parisian carried blindfolded into Kentucky, would form an appropriate companion to one in which Jefferson, upon arriving in the vaunted capital of Europe, describes “how the new scene struck a savage of the mountains of America.” We should like to know whether it was the crash of the French opera, whose seductions (when speaking of music) extorted from him the confession, “I am almost ready to say, it is the only thing which from my heart I envy them, and which, in spite of all the authority in the Decalogue, I do covet.”

hend the example and the doctrine set before them. None, it is true, may follow, or even wish to follow, this example, under circumstances apparently too different for the example to apply. Some persons may doubt which way the balance of advantages and disadvantages inclines, even in the case of America herself. But there is not a shadow of pretence for flying to extravagant assumptions of some insuperable impediment, in order to explain any degree of misconception which has hitherto prevailed. The point of view which exists in the case of every people, and where alone it can be advantageously or fairly seen, has not been sufficiently thought of. Not that we are aware of America having suffered, from a neglect of this consideration, more injustice than other countries: whilst she has frequently herself to blame for misleading strangers from her real merits, by setting up a foolishly exaggerated, or mistaken claim to merits, which it was impossible she should possess. Even-handed critics must be prepared in such a case for the fate which Franklin experienced, as the reward of his own impartiality—that of being suspected in England as too much of an American, and in America as too much of an Englishman. It is clear, in the meantime, that no man's opinion upon the actual condition or future destinies of the United States is worth having, unless formed and corrected upon such principles. He must not merely understand, but be able to contemplate with indulgence, the turn of personal thought and feeling which her condition necessarily creates in her citizens; and the objects of domestic and foreign policy which her ministers feel themselves called on by her position to pursue. It may save us trouble to begin at once with a belief in this Transatlantic fact—that a republican statesman is not necessarily either a jacobin or a visionary, a speculator on property or in dreams; and that the interests of religion may prosper under a government whose chief magistrate has learned his divinity in the school of Priestley, and politics in that of Paine.

In the *Travels of Lieutenant Francis Hall* there is an interesting account of a day at Monticello. A day's conversation with Jefferson—with the great champion of the ruling party in America—appeared to us at the time an enviable event. Yet how insignificant in comparison with the introduction which we have now obtained, not only into his cabinet, but into the sanctuary of his most private thoughts! These four large octavos begin with a short fragment concerning himself, drawn up at the age of seventy-seven: and close with a still shorter journal kept by him while Secretary of State, during Washington's administration. The rest consists exclusively of a voluminous correspondence, ranging from 1775, after blood had been spilt at Boston, to June, 1826, ten days only before his death, so appropriately fixed for the fiftieth anniversary of American Independence. Their editor has had an easy as well as gratifying task. Jefferson, long after old age had made writing irksome, continued to be not only the oracle of his party, consulted with reverence, but the familiar Nestor of his neighbourhood, to whom every body felt entitled

to apply for information or advice. In the selection for the press, either no discretion has been left, or no discernment exercised, except that every letter preserved out of this accumulating correspondence (save here and there one on Education or Literature) is entirely political. His name on the title page guarantees the superintendence of an editorial sponsor to the work. Beyond that, the existence of such a person is discoverable only by the scattering up and down of occasional asterisks, where the original text would seem to have been more intemperate than was felt decent to submit to the public eye. Enough, in all conscience, of useless and bitter matter is still left. It is, however, a defect of which, on this occasion, we do not feel authorized to complain; since it is more than compensated by the character of contemporary life and authenticity which no less disagreeable expedient could have so naturally preserved.

A collection of this description not only constitutes the best possible authority for future Histories, but remains, in many respects, more effective than it is admitted to the solemn reserve of history to be. On the supposition that history could be as true as Sir Robert Walpole said he knew it to be false, its scheme and style are too uniformly elevated to allow of the variety of familiar circumstances by which alone historical impressions, to be generally useful, must be made. What ought to be a faithful representation of actual nature, becomes a thing dressed up in state, according to certain conventional proprieties. Nothing false need be introduced. It only requires that the unsightliness and discrepancies of real life should be left out. What remains will equally acquire the fatal air, which has ruined so many pictures, of a study or composition. In this manner, one class of histories consists of fine prose dramas; another of excellent philosophical essays, with a few well assorted facts for pegs to hang them on. Any historian, who endeavours to recall and place on his own pages a generation which has passed away, can scarcely evade the additional disadvantage of having come into the world too late. Accordingly, the notes culled out of contemporary memoirs are usually turned to by his reader, for more vivid incidents and glimpses of the times than can be hoped for in the delusive and dignified generalizations of the text. What, indeed, can the text be wrought into, in comparison, but an artist's cast—taken from a countenance which life has left, and giving scarce a faint idea of the spirit by which the original was inspired? It is this which will always make a minute Diary, by a sensible and well informed public man, whilst it is one of the easiest, one of the most successful literary achievements. Meanwhile the world, untaught by past experience, insists upon being edified by the pomp and ceremony of history. As long as this is the case, we are particularly fortunate, whenever contemporary documents like the present afford some security for its originality and truth.

Recent as is the History of the United States, both Adams and Jefferson agree, that the most important materials for its first, and, in some respects, most exciting period, are al-

ready replaced by conjectures only. The Secret Journal of the Old Congress has been lately published. But how mere a skeleton it presents! Adams writes to Mr. Niles: "In plain English, and in few words, I consider the true history of the American Revolution, and the establishment of our present constitution, as lost for ever; and nothing but misrepresentations, or partial accounts of it, will ever be recovered." Jefferson had before communicated to Adams the same opinion. "On the subject of the American Revolution, you ask, who shall write it? Who can write it? and who will ever be able to write it? Nobody: except merely its external facts; all its councils, designs, and discussions having been conducted by Congress with closed doors, and no member, as far as I know, having ever made notes of them. These, which are the life and soul of history, must for ever be unknown." The heads of two short arguments happen to have been taken down by Jefferson himself; one on Independence, and the other upon the mode in which the articles of the Confederation respecting taxes and voting should be arranged. They are remarkable, not only as the only remaining evidence of the ability with which those discussions were conducted; but as proofs how strongly American statesmen laboured from the very first under the two great difficulties, against which they have hitherto struggled on by compromise and evasion, but which they have not advanced a step towards successfully subduing;—we mean the questions arising out of slavery, and the principle on which the number of votes given to the several states should be apportioned, so as to secure to each its independence.

Botta's History of this period is stated to be the best for detail, precision, and candour; yet, as if the difficulties which must embarrass a foreigner in his searches after the truth were not sufficiently serious, he is reproached by both Jefferson and Adams with having revived that ancient practice of "putting speeches into mouths which never made them, and fancying motives of action which we never felt." The published Journal of the Federal Convention which was held at Philadelphia in 1788, for the purpose of framing the present American Constitution, and which Jefferson (then at Paris, where a similar object was in vain pursuing) calls "an assembly of demigods," is nothing but a mere summary of acts and proceedings. This curtain, however, may probably be yet drawn; for Mr. Madison is said to have taken down the whole of every thing that was said and done there, "with a labour and exactness beyond comprehension." From an affecting letter written by Jefferson only a few months before his death, under pecuniary difficulties which are a disgrace to the country he had served so faithfully, it is satisfactory to learn, that a more General History is in the same hands. "It has been a great solace to me to believe, that you are engaged in vindicating to posterity the course we have pursued for preserving to them, in all their purity, the blessings of self-government, which we had assisted too in acquiring for them. If ever the earth has beheld a system of administration conducted with a single and steadfast eye

to the general interest and happiness of those committed to it—one which, protected by truth, can never know reproach—it is that to which our lives have been devoted. To myself you have been a pillar of support through life. Take care of me when dead, and be assured that I shall leave with you my last affections."—"Our opponents" (he elsewhere says) "are far ahead of us in preparations for placing their cause favourably before posterity." We shall rejoice if Mr. Madison's work is such as to deserve the unlimited confidence of all readers, and to relieve them from the painful duty of choosing between conflicting authorities. Party spirit is the epidemic of free communities. It infects their literature as much as it disturbs their society. Unfortunately the *Correspondence* before us is, in too many places, a melancholy example how unconsciously and yet how justly a man of impetuous temperament, in such dangerous scenes, becomes himself chargeable with the very imputations he is pouring upon others. It will be well if this precedent should act as a warning to his friend, that an ardent love of truth is no security against the credulousness with which the zeal of party can make a noble bosom the general receiving-house of exaggerated misstatements, and dishonourable suspicions.

Biography may be expected to afford a good deal of the information which more general history either is not able, or will not condescend, to give. But the lives of public men, written by friends and relatives, in a country so overrun by political antipathies, are peculiarly exposed to the danger of becoming only party-pamphlets, under the monumental form of pious offerings to the deceased. Franklin and Washington died before the contest between Federalists and Republicans rose to a fierceness in the use of libels as instruments of political warfare, which makes an era in the public press. Their editors, however, have not escaped from the bitterness of the years which followed. Jefferson had a fatal readiness of believing any thing against an English minister or a Federalist. In the case of Mr. Temple Franklin, he makes insinuations, and in that of Chief-Justice Marshall, direct charges, of a suppression of the truth, which would be no less inconsistent with honesty and history than the most active invention of immediate untruths.

The insinuations against Franklin's grandson is, that he had sold to the English government a portion of Dr. Franklin's Memoirs, which would have established against them views so atrocious, that "its suppression would be worth to them a great price." We do not wonder that public curiosity, when defeated by a delay in the general publication which it could not understand, revenged itself in gossiping; especially if the reputation of the executor was not absolutely beyond the reach of such discreditable surmises. But, in fact, the paper referred to forms a prominent part of the Memoirs, as at last published by the grandson. The reader may indeed look in vain for the declaration stated to have been made by Lord North,—that "a rebellion was not to be deprecated on the part of Great Britain; that the confiscations it would produce, would pro-

vide for many of their friends." This, we believe, will be the case, simply, because it is our firm opinion that Jefferson's passions have in this instance confused his recollection, and that no such declaration was ever made or stated. Any such sentiment is utterly inconsistent with Lord North's disposition; it is in contradiction with the general character of the messages as reported; and, had any such wicked feeling escaped from the minister, we cannot believe that Lord Howe and his sister, whilst acting the part of generous mediators, would have been guilty of the gratuitous mischief of repeating it. Many things are printed in Franklin's posthumous collection, which, if the English government had begun to buy, common prudence would have included in the purchase. There is some scandal in Jefferson's Journal, about an asylum being secured in England for Hamilton, King, and others. This also we feel safe in disbelieving, from the improbability (were there no other occasion of distrust,) that Sir J. Temple, our Consul-General in the Northern States, would have betrayed his duty to his country, by showing about letters containing communications of so delicate and dangerous a description. That it made out Hamilton to be a traitor, in the interest, and almost the pay of England, is reason enough with Jefferson to retail it, without doubt or examination, at the time, and so to leave it in that revival for posterity, which he made in the leisure (we cannot say the calmness) of retirement.

Our admiration of Washington is so great, that we felt some disappointment, and expressed it at the time, on seeing how far Chief-Justice Marshall's Life fell short of the monument such a work might raise both to his country and himself. Jefferson's disapprobation is of an entirely different and sterner cast. It is evidently far too violent and inflamed to leave him an impartial witness. He charges it as Botta's greatest fault, that he took too much from the party diatribe of Marshall, "than which it is more judicious, more chaste, more classical, and more true." His own *Anas* are expressly stated to be preserved "for their testimony against the only history of that period which pretends to have been compiled from authentic and unpublished documents." Time only can show whether the inspiration of party spleen is not more consulted than that of just contemporary criticism, in his further prophecy of the knowledge yet to come. "What a treasure will be found in General Washington's cabinet, when it shall pass into the hands of as candid a friend to truth as he was himself! When no longer, like Caesar's notes and memorandums in the hands of Antony, it shall be open to the high priests of federalism only, and garbled, to say so much, and no more, as suits their views!"

There is still less political information of much value to be gleaned out of the biography of the second-rate politicians of the different quarters of America. If they lived down to the dates of more modern political divisions, yet the sphere in which they moved was too contracted to serve as the ground for any general conclusion. The Life of Patrick Henry, dedicated to the young men of Virginia, is

principally intended to set before them models of that eloquence which they consider so exclusive a character of the "old dominion." Accordingly, it enters upon facts little more than as connected with his speeches. Making every allowance for the mutilated state in which these fragments of oratory have been preserved, they fall far short of justifying Jefferson's panegyric, that he spoke as Homer wrote, and was the greatest orator that ever lived. The bulky Memoir of Governor Clinton, and its mass of appended documents, represent a very amiable person of liberal sentiments. But they bring a stranger very little acquainted with America, beyond the obligations that New York owes to his persevering and successful efforts in behalf of canals and education. Elbridge Gerry, though one of the earliest, purest, and most moderate republicans of Massachusetts, was thrown so frequently into the background by the violence of nearly balanced parties, that considerable chasms in public events must appear in any detail of his private life. The survey of the state of Government and Society, which his biographer places alongside the different periods of his course, are in one respect satisfactory, as they seem drawn more in the character of an arbitrator than is the case of most writings of this class.

Virginia almost shares with Massachusetts in the respect with which she is looked to among the States, as the elder sister of the Revolution. The principle of energy, which the northern colonies derived from the nature of their church, founded in the very "dissidence of dissent," the people of the south are imagined by Burke to have nourished up, to a still higher and more stubborn spirit, in consequence of being slave-holders. "Freedom in such a case is not only an enjoyment, but a kind of rank and privilege." Whilst Adams was a representative more of the sturdy indefatigableness than of the religion of New England; certainly, among the brave spirits of Virginia, none appears to have brought out of the painful contrast placed before them, more of what is manly and liberal, and less of what is haughty and overbearing, than Jefferson himself. He was born April 2, 1743. Disapproving that the honours due to the great birthday of their Republic should be transferred to, or divided with, individuals, he would not permit his family to mention the date of his own birthday whilst he was alive. He inherited from his father a large fortune, which he doubled by a prudent marriage; but shortly before his death, embarrassments reduced him to apply for leave to dispose of the greater part of his property by lottery, in order to prevent its sacrifice at less than a third of its former value, owing to the fall of land. Jefferson, in the paper containing this application, (which, although voted by the Legislature of Virginia, he did not live to see carried into effect,) mentions shortly the principal offices which he had filled, and the price which he had paid for a life passed in the public service. "I came of age in 1764, and was soon put into the nomination of justices of the county in which I live; and at the first election following, I became one of its representatives in the legislature. I was

then sent to the Old Congress; then employed two years with Mr. Pendleton and Mr. Wythe, on the revision and reduction to a single code, of the whole body of the British statutes, the Acts of our Assembly, and certain parts of the common law; then elected governor; next to the legislature, and to Congress again; sent to Europe as minister plenipotentiary; appointed secretary of state to the new government; elected vice-president and president; and lastly, a visitor and rector of the University. In these different offices, with scarcely any interval between them, I have been in the public service now sixty-one years; and, during the far greater part of the time, in foreign countries, or in other States. Every one knows how inevitably a Virginia estate goes to ruin, when the owner is so far distant as to be unable to pay attention to it himself; and the more especially, when the line of his employment is of a character to abstract and alienate his mind entirely from the knowledge necessary to good, and even to saving, management."

Lord Herbert mentions, as a strange coincidence, that Ferdinand received the news of the discovery of America, whilst making his triumphal entry into Grenada. We cannot wonder, therefore, that American patriotism should dwell with something of superattribution on the extraordinary fact, that Adams and Jefferson should both have lived to July 4, 1826—to the jubilee anniversary of American independence—and should both, at their remote homes in distant quarters of the Union, have died on that very day. The last words which Adams uttered, after calling it a "great and good day," were "Jefferson survives;" whilst Jefferson himself seems, in the intervals of delirium by which his last hours were disturbed, to have been carried back to that stirring time. He talked in broken sentences of the Committee of Safety, exclaiming, "Warn the Committee to be on their guard." He rose in his bed, and wrote a hurried note. The only anxious wish he had expressed for himself had been, that he might live to breathe the air of this memorable day, whose glories were so much his work. Among his papers was found the following inscription, to be placed on a small granite obelisk, in case his country should ever vote a monument to his memory, "Here lies buried, Thomas Jefferson, Author of the Declaration of Independence; of the Statutes of Virginia for Religious Freedom; and Father of the University of Virginia." Thus marshalling his titles to public remembrance, he evidently meant to teach his countrymen that national independence might be of little value without religious freedom; and that a large and liberal education was the best security for maintaining both. In respect of a monument, it will sound singular to Europeans, that the only one which Congress has yet erected, is to Gerry. An address was voted, begging the body of Washington from his widow. Whether there should be a monument or an equestrian statue, was made a party question; and it was soon found cheaper to raise neither.

In a letter to the Editor of the present work, whom he seeks to animate by his own example, Jefferson informs us of the fortunate acci-

dent by which, in good measure, his youthful character was formed. "When I recollect that, at fourteen years of age, the whole care and direction of myself was thrown on myself entirely, without a relation or friend qualified to advise or guide me, and recollect the various sorts of bad company with which I associated from time to time, I am astonished I did not turn off with some of them, and become as worthless to society as they were. I had the good fortune to become acquainted very early with some characters of very high standing, and to feel the incessant wish that I could ever become what they were. Under temptations and difficulties, I would ask myself what would Dr. Small, Mr. Wythe, Peyton Randolph, do in this situation? What course in it will assure me their approbation? I am certain that this mode of deciding on my conduct, tended more to its correctness, than any reasoning powers I possessed." Jefferson, when a law student at Williamsburg, was present at the debate in the Assembly of Virginia, 1766, on Patrick Henry's resolutions against the stamp act. Six years before young Adams had been roused at Boston by the speech of Otis: "I do say, in the most solemn manner, that Mr. Otis's oration against writs of assistance, breathed into this nation the breath of life." Jefferson has left his own account of the impression made upon himself, by the pause, the boldness, and admirable address with which the Virginian orator, whose enthusiasm was in advance of the calmer or more temporizing characters which surrounded him, repelled the shouts of treason. Dilating on the tyranny of the obnoxious act, Henry exclaimed, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First, his Cromwell—and George the Third—'Treason!' cried the Speaker—'Treason, treason!' echoed from every part of the House. It was one of those trying moments which is decisive of character. Henry faltered not for an instant; but rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing on the Speaker an eye of the most determined fire, he finished his sentence with the firmest emphasis,—*may profit by their example!* If this be treason, make the most of it."

Virginia is understood to pride herself on her paramount right to provide the Union with orators as well as presidents. But work was at hand which required to be done, not talked about. Whilst Henry fell into comparative unimportance, Jefferson more than took his place; and succeeded out of nothing put plain sterling qualities, to establish an influence which, won early and honestly, seems in his case to have had the good fortune, unparalleled among his rivals, of increasing to his dying day. A feebleness of organ, and a sensibility which rendered his utterance inarticulate, when the full expression of his thoughts and feelings was most required, disqualified him for public speaking. The public, however, learned enough to confirm the opinion of his more eloquent friend and fellow-labourer. "Though a silent member," says J. Adams, "he was so prompt, frank, explicit, and decisive, upon committees—not even Samuel Adams was more so—that he soon seized my heart."

From the moment that the obstinacy of the

English government left no alternative but war or submission, Jefferson took as the motto to his seal, "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," and dedicated himself, fearlessly and unreservedly, to his country's cause. This creed was formed, he says, on unsheathing the sword at Lexington. The instructions which, in 1774, he proposed for the Virginia delegates, were "a leap too long as yet for the mass of the citizens:" but are characteristic of his mind, in the straightforwardness with which he brings out his whole case at the outset, and then pushes his principles to whatever length they can be driven, by the sort of sledge-hammer he uses on most occasions. This document contains the principal facts and arguments that must always exist between a parent state and its colonies. They are the same as would open to-morrow on us and our West India planters, were they in a situation seriously to think of independence. Whilst others admitted the right of the English parliament to legislate for regulation, not revenue, Jefferson and Wythe (his professional master) alone insisted, from the first, that the relation between Great Britain and the colonies was exactly the same as that of England and Scotland after the accession of James, and until the Union; and the same as her present relations with Hanover, having the same political chief, but no other necessary political connexion. When the Declaration of Independence came to be drawn, the committee gave it up to Jefferson alone, and the alterations made by Adams and Franklin were only verbal. Only two clauses of any consequence were struck out of the original by Congress, from "the unanimous idea of having friends in England worth keeping terms with." Of these, one was in assertion of the above doctrine; the other, in reprobation of the slave trade, especially that the King of England, "being determined to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold, had prostituted his negative for prohibiting every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce."

It is natural that the honour of having been selected to draw up this Magna Charta of their separate and sovereign existence, should have ever afterwards identified Jefferson in the minds of his countrymen with the American constitution. The main task of defending this declaration in immediate debate, fell to the share of Adams. In this glorious partnership, he is described by Jefferson as coming out with "a power, both of thought and expression, which moved us from our seats." A very interesting letter, written by Adams to his wife, on the day which intervened between the vote with closed doors and its publication, cannot but have described equally the feeling of both friends. "Yesterday, the greatest question was decided, that was ever decided among men. A resolution was passed unanimously, 'That these United States are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states.' The day has passed. The second of July, 1776, will be a memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe, it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commem-

orated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to the Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomp, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time for ever! You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil, blood, and treasure, it will cost to maintain this declaration, and support and defend these states; yet, through all the gloom, I can see a ray of light and glory. I can see that the end is worth more than all the means; and that posterity will triumph, although you and I may rue—which I hope we shall not."

It is agreeable to look back and recognise that the only penalty which the patriots had to pay, was their being made public men in their own despite. Nothing, apparently, but the imperative claims of the crisis on which his lot was cast, would have forced Jefferson from his books, in the first instance, or afterwards induced him to defer to so late a day the repose after which he longed, as the "Hermit of Monticello." When Envoy at Paris, his recollections were recalled from his preferences to the attachments of his early life. "I had rather be shut up in a very modest cottage, with my books, my family, and a few old friends, dining on simple bacon, and letting the world roll on as it liked, than to occupy the most splendid post which any human power can give." His object, on returning home, was very different from the career which there awaited him. "You know," (he writes to Madison,) "the circumstances which led me from retirement, step by step, and from one nomination to another, up to the present. My object is a return to the same retirement." On resigning the office of Secretary (1774,) he resumed his resolutions. "As to myself, the subject has been thoroughly weighed and decided upon, and my retirement from office had been meant from all office high or low, without exception. My health is entirely broken down within the last eight months; my age requires that I should place my affairs in a clear state; these are sound, if taken care of, but capable of considerable dangers if longer neglected; and, above all things, the delights I feel in the society of my family, and in the agricultural pursuits in which I am so eagerly engaged. The little spice of ambition which I had in my younger days, has long since evaporated, and I set still less store by a posthumous than a present name." Notwithstanding all this determination, his alarm that republicanism was endangered by the supposed monarchical policy of the Federalists, kept him at the helm of public affairs until 1809. Writing to M. Dapont de Nemours, among other things, for a couple of pairs of true-bred shepherd's dogs,—"A valuable possession to a country now beginning to pay great attention to the raising sheep," he adds—"Within a few days I retire to my family, my books, and my farms; and, having gained the harbour myself, I shall look on my friends still buffeting the storm, with anxiety, indeed, but not with envy. Never did a prisoner, released from his chains, feel such relief as I shall, on shaking off the shack-

les of power. Nature intended me for the tranquil pursuits of science, by rendering them my supreme delight. But the enormities of the times in which I have lived, have forced me to take a part in resisting them, and to commit myself on the boisterous ocean of political passions." The emoluments and patronage of English office, if not struggled for with greater eagerness, seem relinquished with more regret. The few of our statesmen who trust themselves to voluntary retirement, may look with some shade of envy on the account which he gives, a year afterwards, of his mode of life. It is better than writing Latin verses. "Now a word as to myself. I am retired to Monticello, where, in the bosom of my family, and surrounded by my books, I enjoy a repose to which I have long been a stranger. My mornings are devoted to correspondence. From breakfast to dinner I am in my shops, my garden, or on horseback among my farms; from dinner to dark, I give to society and recreation with my neighbours and friends; and from candle-light to early bed time, I read. My health is perfect, and my strength considerably reinforced by the activity of the course I pursue; perhaps it is as great as usually falls to the lot of near sixty-seven years of age. I talk of ploughs and harrows, seeding and harvesting, with my neighbours, and of politics, too, if they choose, with as little reserve as the rest of my fellow-citizens, and feel, at length, the blessing of being free to say and do what I please, without being responsible for it to any mortal. A part of my occupation, and by no means the least pleasing, is the direction of the studies of such young men as ask it. They place themselves in the neighbouring village, and have the use of my library and counsel, and make a part of my society. In advising the course of their reading, I endeavour to keep their attention fixed on the main objects of all science—the freedom and happiness of man. So that, coming to bear a share in the councils and government of their country, they will ever keep in view the sole objects of all legitimate government." Two years later, when (thanks to the mediation of Dr. Rush) the friendship of early times was revived with Adams, after breaking ground a little upon politics, he exclaims, "Whither is senile garrulity leading me? Into politics, of which I have taken final leave. I think little of them, and say less. I have given up newspapers in exchange for Tacitus and Thucydides, for Newton and Euclid, and I find myself much the happier. Sometimes, indeed, I look back upon former occurrences, in remembrance of our old friends and fellow labourers who have fallen before us. Of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, I see now living not more than half a dozen, on your side of the Potomac, and on this side, myself, alone. You and I have been wonderfully spared, and myself with remarkable health, and a considerable activity of body and mind. I am on horseback three or four hours every day; visit three or four times a year a possession I have ninety miles distant, performing the winter journey on horseback."

On being courted back to the public councils, he had the satisfaction of feeling, that he

had surmounted the difficult point of knowing when to retire. "I profess so much of the Roman principle, as to deem it honourable for the general of yesterday to act as a corporal to-day, if his services can be useful to his country; holding that to be false pride, which postpones the public good to any private or personal considerations. But I am past service. The hand of age is upon me. The decay of bodily faculties apprizes me that those of the mind cannot be unimpaired, had I not still better proofs. Every year counts my increased debility, and departing faculties keep the score. The last year it was the sight, this it is the hearing, the next something else will be going, until all is gone. Of all this I was sensible before I left Washington, and probably my fellow-labourers saw it before I did. The decay of memory was obvious: it is now become distressing. But the mind, too, is weakened. When I was young, mathematics was the passion of my life. The same passion has returned upon me, but with unequal powers."

Whilst Adams kept, to the last, his industry in epistolary correspondence, Jefferson would gladly have pushed aside his writing-table for his books—that comfort, without which, so great a part of life would not be worth having. "In place of this has come on a canine appetite for reading. And I indulged it, because I see in it a relief against the *tedium senectutis*,—a lamp to lighten my path through the dreary wilderness of time before me, whose bourne I see not. Losing daily all interest in the things around us, something else is necessary to fill the void. With me, it is reading, which occupies the mind without the labour of producing ideas from my own stock." People who wish for long life, and for the means of reconciling it with duties and amusements of opposite descriptions, may see (vol. iv. p. 231) the method by which Jefferson had contrived to solve this problem.

The exclusion of all familiar letters out of the present collection is not so complete, but that glimpses are let in by which we see that Jefferson took into private life the same energy of character, which was so remarkable in his public conduct. 'Nobody felt more strongly, how firm a link the *idem velle et sentire de republica* adds to the chain of personal affections, however dear. Few of his youthful friends had stood by him in his political contentions: but the alienation of the rest was in part made up by the consistent friendship and cordial co-operation of Madison and Munro, to whom he frequently refers as the two pillars of his life. The interior of his home and family are kept sacred from the sight of strangers; but the incidental notice of his own misfortunes in a single sentence of sympathy to Adams, is evidence enough that it had been neither cold nor silent. "Tried myself in the school of affliction, by the loss of every form of connexion which can rive the human heart, I know well, and feel, what you have lost, what you have suffered, are suffering, and have yet to endure. The same trials have taught me, that for ills so innumerable, time and silence are the only medicine. I will not, therefore, by useless condolences, open

afresh the sluices of your grief; nor, although mingling sincerely my tears with yours, will I say a word more where words are vain, but that it is of some comfort to us both, that the term is not very distant at which we are to deposit in the same cernment, our sorrows and suffering bodies, and to ascend in essence to an ecstatic meeting with the friends we have loved and lost; and whom we shall still love, and never lose again."

Jefferson's understanding and character were of a plain, bold, and practical cast—full of activity and strength. But neither in his politics, science, or literature, do we see any sign of genius or depth. His speculations are chiefly interesting from our curiosity to learn the opinions of so celebrated a person. There is scarce a tincture visible from first to last, among all his multifarious disquisitions, of real philosophical sagacity, inventive observation, or refinement of taste. Independent and incorruptible himself, he was proud of the virtue of the party with which he acted, and confident in his belief that the popular will, whilst unvitiated by the perverse laws and corrupt habits of communities where commerce and distinction of orders had prevailed, might be trusted as the sole principle of government. This personal uprightness, and this confiding reliance in the trustworthiness of human nature, under such circumstances, at least, as the population of the United States is placed in, are in singular contrast with the boundless suspicions he is always brooding over in the case of his federal opponents, and the sweeping denunciations which he promulgates against the privileged classes of Europe.

We have seen that he was constantly pining after what he felt to be his true vocation. The interests which attends the literary pursuits and opinions of men eminent in the practical part of life, has led us to look attentively for the traces of them scattered up and down these volumes. They show him to have been so plainly destined for an enterprising scholar, rather than a master, that we cannot count him as one of the sacrifices which, in free countries, the sciences are always offering up at the altar of patriotism or ambition. The *Notes on Virginia* (his only professed work) were originally written as answers to some questions put to him by a foreigner. A French translation of some private copies having appeared, their publication in 1787 became scarcely a matter of choice. They contain a great deal of useful knowledge, told very agreeably. But the most striking thing about them, is the evidence which they give of some secret force of character behind, by producing an effect out of all proportion either with the real importance of the subject, or any apparent superiority in the author. There is a weightiness, certainly, always in good sense, when it is at once earnest and unpretending. But sincerity and moral courage are imposing auxiliaries; and these great characteristics of his mind were not more strongly exhibited in after life, than in the directness with which he here tells the Virginians what he thinks the truth, on such irritable questions as slavery and their own defective constitution, however unpalatable the truths might be.

Jefferson, as the friend of La Fayette, and the representative of a country whose revolutionary precedent was regarded as so perfect a model, that its authority was "treated like that of the Bible, open to explanation, but not to question," had extraordinary opportunities, whilst at Paris, of ascertaining the course which the French Revolution was about to take. His opinions, however, rose and fell with the events of the day; and though he made all proper allowances for "three ages without national morality," and thought that the generation of Frenchmen who began that bold experiment were not sufficiently virtuous and enlightened themselves to reap the fruits of it, yet he left France, satisfied that all would end happily in a year. His criticisms in philosophy frequently evince as little foresight and comprehensiveness as his most sanguine political anticipations. He informs us of an Abbé at Paris, in 1788, who had shaken, if not destroyed, the received theory for explaining the phenomenon of the rainbow. He considers the merit of Herschell to be confined to that of being a good optician only. He had not the prejudice of Buffon to speak of chemistry as a kind of cookery, and to put the laboratory on a footing with the kitchen; but he censures Lavoisier's attempt at introducing a systematic nomenclature, as probably an age too soon, and as calculated to retard the progress of science by a jargon, in which the reformation of this year must be again reformed the next. Not being fond of merely abstract reading, it is not singular that he should, apparently, have had no fixed opinions on the metaphysics of morals: since they are important only as a matter of abstract reasoning; for nature, fortunately, has taken care that a difference in our premises here makes no difference in our conclusion. In one place it is said, that "morals are too essential to the happiness of man, to be risked on the uncertain combinations of the head. She laid their foundation, therefore, in sentiment, not in science. For one man of science, there are thousands who are not. What would have become of them? The moral sense is as much a part of a man as his leg or arm. State a moral case to a ploughman and a professor," &c. Afterwards, thanking Dr. Price for a copy of his book, he agrees, "we may well admit morality to be the child of the understanding, rather than of the senses, when we observe that it becomes dear to us as the latter weaken, and as the former grows stronger by time and experience, till the hour arrives in which all other objects lose their value." At a later period, he returns to the belief, that a moral sense is as much a part of our constitution as the sense of seeing. Our English moralists will be more surprised at the standard work on this subject, which, when writing to his ward, he puts at the head of the good books that are to encourage and direct his feelings. "The writings of Sterne, particularly, form the best course of morality that ever was written."

Jefferson was American to the back-bone. A boiling temperament would make him naturally "a good hater;" but a love of his country, and what he supposed to be her interests, steadily guided him in choosing the objects of

his antipathy. His general thirst for knowledge was under the influence of the same passion, and mainly directed to those sources which were likely to satisfy not only his curiosity, but his patriotic feelings. His investigations into Climate conclude with a preference of that of America (principally on account of its greater clearness) over that of the parts of Europe with which he was acquainted. His reasonable denial of the theory, by which Raynal supposes that Europeans migrating to America must degenerate, leads him to question also the fact, as copied by De Pauw and Robertson from Ulloa, of the inferiority of the native Indians; and to doubt, as an unwarrantable assumption, the excess of moisture, to which Buffon had attributed this result. Jefferson had collected, at one time, fifty vocabularies of the aboriginal tribes within his reach, extending to about two hundred and fifty words. Of these, about seventy-three words were common to the Asiatic lists of one hundred and thirty words, as formed by Pallas. A comparison of languages seems the only chance of furnishing something like a key among the hundred theories concerning the origin of the Indian tribes. But there was also a stimulating encouragement in the suspicion Jefferson entertained, that farther investigations would show a greater number of radical languages among the nations of America, than among those of the other hemisphere. It will be poor consolation to the melancholy remnants, gradually driven towards the western side of the Mississippi, to learn that they come, if of a poor family, yet of an ancient house. On another question, the right of the Anglo-Americans to invent new words towards recruiting the English language, we readily admit their title to be quite equal to our own. As yet, however, no proof of their "process of sound eulogisation" has reached us, by which we can recognise that any progress has "been made towards furnishing, after the Ionians, a second example of a colonial dialect improving on its primitive." The following burst of philological admiration represents so little our own opinion of the two languages which it compares, that we must look elsewhere for a judge on the successfulness of any such experiment. "What a language has the French become since the date of their Revolution, by the free introduction of new words! The most copious and eloquent in the living world, and equal to the Greek, had not that been regularly modifiable almost *ad infinitum*." In case the malignant saying, that their Adam and Eve came out of Newgate, should be assumed by any body as a fact explanatory of any supposed peculiarity in their national character or speech, the proportion of the people to whom this disreputable pedigree can apply, is mentioned as far too small to have left any trace. Two thousand are stated to be the whole number of malefactors sent out; and four thousand to be more than they and their descendants at the declaration of independence.

Nobody was ever more aware than Jefferson of the difficulty of maintaining a republican form of government under any circumstances, and of the impossibility of doing so, except

under the most favourable. The singular disposition of men to quarrel and divide into parties, after the experience of America, in "the Committee of States," and the example of the Directory of France, he considered to be an element in human nature, fatal to the existence of any executive consisting of a plurality. It was on the first of these occasions, that Franklin, illustrating his opinion, as usual, under an apologue, told him the story of the two men, left in charge of Eddystone Lighthouse for the winter, who were found not on speaking terms with each other in the spring. A community of Tories would still find cause of contention; but the seeds of schism exist still more positively in the fact, that 'the parties of Whig and Tory are those of nature.' "They exist in all countries, whether called by these names or by those of Aristocrats and Democrats,—*Côté droite* and *Côté gauche*—Ultras and Radicals,—Serviles and Liberals. The sickly, weakly, timid man, fears the people, and is a Tory by nature. The healthy, strong, and bold, cherishes them, and is a Whig by nature." The distinction thus stated, imposes upon the most ardent enthusiasts for freedom, the necessity of inquiring in each case what is the character of the people, and how far it can be trusted with the reins. Much will depend, in the first instance, on our general view of human nature, and on the probability of its approaching any greater degree of perfection than it has hitherto attained. Jefferson, speaking of Washington, says, "He has often declared to me, that he considered our new constitution as an experiment on the practicability of republican government, and with what dose of liberty man could be trusted for his own good; that he was determined the experiment should have a fair trial; and he would lose the last drop of his blood in support of it. I do not believe that he had not a firm confidence in the durability of our government. He was naturally distrustful of men, and inclined to gloomy apprehensions; and I was ever persuaded, that a belief that we must at length end in something like a British Constitution, had some weight in his adoption of the ceremonies of levees, &c., calculated to prepare us for a change which he believed possible; and to let it come on with as little shock as might be to the public mind." According to Jefferson, Washington had less confidence in the capability of man for political self-government than Jefferson had himself—Adams less than Washington—and Hamilton less than Adams. These were the shades of difference, which the fury of party deepened, from time to time, into the darkest contrasts under the most odious suspicions. Jefferson's own confidence, indeed, is in man only as he is found in America, and there only for a season. Agricultural habits and education are laid down as the two indispensable conditions. In his own, as in other countries, the question is, not what we wish, but what is practicable. Of South America, its independence being achieved, he puts, as the next question, "and a very serious one, What will then become of them? Ignorance and bigotry, like other insanities, are incapable of self-government. I do believe it would be better for them to obtain freedom by degrees only." He afterwards prescribes

certain things as a good beginning, particularly Trial by Jury,—“as the school in which their people might begin to learn the exercise of civil duties as well as rights.” Mr. Bentham will probably smile to find him praising Jury Trial as the firmest bulwark of English liberty. “Were I called upon to decide whether the people had best be omitted in the legislative or judiciary department, I would say, it is better to leave them out of the legislative. The execution of the laws is more important than the making them.” In a letter to Paine, 1789, he expresses his apprehension, that a majority of the States-General cannot be induced to adopt this form of trial,—“the only anchor ever yet imagined by man, by which a government can be held to the principles of its constitution.” At this period he considered the French to be unprepared even for the protection of the Habeas Corpus act; and gave a curious specimen of his good faith by excepting the nobles out of a clause for the security of personal liberty, inserted by him in a charter of rights, which he then sketched out for the consideration of the patriots. Long afterwards he quotes to Madame de Staël the constitution of 1789, as sufficient for liberty and prosperity, “if wisdom could but have stayed at that point the servid but imprudent zeal of men who did not know the character of their own countrymen.” Reminding Lafayette of their discussions at that day, he admits that the people proved equal to the constitution of 1791; and fixes as the fatal error of the republicans (closet politicians merely, unpractised in the knowledge of men) their separation from the constitutionalists, under the idea that more could be obtained and borne. “They did not weigh the hazards of a transition from one form of government to another; the value of what they had already rescued from those hazards, and might hold in security if they pleased; nor the imprudence of giving up the certainty of such a degree of liberty, under a limited monarchy, for the uncertainty of a little more under the form of a republic. Whether the state of society in Europe can bear a republican government, I doubted, you know, when with you, and I do now.” It is some comfort that we are advancing quicker than he once expected. In 1786, he found in France oppression of body and mind, in every form, so firmly settled in the mass of the people, that their redemption from them could never be hoped. “If all the sovereigns of Europe were to set themselves to work to emancipate the minds of their subjects from their present ignorance and prejudices, and that as zealously as they now endeavour the contrary, a thousand years would not place them on that high ground on which our common people are now setting out. The people of England, I think, are less oppressed than here. But it needs but half an eye to see, when among them, that the foundation is laid in their dispositions for the establishment of a despotism.” In 1823, agreeing with Adams on the difficulties of a revolution from despotism to freedom, and that the generation which commences one is rarely competent to complete it, he acknowledges that the Press prevents our condition from being desperate. “A light has dawned on the

middling classes only of the men in Europe; the kings and the rabble, of equal ignorance, have not yet received its rays.” Cicero's Letters, it appears, suggested to him a very different image from the poetical one of Brutus, rising effulgent from the godlike stroke, and bidding the father of his country hail. “Steeped in corruption as the whole nation was, what could even Cicero, Cato, Brutus, have done, had it been referred to them to establish a good government for their country? They had no ideas of government themselves, but of their degenerate senate; nor the people of liberty, but of the factious opposition of their Tribunes. I confess I can neither see how this enigma can be solved, nor how farther shown why it has been the fate of that delightful country never to have known to this day, and through a course of five and twenty hundred years, the history of which we possess, one single day of free and rational government.” The treatises on government left us by antiquity, are not of a kind to have made much impression on the mind of Jefferson; not even Cicero's *De Republicâ*, had it travelled to Monticello. He would find there no provision for what he considers the two great objects of a constitution—first, that of preventing the ascendancy of an artificial aristocracy, grounded on wealth and birth; next, that of securing in its public offices, for the instruction, the trusts, and government of society, a pure selection from among nature's most precious gifts, the natural aristocracy of talent and of virtue. It will be much easier to protect a community from being loaded with misery by kingly, priests and nobles,—“which descriptions of men are an abandoned confederacy against the happiness of the people,”—than to prescribe a successful arrangement for the latter equally important purpose. Jefferson declares that the scurrility of their Press is alone sufficient to drive the best men, whose sensibilities are stronger than their confidence in public justice, from aspiring to exalted stations. “I may say, from intimate knowledge, that we should have lost the services of the greatest character of our country, had he been assailed with the degree of licentiousness now practised. The torture he felt under rare and slight attacks, proved that, under those of which the federal bands have shown themselves capable, he would have thrown up the helm in a burst of indignation.” The *Republic* of Plato was to Jefferson the heaviest task-work of any reading he ever undertook. He concluded it by congratulating mankind, that “Platonic republicanism had not obtained the same favour as Platonic christianity;” since it could have had no other consequence than that we should be now all living, men, women and children, pell-mell together, like beasts in the forest.

An exaggerated passion for independence, seems at times to pervert the correctness of Jefferson's judgment on points connected with our physical and moral constitution, as well as with the principles of society. Not satisfied with telling his young pupil, that a gun, and not a book, ought to be the constant companion of his walks, he proceeds to question the good sense of the Europeans, in valuing themselves upon having subdued the horse to the uses of

man. "I doubt whether we have not lost more than we have gained by the use of this animal. No one has occasioned so much the degeneracy of the human body. An Indian goes on foot nearly as far in a day for a long journey, as an enfeebled white does on his horse, and he will tire the best horses." Our substitution of positive institutions for individual intelligence and force, collected in a gipsy state, seems to have produced an equally pernicious effect on our characters. "I am convinced that those societies (as the Indians) which live without government, enjoy in their general mass an infinitely greater degree of happiness than those who live under the European governments. Among the former, public opinion is in the place of law, and restrains as powerfully as laws ever did any where. Among the latter, under the pretence of governing, they have divided their nation into classes, wolves and sheep." In another place, describing to Madison in strong terms the curse of existence under every government except that of America, and, in some slight degree, except under that of England, he goes so far as to declare, that it is a problem not clear in his mind that the condition of the Indians, without any government, is not yet the best of all. This sort of language much more resembles the fanaticism of some fulminator of paradoxes like Rousseau, than the gravity of a statesman, to whose discretion the interests of a civilized community might be safely left.

The commentary on Montesquieu by Destutt Tracy, "unquestionably the ablest living writer on abstract subjects," appears to be his favourite work on the principles of government. It is called "the most precious gift the present age has received." Taylor's Enquiry, in opposition to Adams' Defence, represents the theory of the constitution of America, as understood by the dominant party at the present day; whilst Hume's History, as republished by Baxter, is referred to for the free principles of the English constitution. This latter work seems to have been printed in England, where it is said "not to be popular, because it is republican." Popularity or unpopularity can hardly be predicated of a work, of whose existence the most omnigenous readers among our acquaintance have never heard. Brought up in the neighbourhood of indigenous Indians, and living at head-quarters during two revolutions, Jefferson had splendid opportunities for the examination and discussion of first principles. After complaining that there is no good work on the organization of society into civil government, he quotes the well known condition of the Tribes, and especially the present example of the Cherokees, as conclusive against the patriarchal hypothesis. His expectations in 1789, were apparently turned not merely to the establishment of a national government in France, but to the discovery of new truths in politics. These truths were to be such as would rouse Americans even "from the errors in which they had been hitherto rocked;" but were scarce likely to benefit an Englishman, as they are pronounced to be reasonable beyond his reach, "who, slumbering under a kind of half reformation in

politics and in religion, is not excited by any thing he feels or sees to question the remains of prejudice!" We cannot compliment him on what appears to be the only discovery, in the class of new truths, he has thought worth preserving. It is a proof, which, in his horror of the corrupting consequences of a national debt, he volunteers against any possible right in one generation of men to bind another. This doctrine was so great a favourite with its author, that he sent it to Madison all the way from Paris, and at the lapse of a quarter of a century is seen urging it with undiminished earnestness, on the head of the Committee of Finance. Though, like some other natural rights, it has not yet entered into any declaration of them, it is said to be no less a law. Had we a shilling in the American funds, we should feel not over and above easy when the honest and vigorous understanding of the ex-President could be duped by such strange sophistry; especially, since his school is zealous in preaching the necessity of declarations of natural rights, strenuous for re-setting the law of nations upon true principles, and resolved to establish their theories by force, the year they are strong enough to do so.

It has been our object, by a reference to opinions upon general subjects, with which most readers might be supposed to take more or less interest, to give some idea of Jefferson himself. We perceive that we have said nothing of his views on religion, and his sanguine "trust that there is not a young man now living in the United States, who will not die a Unitarian." Our extracts, too, will give a very feeble notion of the fierceness of his thoughts and language concerning a hundred things, as well as persons, on which his blood seems to have never cooled. The rage which breaks out on occasion of the honorary institution of the Cincinnati, and the arbitrary distinctions of Europe, is often like insanity. The Throne of Heaven should be besieged with eternal prayers "to extirpate from creation that class of human lions, tigers, and mammoths, called Kings;" among whom, "there is not a crowned head in Europe, whose talents or merits would entitle him to be elected a vestry-man, by the people of any parish in America." George the Third is "maniac George." Louis the Sixteenth "goes for nothing. He hunts one half the day, is drunk the other, and signs whatever he is bid." It ought to be acknowledged, that in the case of Louis the Sixteenth, as in that of Washington, it requires more ingenuity than we are master of, to reconcile the contradictions which wait upon the writer's spleen. Within a twelvemonth the King of France "is the honestest man in his kingdom, the most regular and economical." A clergy is said to live like printers, "by the zeal they can kindle and the schisms they can create. The mild and simple principles of the Christian philosophy would produce too much calm, too much regularity of good, to extract from its disciples a support for a numerous priesthood, were they not to sophisticate it, ramify it, split it into hairs, and twist its texts, till they cover the divine morality of its author with mysteries, and require a priesthood to explain them. The

Quakers seem to have discovered this. They have no priests, therefore no schisms."

It is as an American citizen that Jefferson earned and deserves his fame. We have not space to enter, except very briefly, on the honourable detail of his public life. As a Virginian legislator, himself a slave-owner, he there set the example of an effort (unfortunately for his countrymen, an unsuccessful one) for permission to emancipate their slaves. Again, himself a lawyer, aided only by his two friends Wythe and Pendleton, he completed, and reported to the General Assembly, in eighteen months, the extensive improvements both in the principle and the form of their laws, which their new circumstances required. The extravagant compliments with which our own little attempts at consolidation of some chapters in criminal law have been overlaid, and the fatted calf which Sir Robert Peel kills thereupon regularly every session to his own glory, are things which must make our legislative wisdom reasonably suspected among the Americans. They know what they have themselves done in the self-same matter, and can therefore estimate our vaunting and our astonishment at its true value. In a few months, and in this single work, the three colleagues "brought so much of the common law as it was thought necessary to alter—all the British statutes from *Magna Charta* to the present day, and all the laws of Virginia from the establishment of their legislature in 4 Jan. 1. to the present time, which they thought should be retained—within the compass of one hundred and twenty-six bills, making a printed folio of ninety pages only." Nearly a volume and a half of the present Correspondence, and a considerable portion of his Memoir, relate to the remarkable period from 1785 to 1790, which Jefferson passed as the American minister at Paris. His watchfulness over every subject which might bear on the most favourable arrangement of their new commercial treaties; his perseverance in seeking to negotiate a general alliance against Algiers; the skill and knowledge with which he argued the different questions of national interest that arose during his residence, will not suffer even in comparison with Franklin's diplomatic talents. Every thing he sees seems to suggest to him the question, Whether it can be made useful in America? Could we compare a twelvemonth's letters from our Ambassadors' bags at Paris, Florence, or elsewhere, we should see whether our enormous diplomatic salaries are any thing else than very successful measures for securing our business being ill and idly done. Jefferson's history, after he returned home, whether as Foreign Secretary to Washington,—as Vice President under Adams,—or, as President, putting the vessel of the state on her Republican tack, is, in other words, the History of America during the several periods.

"All that should accompany old age" afterwards followed him in his retirement to Monticello, and dignified his slow-declining years. The din and dangers of American politics must, from time to time, have occasionally disturbed a mind, although less anxious, less patriotic, and less personally pledged, than

that of Jefferson. But the great question of Public Education was the only one on which he reserved to himself, as it were the right, as long as he breathed, practically to engage and lead. As early as 1779, he had proposed a systematical plan of general education for Virginia, and accordingly had prepared three bills, with three distinct grades of instruction. The first consisted of elementary schools, and comprehended all children, rich and poor. The second, colleges for a middle degree of learning, calculated for such purposes of common life as would be desirable to all persons in easy circumstances. The last was a finishing university, for teaching the highest degree of knowledge that a place of mere education can profess to teach. Of these, the elementary bill had alone passed, and that not until 1796. As the expense of the schools was to be borne by a general rate in every county, it appears that the bill had been enforced in none. Jefferson says, in 1822, that if a single boy had received the elements of common education in them, it was in some part of the country not known to him. In respect of a higher scale of education, he complains to Adams that the "post-revolutionary youth were born under happier stars" than they had been; acquiring all learning in their mother's womb, and treating all knowledge which was not innate, with contempt, or at least neglect. The University of Virginia, mainly established by the energy of this indefatigable octogenarian, will, we trust, save them from "the degradation of becoming the Barbary of the Union, and of falling into the ranks of their own negroes." The account of its early difficulties is strikingly like those of the London University; only the insubordination to which Jefferson looked with dismay, as to breakers ahead, was the insubordination of students, not professors. Premature ideas of independence, too little repressed by parents, are stated to be the great obstacle of science, and the principal cause of its decay, since the revolution. It is gratifying to see, by a letter written only six months before his death, that, delighted with the professors procured from England, and with the intelligence and industry of the youths assembled for instruction, the spirited old patriot descended into his grave with anticipations of a glorious future, which he could not live to see. "The majority of the rulers of our state educated here, will exhibit their country in a degree of sound respectability it has never known, either in our days or those of our forefathers." Jefferson, for fifty years, continued uniformly to insist that general instruction was indispensable to the maintenance of their government as a republic. He died in the farther faith, that education at home, that is, that the education of the southern youth in the southern States, is equally necessary, if the States are to remain sovereign and independent. The crack, down to its very centre, which the line of geographical division has run across the Union, may be imagined from the alarm with which he describes the fact, that five hundred of their sons were educating in the northern seminaries, as "a canker eating on the vitals of their existence." Washington, in his will, recommends the endowment of a university in

Virginia, as a protection against the necessity of passing so important a period of life in Europe. Little could he foresee that the fortune of his country would imperatively demand a domestic institution, on the ground of a greater hostility in principle and position, in Connecticut and New York. "The reflections that the boys of this age are to be the men of the next; that they should be prepared to receive the holy charge which we are cherishing to deliver over to them; that, in establishing an institution of wisdom for them, we secure it to all our future generations; that, in fulfilling this duty, we bring home to our own bosoms the sweet consolation of seeing our sons rising under a luminous tuition to destinies of high promise; these are considerations which will occur to all; but all, I fear, do not see the speck in our horizon which is to burst on us as a tornado, sooner or later."

Our course of miscellaneous observations may have served to bring before the reader more distinctly the individual character and merits of this distinguished statesman. But space is not remaining for a single sentence on what we stated at the beginning to be the most important part of the present volumes. The historian and politician will here find invaluable materials upon nearly all the controverted points of the domestic and foreign policy of the United States, from the day of their existence as an independent government. The conclusion of our private judgment considerably inclines against some of the propositions maintained by Jefferson: yet, as a party equally honest and well informed, he will be a necessary witness, whenever we survey the successive constitutional questions which have so furiously divided parties in America. Between the opposite hazards pressing in on either side, the nation has made its choice—a choice certainly of spirit, perhaps of wisdom. For, in case the alternative dependent on a farther consolidation of the powers of the general government be at all correctly assumed throughout this correspondence, it is impossible to say, under any circumstances of intermediate dissension and ultimate separation, that the painful alternative, thus taken and endured, was not yet the best. The foreign policy of the United States is to us a point of more immediate, as, indeed, it some day must become a point of incalculable, importance. It involves bold innovations on the principles and practice of the law of nations, as hitherto understood and established. Some of these innovations appear to be improvements for the interest of humanity; others, to be only encroachments and pretexts for the interest of America. In the mean time, it is evident that, as against Europe, and especially as against England, there exists no difference of opinion in their determination to dictate the novelties of their diplomacy at the cannon's mouth. Jefferson was mistaken in his date; but his declaration is the motto of federalists and republicans alike, and is applied to all matters relating to the continent and the islands of America, as much as to the universal sea. "The day is within my time as well as yours, when we may say by what laws other nations shall treat us on the sea; and we will say it." The authority of

more precedent on one side, and this intractableness of insolent passion on the other, can never meet. What a debt would the world owe to those statesmen in both countries, who, whilst her calm and deliberate voice might be yet listened to, would close these fatal questions on the just principles of Reason!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

EXTRACT FROM A PERSIAN NARRATIVE OF THE MASSACRE OF THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY.

SCARCELY had an hour of the day passed by, when I was informed of the assemblage of people at the principal mosque, where the priests had again held council. They ordered the closure of all shops in the bazar, and then enjoined their congregation to proceed to the Russian quarters, to demand the delivery of, or obtain by force, the persons of Meerza Yakoub and the two women.

Two Georgian merchants of respectability, hastened from their caravansarais, where they had been apprized of the connection, to the envoy's house, to give intelligence of the premeditated attack; and Manoochehr Khan, in consequence of an order received the night before from the Shah, sent his nephew, Meerza Selliman Malleykaffi, to describe, in the plainest terms, the troubled state of the public feeling, and to persuade M. Grebayedoff to withdraw his protection from those sheltered under his roof.

A crowd of four or five hundred persons, preceded by boys, and some worthless desperate men, who, with frantic gestures, brandished their clubs and naked swords in the air, had advanced from the mosque to the envoy's habitation. Meerza Selliman with difficulty made his way through them, and gave warning, too late, of the violent resolution that had been adopted. In attempting to quit the premises, to wait upon the Prince-governor, Meerza Nerriman, was obliged to return in dismay to the envoy's apartments, where my attendance had been required, to arrange some business preparatory to our departure. Showers of stones now descended into the court; the voices of the mob were from time to time raised in a general shout. We listened in dread, uncertain of what violence would next occur.

The strangers were encircled by the web of fate. I could neither see them display the stern resolution to expire in desperate defence, nor sufficient presence of mind, by instantaneous compliance with the known purpose of the mob, to avert the impending danger.

There were present in the room, besides M. Grebayedoff, M. Adelung, the second secretary, the physician, the Georgian prince, cousin to Madam Grebayedoff. Meerza Nerriman, the two Georgian merchants, myself, Rustum, Aga Mahomed Alli, Abbas Meerza's deputy Forash Bashee, and many of the domestics, with the cossacks of the guard, were collected in the court and adjoining apartments.

The house of Mahomed Khan is of great

extent, divided into several distinct courts, having on one side of each a range of apartments. The suite occupied by M. Grebayedoff consists of a large centre saloon, with open anterooms on either side of it, and beyond each, one smaller room. The roof and court of this range adjoined that assigned to Meerza Yakoob.

Every moment the uproar became more vehement; several guns were fired, and suddenly we were conscious of a rush of people into the adjoining court. I heard a voice exclaim, "Take Meerza Yakoob, and begone!" It was, I afterwards learnt, that of Hadjee Beg the Meerza, who endeavoured to appease the mob, by delivering up to them a victim. The unhappy creature clung to his garments for protection; he was dragged to slaughter, and fell under numerous wounds, cruelties, and indignities. Ali Khan's servants were no less active in carrying off the two females.

During the calm which succeeded to these acts of violence, we were informed of Meerza Yakoob's fate, of the death of Dadash Beg, a cossack, and one or two servants; in defending themselves, two or three of the townspeople were killed. Their bodies were carried to an adjacent mosque, and served to exasperate the people to complete madness. It was at this moment that an immediate neighbour, named Ali Wurdee, a confectioner by trade, in the service of Manoochehr Khan, hastily entered the apartment to rescue from the fury of the populace the relative of his employer. Whilst time permitted, he besought Meerza Selliman to accompany him to his house by the way he would direct, and, with almost equal ardour, offered shelter and safety to the envoy. Neither would listen to his entreaties. Meerza Nerriman loudly exclaimed, that no one would venture to touch the person of the Emperor's representative. "The noise of your guns," he said, "does not startle us. Have we not heard them at Ganja Abbasabad, and Erivan?" M. Grebayedoff, declined the offer, either from reluctance to desert his comrades, or from ignorance of his danger; and the confectioner was allowed to depart, regretting, no doubt, the inutility of his endeavours to serve his benefactor.

The cossacks and domestics had now leisure to prepare their arms for defence, in case of a second attack.

In less than half an hour, our conjectures respecting the termination of the riot were falsified. We were assailed by increased numbers, and with great vigour. A larger portion of the people were provided with fire-arms, and were of a different class to the common shopkeepers and ragamuffins of the city. Men of the military tribes must have joined in the attack; yells loud and frenzied rent the air, and the showers of stones were so thick and incessant, that we were obliged to keep ourselves close within the right-side room of the court, which was M. Grebayedoff's sleeping apartment.

Vain attempts were made by M. Grebayedoff to address the populace. No mortal voice could have quelled a tumult so furious. The order then given to the cossacks to fire their pieces with powder, was alike unavailing.

Death was at our portal; its victims herded together, helpless, panic-struck, and struggled to avoid their fate, like sheep beset by wolves, fierce and ravenous.

The cossacks treated the danger like men determined if possible to defend their chief, and to sell their lives dearly. Some of the domestics showed great presence of mind and courage, particularly a courier of the Mission, by name Hoachatoor. This brave lad, sword in hand, rushed on the assailants, and cut down two of their number; they gave way before him. By a staircase he mounted and attempted to clear the walls; he was struck with stones,—twice he staggered, yet pushed on, till a stone, by hitting the blade of his weapon, broke it in two, and thus defenceless, he was cut to pieces.

For some time the success of the attack was doubtful. An effort was made to clear the court; but though the foremost retired, those on the tops of the walls continued to discharge their arms, and the window of the room was beaten in with stones and bricks.

During this state of the contest, hope still remained that the king would send some troops to our succour. The guard of Furahan infantry had dispersed on the first attack, without any strenuous exertion to save us. However, the roof of the house commenced to shake; it was speedily perforated, and, by the first shots from above, the envoy's foster-brother was mortally wounded. In distress of soul, he (M. Grebayedoff) exclaimed, "Look! look! they have killed Alexander!" Ere we moved into the large centre-room, two more of the party were lifeless; but it was so exposed from the one we had left, now in possession of the townspeople, and from the large size of its window, that to remain in it long was impossible. I would here, in shifting rooms, have mingled with the mob, as did the Prince Abbas Meerza's servant, Aga Mahomed Ali; but escape could not be accomplished.

I had still presence of mind to mark the horrors of our situation depicted on the countenances of many. In some, animation was almost suspended, others were frantic with despair, and few besides the cossacks persevered in desperate resistance. The envoy, with arms crossed, paced the floor, and at times he passed his hands in perturbation through his hair. His forehead was bloody, from a blow he had received on the right side of his head. In a tone of inquiry he accosted me: "They will kill us," he said, "Meerza—they will kill us!" I could only reply in the affirmative. The last words I heard him utter were, "Futh Ali Shah! Futh Ali Shah! jensoudre, jensoudre!" or some such expression.

I witnessed with the deepest awe and admiration the death of the physician. From the commencement of the attack, he had been active in stimulating his companions to defend themselves to the last. His only weapon was a small European sabre. He must have judged there was no hope of preservation, for he made his way into the court, menacing those opposed to him, till he met a stout young man, who would not turn to fly; they exchanged at the same time blows with their swords. The Russian raised up his arm to shield his head, and

his left hand dropped on the pavement. Not dismayed, he gained the apartment, tore a curtain off one of the doors, which he wrapped round his maimed limb, and, although we endeavoured to oppose his project, he jumped from the window, and fell, overpowered by numbers, having been previously struck to the ground by stones thrown from the tops of the walls.

Ere we relinquished the saloon for the farthest side-room, four or five of our number were shot. This was divided by a partition, behind which all who could sought shelter. Meerza Selliman and Meerza Nerriman did not gain this last retreat, but were cut down from behind on the portal.

From the window and doorway we were assailed; the cossacks had nearly all perished, and two of the most forward of the assailants attempted to make their way into the hinder part of the room. In their hands were swords or daggers; they were irresolute, and despairing of life. I rushed out, flourishing a large knife, and as they retired, I so closely followed them, that I threw myself amongst the foremost of the combatants, who thought me to be one of their number. It was in vain that I struggled to gain the court. I could not penetrate the crowd, and was pushed again into the room, to see the lifeless bodies of seventeen of my late companions. The envoy had been pierced through and through by a blow on the left breast from a knife; and an athletic phalanx, or public wrestler, named —, in the service of a citizen of Tehran, was shown to me as the person who had inflicted it. At M. Grebayedoff's feet lay extended a cossack, in all probability the officer of the party. This devoted being had, throughout the fray, shielded with his own body that of M. Grebayedoff. He shrunk neither from stone nor sabre-cut, but all his movements were calculated to ward off danger from his chief.

Exhausted by extreme agitation, fear, and horror, stupified by severe contusions from stones in various parts of my body, I had to make a final exertion to prevent myself from falling inanimate on the floor.

The evil spirits of hell must this day have been let loose, to urge the Tehran people to commit atrocities which I fancied human nature would have shrunk from.

Not content with foul dastardly murder,—not appeased by dipping their hands in the blood of so many unprotected persons, these worse than demons commenced an indiscriminate plunder. The gory carcases were stripped to the skin; in a state of nudity they were cast from the room into the open air, under horrid grins, laughter, and derision; one a-top of the other they were piled, forming a pyramid of human flesh, cemented by the blood oozing from their wounds!

Almighty God! can these acts go unpunished? I never supposed that the human frame contained so much liquid. The blood had gushed in streams from the bodies, covered the floor deeply, then found its way in a torrent into the court.

It was after mid-day that I reached my own quarters. Our servants, by explaining that the apartments were occupied by Mahomedans

only, prevented the populace from breaking into them. They served also for a place of refuge to M. Maltzoff, the first secretary. His own rooms were widely separated from M. Grebayedoff's, and when the house was forcibly entered, he was unable to join his companions.

Frequent inquiries had been made by the townspeople in search of concealed members of the Russian Mission. By dint of entreaties, and the distribution of a large sum of money, M. Maltzoff induced some of the Shah's ferashes, and a small party of the Furahan infantry that had retired into our quarters, to attend to his safety. When the commotion had somewhat subsided, we sent information to the Prince Alli Shah that M. Maltzoff was alive. A company of infantry was in consequence ordered up to the house, under the pretext of taking charge of it; and, late in the evening, M. Maltzoff was dressed in the uniform of a Persian soldier, and marched in their ranks to the palace. This disguise was thought necessary to preserve him from the still unappeased fury of the populace.

His situation had been most perilous, since every corner and nook of the house, even by the light of candles, had been searched, which could have served as a place of concealment to any individual of the Russian Mission.

The system of extermination was so closely adhered to, that the mob invaded the premises of the British palace; they murdered there seven or eight Russians, lodged in the stables, and carried off the whole of the horses belonging to the envoy.

On the commencement of the attack, vain attempts were made by the order of the Shah to quell the disturbance.

Meerza Mahomed Ali Khan, with a number of his personal attendants, had, about the time of the seizure of Meerza Yakob, hastened to the scene of action. His efforts were, from necessity, confined to urgent precautions and entreaties to those who were deaf to reason. The Nessuckchee Bashee, and several other officers of the court, were in succession despatched to appease the riot; and lastly, the Princes Alli Shah and Imaum Wurdie Meerza, issued from the ark, supported by their followers as they could hastily assemble. The innumerable multitude of the assailants prevented their near approach to the house. Instead of being able to succour the Mission, the Princes became justly alarmed for their own safety. They were reviled, menaced, and pelted, "go," they said to Alli Shah "pander your wives to the Russians! It is worthy your long beard, on which you sprinkle so much rose-water. Your brother Abbas Meerza has sold himself, body and soul, to the Emperor!—Begone, Governor Saug, or we will make mincemeat of you!"

The Princes were obliged to retire before a concourse of citizens, who drove them to the ark, the gates of which were manned, and speedily closed, to prevent the forced entrance of their pursuers.

I learnt from my domestics, that the mangled corpse of Meerza Yakob had been dragged through the city and flung into the ditch of the ark. A body, supposed to be that of M.

Grebayedoff, underwent similar treatment. To the logs, ropes were attached, and a mock procession was put in movement, which moved along the principal streets and bazars of the city. A frantic mob formed the retinue, and at intervals voices exclaimed—"Make way, oh citizens! for the Russian ambassador on his way to visit the Shah! Stand up, out of respect; salute him in the Feringhee style, by taking off your caps. He is thirsty for the love you bear his master the Imperatoor—spit freely in his face!"

The body was in this manner pulled along the ground, and at last exposed to the public gaze before the rappock (flag-staff), in the open space before the principal gateway of the citadel. After dusk, it was removed, by the Prince-governor's orders, to the house of Mahomed Khan.

The night passed by without any further acts of violence; and on the morning, Kerim Khan, the Ferash Bashee, came to superintend the removal of the bodies. It was ascertained, that of the Russian Mission forty-four individuals had been put to death.

Search was made for the remains of M. Grebayedoff. His body was found amongst the heap of slain, before the window of his own apartment. I recognised his altered features, and was fully satisfied that, after death, the corpse had been subjected to no indignities. Armenian priests performed the last offices. The body was deposited in the church; the remains of the other sufferers were interred in a large pit, without the walls of the city.

Of the Tehran people, it is said about twenty-six or twenty-seven were killed and wounded. Certainly, if a well-regulated posture of defence had been assumed, and if the whole of the retinue of the Mission had been assembled, many more of the assailants would have perished; under such circumstances, it is even probable that the attack would have been repulsed.

But who can avoid the decrees of fate, or venture to scrutinize the will of Providence?

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE SHEPHERD POET OF THE ALPS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

God gave him reverence of laws,
Yet stirring blood in Freedom's cause—
A spirit to his rocks akin,
The eye of the hawk, and the fire therein!

Coleridge.

SINGING of the free blue sky,
And the wild-flower glens that lie
Far amidst the ancient hills,
Which the fountain-music fills;
Singing of the snow-peaks bright,
And the royal eagle's flight,
And the courage and the grace
Foster'd by the chamois-chase;
In his fetters, day by day,
So the Shepherd-poet lay.

Wherefore, from a dungeon-cell
Did those notes of freedom swell,

Breathing sadness not their own,
Forth with every Alpine tone?
Wherefore!—can a tyrant's ear
Brook the mountain-winds to hear,
When each blast goes pealing by
With a song of liberty?

Darkly hung th' oppressor's hand
O'er the Shepherd-poet's land;
Sounding there the waters gush'd,
While the lip of man was hush'd;
There the falcon pierced the cloud,
While the fiery heart was bow'd;
But this might not long endure,
Where the mountain-homes were pure;
And a valiant voice arose,
Thrilling all the silent snows;
Hark—now singing far and lone,
Where the young breeze ne'er was known;
Singing of the glad blue sky,
Wildly—and how mournfully!

Are none but the Wind and the Hammer-
Geyer

To be free where the hills unto heaven aspire?
Is the soul of song from the deep glens past,
Now that their Poet is chain'd at last?
Think of the mountains, and deem not so!
Soon shall each blast like a clarion blow!
Yes! though forbidden be every word
Wherewith that Spirit the Alps hath stirr'd,
Yet even as a buried stream thro' earth
Rolls on to another and brighter birth,
So shall the voice that hath seem'd to die,
Burst forth with the anthem of Liberty!

And another power is moving
In a bosom fondly loving:
Oh! a sister's heart is deep,
And her spirit strong to keep
Each light link of early hours,
All sweet scents of childhood's flowers!
Thus each lay by Erni sung,
Rocks and crystal caves among,
Or beneath the linden-leaves,
Or the cabin's vine-hung eaves,
Rapid though as bird-notes gushing,
Transient as a wan cheek's flushing,
Each in young Teresa's breast
Left its fiery words impress'd;
Treasured there lay every line,
As a rich book on a hidden shrine.
Fair was that lone girl, and meek,
With a pale transparent cheek,
And a deep-fringed violet eye
Seeking in sweet shade to lie,
Or, if raised to glance above,
Dim with its own dews of love;
And a pure, Madonna brow,
And a silvery voice, and low,
Like the echo of a flute,
Even the last, ere all be mute.
But a loftier soul was seen
In the orphan sister's mien,
From that hour when chains defiled
Him, the high Alps' noble child.
Tones in her quivering voice awoke,
As if a harp of battle spoke;
Light, that seem'd born of an eagle's nest,
Flash'd from her soft eyes, unrepress'd;
And her form, like a spreading water-flower,
When its frail eup swells with a sudden
shower,

Seem'd all dilated with love and pride,
And grief for that brother, her young heart's
guide.

Well might they love!—those two had grown
Orphans together and alone:
The silence of the Alpine sky
Had hush'd their hearts to piety;
The turf, o'er their dead mother laid,
Had been their altar when they pray'd;
There, more in tenderness than wo,
The stars had seen their young tears flow;
The clouds, in spirit-like descent,
Their deep thoughts by one touch had blent,
And the wild storms link'd them to each
other—

How dear can peril make a brother!

Now is their hearth a forsaken spot,
The vine waves unpruned o'er their mountain-
cot;

Away, in that holy affection's might,
The maiden is gone, like a breeze of the
night;—

She is gone forth alone, but her lighted face,
Filling with soul every secret place,
Hath a dower from heaven, and a gift of sway,
To arouse brave hearts in its hidden way,
Like the sudden flinging forth on high,
Of a banner that startleth silently!
She hath wander'd through many a hamlet-
vale,

Telling its children her brother's tale;
And the strains, by his spirit pour'd away,
Freely as fountains might shower their spray,
From her fervent lip a new life have caught,
And a power to kindle yet bolder thought;
While sometimes a melody, all her own,
Like a gush of tears in its plaintive tone,
May be heard 'midst the lonely rocks to flow,
Clear through the water-chimes—clear, yet
low.

"Thou'rt not where wild flowers wave
O'er crag and sparry cave;
Thou'rt not where pines are sounding,
Or joyous torrents bounding—

Alas, my brother!

"Thou'rt not where green, on high,
The brighter pastures lie;
Ev'n those, thine own wild places,
Bear of our chain dark traces:

Alas! my brother!

"Far hath the sunbeam spread,
Nor found thy lonely bed;
Long hath the fresh wind sought thee,
Nor one sweet whisper brought thee—

Alas, my brother!

"Thou, that for joy wert born,
Free as the wings of morn!
Will aught thy young life cherish,
Where the Alpine rose would perish?

Alas, my brother!

"Canst thou be singing still,
As once on every hill?
Is not thy soul forsaken,
And the bright gift from thee taken?—

Alas, alas, my brother!"

And was the bright gift from the captive fled?
Like the fire on his hearth, was his spirit dead?

Not so!—but as rooted in stillness deep,
The pure stream-lily its place will keep,
Though its tearful urns to the blast may quiver,
While the red waves rush down the foaming
river,

So freedom's faith in his bosom lay,
Trembling, yet not to be borne away!
He thought of the Alps and their breezy air,
And felt that his country no chains might bear;
He thought of the hunter's haughty life,
And knew there must yet be noble strife;
But oh! when he thought of that orphan maid,
His high heart melted—he wept and pray'd!
For he saw her not as she moved e'en then,
A waker of heroes in every glen,
With a glance inspired which no grief could
tame,

Bearing on Hope like a torch's flame,
While the strengthening voice of mighty
wrongs

Gave echoes back to her thrilling songs;
But his dreams were fill'd by a haunting tone,
Sad as a sleeping infant's moan;
And his soul was pierc'd by a mournful eye,
Which look'd on it—oh! how beseechingly!
And there floated past him a fragile form,
With a willowy droop, as beneath the storm;
Till wakening in anguish, his faint heart strove
In vain with its burden of helpless love!
—Thus woke the dreamer one weary night—
There flash'd through his dungeon a swift
strong light;

He sprang up—he climb'd to the grating-bars,
—It was not the rising of moon or stars,
But a signal flame from a peak of snow,
Rock'd through the dark skies, to and fro!
There shot forth another—another still—
A hundred answers of hill to hill!
Tossing like pines in the tempest's way,
Joyously, wildly, the bright spires play,
And each is hail'd with a pealing shout,
For the high Alps waving their banners out!
Erni, young Erni! the land hath risen!
—Alas! to be lone in thy narrow prison!
Those free streamers glancing, and thou not
there!

—Is the moment of rapture, or fierce despair?
—Hark! there's a tumult that shakes his cell,
At the gates of the mountain citadel!
Hark! a clear voice through the rude sounds
ringing!

—Doth he know the strain, and the wild, sweet
singing?

"There may not long be fetters,
Where the cloud is earth's array,
And the bright floods leap from cave and steep,
Like a hunter on the prey!

"There may not long be fetters,
Where the white Alps have their towers;
Unto eagle homes, if the arrow comes,
The chain is not for ours!"

It is she!—She is come like a day-spring beam,
She that so mournfully shadow'd his dream!
With her shining eyes and her buoyant form,
She is come! her tears on his cheek are warm,
And O! the thrill in that weeping voice!

"My brother, my brother! come forth, rejoice!"

—Poet! the land of thy love is free,
—Sister! thy brother is won by thee!

From the Edinburgh Review.

BRITISH MINISTRY, AND THE STATE OF PARTIES.*

THIS short but very pithy pamphlet has excited great attention; from the well-timed moment chosen for its appearance, and from the plain and striking manner in which it sets before the reader the unexampled situation of the Ministry as at present constituted. Although we rarely and unwillingly devote our pages to the discussion of party matters, and what are usually termed the politics of the day, there are times when this becomes a duty. It is no common object of contemplation to behold the government of a great nation committed to hands manifestly incapable of wielding its powers. But to see at the head of our affairs men void of the knowledge and experience wanted for discharging the ordinary duties of civil life, is a spectacle calculated to fill all thinking persons with apprehension. Nor is it less perilous to the state, that a set of persons should have undertaken to govern it, who are entirely devoid of the influence required either for resisting evil or effecting good. That both France and England have, for some time past been placed in this unfortunate predicament, cannot, we fear, be doubted; and to both, the title of the above pamphlet seems equally applicable.

The causes of this great misfortune having befallen the two first nations of the world, are nearly the same in both;—the personal feelings of the sovereign, and the indispotion of the people to quarrel openly with the Court. In France, the King is a weak and ill informed man, wholly guided by bigoted priests. He has tasted indeed of misfortune,—a great portion of his life having been spent in exile and poverty, through the misrule of his predecessors, and the misconduct of his people, to whom freedom was new, and habits of just subordination unknown. But adversity, with her lessons, to the wise so precious, was thrown away upon his contracted understanding; and seems to have only served to make him superstitious and intolerant. At the age of seventy-two, it would seem as if he were resolved rather to break with his people than with his confessor. In Prince Jules de Polignac he has found a minister well suited to the genius of his ghostly counsellors. Incapable and bigoted, but presumptuous and obstinate, he left the place of representation, for which his mild exterior and noble birth fitted him; and from representing his sovereign abroad, undertook to counsel him at home—with about as much experience of state affairs as might be gleaned by the alternate frequenter of drawing-rooms and the mass. All France raised one indignant cry against this unhappy appointment. The Chambers met; the King was firm; the favourite remained blind to his danger: but all was in vain. The ministry, whom the nation had rejected, were discomfited by decisive majorities in the Chambers; and the desperate resolution was taken, to appeal from the deputies to their

constituents, who were all with once voice determined on putting down a ministry that insulted and mocked their united and vehement wishes. The elections are closed; the result has disappointed none but the purblind minions of power; and nothing seems to await the ill-advised monarch but the choice of abandoning his throne, or retracing the steps by which he has lost the confidence of his people, hazarded the existence of his dynasty, and endangered the tranquillity of France and the peace of Europe.

Never was there such proof given of the degree to which a prince and his ministers may become unpopular, as the Algerine Expedition has afforded. The love of military glory forms one of the most striking features in the national character of our neighbours. The principal grievance of which they had complained since the restoration of the Bourbons, was the loss of that unmeasured gratification which the Empire had procured to the popular appetite. In this state of the public mind a vast expedition was prepared, on a scale worthy of Napoleon himself; all the resources of the State, naval as well as military, were exhausted in its equipment; and it has been crowned with a speedy and extensive triumph, without any of the miseries or the burdens which generally make victory so costly. The court and the priests, those ministers of peace, had well hoped that the nation would be dazzled with the pride, pomp, and circumstance of their favourite war; and would be won over to at least a more patient endurance of the Government, which thus considerably pandered for the prevailing taste of the multitude. But mighty has been the disappointment of these hopes. For any thing they have gained by it, the ministers might just as well have left the troops in their barracks and the ships in their dry-docks. Not a man in all France seems to care one *sous* for the conquest which has been achieved on the African coast. Hence a new source of mortification to such men as the Earl of Aberdeen, who had expected that the power of their favourite Prince Jules would be confirmed (such is the fashionable phrase) by military success, without giving themselves the trouble to inquire how far a French settlement in the Mediterranean was consistent with the interests of England—just as they were full of hope, that the Spaniards would effect the reconquest of Mexico, in order that liberty and republics might be crushed, at any expense to the commerce of their own country, and the happiness of the world.

The history of the English Cabinet is not quite so much the narrative of a King's personal caprice; and affords, therefore, a less poignant satire upon the monarchical form of government. But it must, we fear, be allowed to approach nearly the same points.

The late Sovereign of this country was a prince of very superior endowments to his ally. Educated with the greatest wits and most accomplished statesmen of his age; blessed by nature with a large share of talents and graces, as well as of liberal sentiments, he was fitted by character and habits to adorn any court, and to shed a lustre over his reign. But unhappily, he fell soon after his accession into

* The Country without a Government; or, Plain Questions upon the unhappy State of the present Administration. 8vo. London: 1830.

the hands of persons whose spirit was exclusive and mercenary: and they practised upon passions weakened by a long course of indulgence, so as to secure their own influence, by the estrangement of the honest and enlightened men with whom he had once been familiar. The caprice, so natural to those pampered with habitual power, gained an ascendancy over his mind, and soon betrayed him into a course of conduct injurious, we are concerned to say, not only to his own peace and popularity, but to the interests of royalty, and the character of the times. Over the whole of his Queen's treatment we would willingly draw a veil: but it is the misery of scandals so flagrant, occurring in places so high, that they can neither be concealed nor forgotten; and we now refer to this deep stain on a reign in many respects so glorious, for the purpose of saying, that no event since the accession of the House of Brunswick, has tended so fatally to abate the wholesome veneration with which the people generally regarded the monarchy, or to lower the estimation in which its counsellors were previously held. It is to this just sense of weakness, and to the feelings of soreness and distrust which it engendered, that we are inclined to ascribe both the singular combinations of most of the succeeding ministries, and the notable vacillation of their public policy. In the Sovereign himself, this unsteadiness of purpose soon became most painfully conspicuous. His signal defeat in this disreputable persecution, after all the assurances of easy and glorious success with which he had been deluded by his flatterers, seems to have produced not merely a feeling of insecurity and dissatisfaction with all public men, but an irresolution in the pursuit of all the objects that successively recommended themselves to his wishes; and a certain morbid and suspicious alternation of opposite impulses became the great impediment in the way of those who aspired to a leading place in his councils. Nothing was so difficult as to fix him, whether in his likings or his aversions. The favourites of to-day might be dismissed on the morrow;—the Holy Alliance, the idol of this hour, might be dashed away the next;—and the reconquest of Spanish America sighed for at sunset, might be succeeded by a fit of emancipation before the dawn of day. Lord Castlereagh was a steady and a determined person, of mild and courtly manners, and little troubled by scruples. He kept him right (as the phrase was) while he lived, and left the task to the Duke of Wellington when he died. His Grace began his reign in a laudable though characteristic manner, by forcing Mr. Canning upon the reluctant monarch. The pill, his Majesty said, was a bitter one; but he was compelled to swallow it. To his immortal honour, Mr. Canning instantly turned over a new leaf; and reclaimed our policy from the fetters forged for it by his predecessors, and the Holy Allies. The political demise of Lord Liverpool was followed by the junction of Mr. Canning with the bulk of the liberal party; and the Duke of Wellington and Sir R. Peel retired on the precise ground of the new prime minister being friendly to the Catholic Question. The bond of union in opposition to Mr. Canning's

government, was a determination to resist that great measure; and to raise the country's loudest outcries against all who might attempt to carry it.* This formed the obstacle, and the only obstacle, to the success of the question with a government honestly bent on bringing it forward; but, as long as this opposition existed, to try it was an utterly hopeless attempt—an attempt which must have destroyed the ministry, and left the Catholics where they were before. The King had imbibed all the prejudices of the intolerant party; and, in four-and-twenty hours from the question being brought forward by his ministers, he inevitably would have sent for the Duke of Wellington, who, with Sir R. Peel, would then have formed a No-popery administration.

We marvel then, at the great thoughtlessness of those who have said in disparagement of the Whigs, the Grenvilles, and Mr. Canning, that the Wellington ministry did what none of them durst attempt. Why durst they not? Only because the Duke would have been ready to turn them out, and take their place. The tract before us well comments on this most unfair topic of dispraise, so often resorted to by the flatterers of the present ministry:—

"The Duke's flatterers are fond of appealing to it, in order to contrast his power and his decision with the infirmity of purpose which always marked the policy of the Whigs, the Grenvilles, and Mr. Canning, towards Ireland. 'He has done what none of you ever could!' Nothing more true than the fact; nothing more absurd,—more thoughtless, than the inference in his praise, if intended as a disparagement of his adversaries. Why could not they do it? Why durst they not even attempt it? Because of the Duke, and such as the Duke, who, had they taken a step towards it, would have raised the cry of No Popery, and set themselves at the head of a High Church party, to destroy whatever ministry should venture upon such courses. The King and the Court were with them, and a change of Government would have been the consequence in four-and-twenty hours. The Duke carried the question, exactly because he, its enemy, luckily came over to join its friends. To praise him for doing so is fair and just; but to praise him at the expense of those friends of the measure, whom he had so long prevented from carrying it, and to whom he went over at the eleventh hour, would be exactly like praising Jussuf Pasha for the surrender of Adrianople, and exclaiming—'See how much better a friend to Russia this barbarian is, than her own Diebitsch? When did he ever do such a thing?'"

It was much to be lamented by every true friend of his country, that Earl Grey could not so far overcome his not unnatural prejudices, as to have joined the administration of 1827. His being left out of that arrangement was openly, and upon every occasion, given by some of his most distinguished friends as their

* Sir R. Peel may, perhaps, be deemed an exception to this remark; but no one can doubt, that he would have been found co-operating with the party who raised the Popery cry.

reason for also standing aloof. "Lord Grey is excluded." "Why is Lord Grey not comprehended?" "We can support no ministry of which Lord Grey does not form a part." Such were the constant professions of those devoted friends and staunch adherents. The answer, that the King would not suffer him to be named, was ready enough; but it only increased the indignation of those honest and zealous followers. That any minister should abstain from insisting upon a measure so essential to the public service, because of the King's personal prejudices, was deemed an incredible and monstrous desertion of duty. And for a little season, those good people enjoyed the reputation of being the most steady and exemplary partisans that man ever had; and Lord Grey was deemed happy beyond the lot of other leaders in having so firm a knot of supporters, whom no smiles could win, no menaces frighten, from their duty to a chief and a friend. Alas: how shortlived are human friendships! how brittle is party allegiance! It is our painful task to record, that no sooner had Mr. Canning died, and his adherents been dispersed, than Lord Grey's partisans,—the most vehement, at least, of them,—found it a fitting and a decent thing to affect the Duke of Wellington,—to load him with caresses,—to regard him as the only man formed to govern the country—simply because he could control the King; and when they found his influence exercised to keep himself in office, but in nowise to bring Lord Grey into place with him, he was still suffered, with admirable patience, to give, as a reason, the King's personal antipathies, which could not be subdued! The King, however, departed this life; and his antipathies died with him. Why was Lord Grey still excluded? "Never mind," said the knot of staunch friends,—and they voted with the Duke, against a motion of a constitutional nature brought forward by Lord Grey! Truth and justice compel us to deplore the grievous error of judgment which involved in this strange course so virtuous a man, so inestimable a patriot, as him whom no worse motive could seduce from the path of right,—the noble head of the house of Russell. Of the place-hunters, the ribbon-fanciers, the job-nongers, who sought to shelter their aberrations under his revered name, we condescend not to speak; trusting that when subserviency—or it may only be folly—shall have had its day, returning reason will recall the pretences of 1827, and produce at least an outward semblance of consistency between their professions and their conduct.*

Let us now consider what has so far enabled the Duke of Wellington to perform so extraordinary a feat as to take and keep the government of this country, at a season of unexampled difficulty, and while all the questions of civil policy, of which he is confessedly ignorant, have been in discussion.

That he has no qualifications for the place into which accident has thrust him, cannot be

* Of course, must be exempt from all such censures one or two amiable and honest individuals, whom personal respect and friendship for the Duke of Wellington have misled.

asserted by any candid observer. He has valuable qualities, even as a statesman; he has firmness, sagacity, industry. Had he taken the Great Seal, as ignorant of equity as Sir John Copley was, in 1827, he would, we verily believe, have made himself a much better equity lawyer than Lord Lyndhurst can now pretend to be. His pride, if not his principles, would have made him ashamed of taking the emoluments of a high station, without at least attempting to qualify himself for performing its duties. But to pretend that the Duke of Wellington has the habits of debate, and the experience of civil affairs, or the political and general information necessary for him who would be first minister of a great country, the affairs of which are so complicated as ours, and the business of which is to be transacted in popular assemblies, would be ridiculous. And to pretend to believe that he was chosen for his office on account of any such fitnesses for its duties, would be the grossest affectation. There are not three men, hardly three women, in the country, who seriously dream of any such thing. Why, then, was he selected for a place, to which all agree he had no claims from merit? Nay, why did he consent to take a place in January, 1828, which, in June, 1827, he had himself pronounced nothing but insanity could ever make him think of holding? This question is not difficult to answer.

The late King was alarmed at the weakness of the Ministers, who, in the latter part of 1827, left him more than once without any government, by the ill-placed diffidence of some, and the downright pusillanimity of others. He must have a ministry; but he was resolved not to have those who alone could well administer the public affairs. A steady man at all events was wanted,—one who would not lose heart and run, the moment any difficulty came in his way. Such was the Duke of Wellington. His further reflections of six months had made him think either less highly of others, or less meanly of himself. He was the only man who had the nerves to undertake a task of vast magnitude, for which he was almost wholly unfit, and to risk the shame of a total failure, against which, should it befall him, he had to set the success of a long life in war, and the excuse of having been forced to take a place which nobody else was willing to face. It is plain, however, that his real qualifications is to be found in the late King's personal hatreds and caprices, which made it absolutely necessary to rule him with a steady hand, and at the same time to avoid forcing certain individuals upon his choice.

A few months after the Duke became Minister, the ablest and most experienced part of his colleagues resigned; driven away, it is understood by his domineering spirit, which makes all his coadjutors mere ciphers, except Sir R. Peel,—and leaves even him in a somewhat anomalous and not very explicable predicament. A Ministry was now exhibited to the astonished nation, and pretended to steer the state through all its difficulties at home and abroad, such as eye had not seen, nor ear heard, nor had it entered into the heart of statesman to conceive. A Field-marshal ruled over the Treasury—received deputations from

the Bank on currency questions—the Stock Exchange on funding—Lloyd's on trade—discussed questions of dockets and coquets with the Chairman of the Customs—the mysteries of the Hong with the Leadenhall-Street sovereigns, and the arcana of process and costs with the attorneys and special pleaders. The Secretary at War, of course, was a soldier; but the Colonies were handed over to a Quartermaster-General, on whom devolved the disposal of all questions touching slave evidence—the protecting duties on East and West India sugars—and the preparation of new codes for colonies stretching through every clime, and peopled by so many races, with such various habits and institutions, as it would fright Bentham himself even to think of giving laws to. To aid the board of general officers in their hopeful task, and to conciliate the Commons to their measures, a Chancellor of the Exchequer was appointed whom the House would not listen to; the foreign affairs were committed to a nobleman of Prince Metternich's school, of whom the pamphlet before us speaks somewhat complimentarily when it describes him "as inheriting all Mr. Pitt's insolence, with less than Mr. Addington's capacity;" while Ireland and India, about to become the grand topics of parliamentary discussion, and whose affairs assuredly presented the most appalling difficulties, and required the most experienced heads and the most delicate hands, were intrusted to a frothy spouter, without temper or judgment, and a feeble translator of German poetry.

Such was the Ministry of 1823, when the necessity of some great measure to prolong its existence for six months became manifest, and obtained for it the respite which even party will give when actuated by principle. The Session of 1829 opened with the Catholic Question. The Duke, and still more Sir R. Peel, deserved the greatest possible praise for the manner of carrying through that great measure. One only regret remained; the personal feelings of the King in regard to Mr. O'Connell were consulted; and the gratification of his Majesty's dislike occasioned much painful debate in Parliament, and a contested election in Ireland. The Opposition might well for themselves have resisted the disfranchisement of the forty shilling freeholders, which was annexed to the emancipation. It would have raised, instead of risking, their popularity—it would, moreover, have destroyed the Duke's administration—But it would have endangered the Catholic Question; and they nobly disdained to purchase, at such a price, any party triumph; and preferring real and patriotic, to apparent and passing consistency, they reluctantly supported one measure for the sake of the other. The Duke of Wellington never in his life betrayed a greater want of magnanimity towards an adversary, or committed a more decided error, than when he avoided all due acknowledgment of such disinterested, such almost romantic, conduct. Not only did he so, but he ostentatiously discarded his new coadjutors. He had won the day by their help; he had been in their hands for life and for death; he had found them incapable of taking the least advantage of their

own power and his weakness; and he chose the moment of victory to thank them for their past services, and pretty plainly to indicate that he had no further occasion for them. This courteous speech was followed up by a cautious estrangement from them, and no little disposition to reunite with those whom he had left, and whose hostility he had provoked. The Ultra-tory party, however, were not made of such pliant or supple materials. He had plainly yet to learn the new trade he had taken up. He fancied all men made of the same stuff with those courtly Tories whom every minister may command, and can both surely reckon upon for friends while in office, and as surely for enemies when he resigns. He now discovered that there are two classes of Tories—those who cannot quit their places,—and those who will not quit their principles. To the former he owed his majorities in favour of that question which, up to half past two of the clock on the fifth of February, 1829, they had strenuously resisted—and which they crowded the Bar of the Lords at that hour of that day, ready still to resist with might and main. When they found that the King's speech was for emancipation, they might be somewhat startled: but they never hesitated or flinched. They went to their places, cheered the minister, applauded their old adversaries, and called aloud for *Emancipation*, instead of *No Popery*, as they had been doing all the rest of their lives, and as they were quite prepared to do that night also! The question was carried in the Commons by near two to one—where it had never been carried before but by some half-dozen of majority. In the Lords, where it had been uniformly defeated by two to one, it was carried by a large majority. This astounding fact—this spectacle so cheering to the Duke, if not to the respecters of our parliamentary constitution,—seems to have intoxicated his Grace with the dream that he could now do as he pleased. But he found there was another kind of men, hitherto his supporters, henceforward his enemies. These complained, unjustly perhaps, of being betrayed in the change of policy, happily for the state, adopted under the pressure of imminent necessity; but they complained, with less injustice, of having been deceived in the progress of the new policy. They recollected that the Solicitor-General Tindal had suddenly abandoned the ground of his repeated canvass at Cambridge, and avowed that he should devote himself to the discovery of *securities*. They recollected that the Duke himself had told them, when Lord Colchester expressed his unabated alarm for the church, to wait till they saw the *securities*, and perhaps they might find no fault with the bill. They recollected that the Chancellor, once a staunch reformer, but who had become a leader of the Ultra-tories, had lectured long and loud on *securities*. What, then, was their astonishment to find the bill come from the hands of the soldier and his two lawyers, without the shadow of a shade of security in it, from the preamble to the close! They said they had been duped once:—but it must be their own fault if the trick succeeded again.

Accordingly, those consistent, and honest,

though much mistaken men, have ever since repulsed all his Grace's advances; and much as he has seemed to yearn after their lost embraces, he has been fated to behold others, more fortunate than himself, obtain a share of their favours. The truth is, that the Duke was driven to the great step he so unexpectedly took, by the mere force of circumstances; and the praise of doing with a good grace, and in a determined and manly way, what he had no choice in adopting or rejecting, is all the merit which can be fairly allotted to him. No one beyond the circle of his unthinking flatterers can ever muster power of face enough to give him more honour than this, for the measures of 1821. But the Ultra-tory party were men of principle; and freely acknowledged the immeasurable superiority in point of principle by which their ancient adversaries the Whigs surpassed their late friend and leader. A very natural esteem thus sprung up between two classes of men, both actuated by a sense of duty, and it has been cemented by occasional co-operation during the succeeding session of Parliament.

Having briefly sketched the progress of events as far as regards parties, and shown by what steps they assumed the unexampled position in which they stood at the opening of the late session, it now becomes fit that we should cast a narrower glance upon the proceedings of Parliament during that extraordinary period, in which, it has been justly observed, that more was said and less done than in any equal portion of parliamentary history since the conquest.

The first night clearly showed that the Ministry had lost all power or influence in the House of Commons—an amendment was moved to the Address; and it was, to all practical intents, carried—for the leaders of Opposition professed to support it without desiring to turn out the ministers, and this induced between twenty and thirty of their steadiest adherents to vote with the Government—by which votes alone the amendment was lost and the Ministry was saved. The Duke, then, had virtually ceased to reign; but his adversaries did not choose to turn him out, and thus saved him. This step has been made the subject of much censure by those far less competent to decide than the experienced leaders of the Opposition; because ignorant of the facts known to those statesmen, and not gifted with their sagacity. The King's personal hatreds remained as deeply rooted as ever; his caprices were as difficult to control. Had the Duke resigned, no new government could have been formed; and he must have returned more powerful to office, and might, by possibility, have trampled on his opponents. Even the hazard of this was to be avoided; and it was equally manifest, that no man is at liberty to destroy a Cabinet, if he possesses not a fair prospect of being able to replace it with a better. Events have since confirmed this wise and temperate view of the Whig leaders; but the Duke's ministry now received the blow; and they have gone on from week to week, reeling under it, trusting to the forbearance of their adversaries, and exposed to the pity of all men.

Never, accordingly, was there such a session of Parliament. On every question it was doubtful which way the majority would decide. On no question was there any doubt that the whole force of the debate would be found against the government. The Ministry had Sir R. Peel, and him alone, to speak a word for them. He is a man of respectable talents, but far, very far certainly, from being a first rate man. His character is highly estimable; his official habits and his industry are exceedingly valuable, and he would be a great accession to any ministry. In easy and tranquil times, he might even play the first part, and state the case for the government, or defend its little peccadilloes, or meet its ordinary opponents, and give to those who wanted to vote with it plausible reasons for supporting its measures. But for the stormy times we live in—for questions involving the fate of cabinets, and even of dynasties—for the real tug of war, and to meet such antagonists as he sees ranged against him, it must be admitted that he is wholly unfit. Were he far more capable than he is, no man standing quite alone in his situation, and in the present position of parties and of affairs, can possibly conduct the business of the country in the Commons House of Parliament. And yet the utmost forbearance was shown towards him throughout the session. No one ever made a personal attack upon him; his arguments were answered, and his errors exposed, with the reluctance and the tenderness of the most friendly disposition. Even when the trenches were opened against the government at large, he was always made an exception; and the blows that fell thick and heavy elsewhere, were never aimed at him. He has tried to lead the Commons, and has failed, in circumstances which would have defied the powers of any single man. But he has not yet made the attempt, in the circumstances that await him, should parties remain next session marshalled as they are now. He has had no real hostility to contend with; he has only been matched with half friends, or with most reluctant adversaries; he has never any one night felt the "power of any adversary" whom he had not a fair chance of defeating. The following passage of the pamphlet before us, paints the very different scene which now awaits him, should he prefer a blind obedience to his military chief, before every thing that is due, in common prudence, to his own character and station. "No more courtesy—no more displays of superiority without mischief—no more exhibitions of skill in showing men their weakness, without doing them any harm—no more shaking them good humouredly over the precipice, and then setting them down on its edge—no more taking them up by the nape of the neck, or holding them on the palm of the hand, and patting them on the head as the *Bodignag* king did *Grildrig*. The time for action is come—the buttons are dashed away from the foils—the guns are shot to their lips—they are pointed at the weak parts—that is, they are pointed at all parts—the matches are on fire—and the word only is wanted to make them roar. *The Captain* is a bold man; but to lead the forlorn hope upon

such an occasion as this, requires a madman, not a bold one."

There are merits in Sir R. Peel, which deserve to be marked, both in justice to him, and as explaining all the forbearance and even kindness displayed towards him. But these, unfortunately for the ministry, bring no addition of strength; on the contrary they greatly lessen its influence both in Parliament and the country. He has become a distinguished and most valuable votary of liberal principles. He had taken, some time ago, to reform the criminal law; he has heartily supported the reformers of our civil jurisprudence. He is the friend of a liberal policy in commercial matters; and, probably, no adherent to the false views of arbitrary power, cherished by the Wellingtons and the Aberdeens in respect to foreign affairs. But all this obviously lessens his influence with the high Tory party, whose champion he long was; and when he left them on their grand point, the Catholic Question, and abjured heartily as heretical that great Shibboleth of their union, he more than forfeited any part of the influence he once possessed, and made himself an object of their loud and vindictive hostility. We express the thing very feebly; there never was a public man more entirely abandoned, more fiercely opposed by his former adherents; nor one who made so great a sacrifice to his principles. That such conduct has justly recommended him to the chiefs of the liberal party, is as certain as that it has destroyed his whole personal weight in the country. He might have retained *their* good will for ever; he might have improved a most precious opportunity of gaining among the popular party, in and out of Parliament, almost as high a place as he had virtuously sacrificed on the other side. But he betrayed a little mind at this critical moment; he *hungered* after the position he had quitted; he was *alarmed* at the solitude in which he found himself; he was afraid to trust his new associates; he took no bold or decided part—made no clear election—cut no Gordian knot—overleaped no entanglements; but sought to avoid a danger which he saw before him, by lingering in a position a thousand times more perilous, and exposed himself to the jeopardy which, we much fear, has now overtaken him—the last in which a statesman should ever let himself be involved—that of falling between the opposite parties, and losing the support of one without gaining that of the other. He *may* yet have a moment for reconsidering and retracing his steps, for refusing any longer implicit obedience to a haughty chief, and acting as his own honour and his situation in the country require.

In the meanwhile, let us survey the dangers that await him should he retain his present unprecedented position. On his front, the great body of the old opposition, reinforced, and led with a vigour and talent not to be exceeded—endowed with all the popularity arising from steady and disinterested adhesion to public principle, and from a series of victories, unparalleled, in favour of the people's rights, and of their only sound and enlightened opinions. On the one flank, a smaller, but most compact and effective corps, the remains of Mr. Can-

ning's friends, and who, to great talents and acquirements, add long experience in office. A much more numerous body of men, representing the church and Tory party, and numbering, too, among their ranks active debaters, and old implacable enemies, forms the third grand division of the opposition. To meet all this array of strength and of numbers, the government has but a single man whom the House will hear speak, and the influence of the treasury *note*, which has during the late session constantly failed. On the occasion of a new reign, and the first address to the sovereign after his accession, that *note* could only procure the attendance of a bare majority; while 146 members, without a single summons calling them together, and with only an accidental notice that there might be a division, at once voted against the government.

The lords, however, it may be said, are another House of Parliament, and there the minister himself acts with his peers, and "commands the applause of the listening senate." In good truth, he might as well think of "awaking to ecstasy the living lyre!" Few sights so piteous as Sir R. Peel and Mr. Goulburn (if it be not Lord F. Leveson Gower and Sir G. Murray) have ever moved the pity of men of experience and right feelings; but no sight so grotesque as the Duke of Wellington in his debating capacity, was ever, certainly, offered to the gaze of the curious observer. When Rousseau once undertook to write an opera, ignorant of musical composition, and then to direct the orchestra, as ignorant of execution, he tells us, "No, never since the world began was there heard so strange a *charivari*." The conqueror of Waterloo, we verily do think, would hardly be less at home upon the violin, than he is in meeting Lord Grey, Lord Holland, and Lord Lansdowne, in debate. He may rest assured, this is not the line in which nature intended him to excel. If we had had "a king who had no childish fancies to gratify—who did not one day want to get rid of his wife at the risk of a civil war—another day to build palaces at the cost of a million—who had no minions to rule over him—and no personal spite to gratify, he would never have required an unyielding minister to keep him in order; the necessity of the Duke of Wellington, as premier, would not have been felt." So long as it was otherwise, it was well enough to look for no quality in a first minister but a firm hand and a strong purpose. But all men see the impossibility of this qualification supplying the want of all others—of civil wisdom—of knowledge—of debating powers; and all men are lost in amazement at the blindness which can be insensible to a light that glares in every other eye. It is true, he has Lord Ellenborough and Lord Aberdeen near him; but they are additions to his incapacity, not materials of strength; for they have just as much weakness as himself, and not a single one of the claims to our gratitude, and our esteem, which so renowned a commander justly possesses, and puts forth with never failing effect, except when he makes them the passports to a kind of consideration he never by possibility can attain.

In these circumstances, what can the go-

vernment do? The king has kept them together for the present. Any security beyond the present they have not, neither can they have. His majesty must have a government that can transact the business of the country, and save it, from the mischiefs and the risks of uncertainty and feebleness approaching to anarchy. He is a prince of a manly and plain understanding; he has no personal hatreds to gratify, and if he ever had, they were pointed against the Duke himself, and these he has nobly sacrificed to the convenience of the state, deeming a sudden change on his accession detrimental to the public service. The instant that his Majesty's eyes are opened to the state of things in both houses of Parliament, that instant there is an end of the weakest ministry that ever tried to rule any country. All this the Duke well knows; but with his usual confidence, he trusts to better his desperate condition by the chances of a general election!

Will he gain by those chances? First of all—can he remedy, by the utmost success, the real mischiefs that beset him, the weakness that paralyzes his government? The fantasy is preposterous; it shows a gross ignorance of his real danger,—an almost incredible unacquaintance with the nature of Parliament. He wants numbers, it is true; but he wants supporters of power in the House, and of weight out of it, a thousand times more; and he is beleaguered by adversaries, any one of whom is far more than a match for all his debaters in both houses together. Does he imagine that there is any sort of doubt of Mr. Brougham's return to Parliament? Thinks he to eject Mr. Huskisson at Liverpool? Dreams he that Cambridge will reject Lord Palmerston? Who can have put it into his head that Mr. Stanley will not again sit for Preston? What flattering tongue of either sex can have lulled him to soft repose on the subject of the two Grants? But if all these were removed, he must be grievously misled to think that, in the Rices, the Grahams, the Humes, to say nothing of other rising talents of late added to the force of opposition, his only debaters would not have quite enough upon their hands. It is also positively certain that a new Parliament will see Mr. Denman restored to that commanding station within its walls, which his splendid talents and unblemished integrity heretofore won for him.

In the mere question of numbers, what right has this overweening chief to be confident of bettering his condition? Does he suppose that members of Parliament can be levied by main force, like conscripts, or that the *whippers-in* can beat up for them like recruits, by crying out, God save great Arthur—Down with Lord Grey? He will find elections a harder job than he thinks for. He will possibly learn that there are as many willing to come forward on the popular as on the deeply unpopular side of the question. He will, in all likelihood, experience somewhat of Prince Jules de Polignac's disappointment, who dreamt, once upon a time, that the king could make any man a minister, whether nature had made him or no of the proper stuff, and that any minister could elect a new and subservient Parliament, and found, to his sorrow and surprise, that the new were

ten times worse than the old. Does his Grace really fancy he has any one topic on which he can appeal to the people for favour? Can he point to any one act of his domination, save the Catholic Question, as a title to confidence? Does he flatter himself that the Catholic Question will reconcile either the church or the people to his incapacity for parliamentary life, as a first minister of state?

But he makes as grievous a mistake, if he supposes that a mere increase of numbers will augment his majorities. He must not suppose that men are to be moved about in the parliamentary as in the military campaign. He must by no manner of means suppose that men love to prop a falling cause by being crushed under its ruins, or even coming nigh enough to be choked with the dust its crash must raise. He must in nowise fancy, that when a gentleman has been returned to serve in Parliament, he likes being treated as a livery servant, and set to stand, or sit, or walk, where his master or his mistress's caprice may direct. Far less must he expect to find any gentleman going down, night after night, to be laughed at, to be put sorely out of countenance by witnessing the pitiful countenances of their leaders,—to be galled by sharing in their perpetual discomfitures. No men,—certainly no men in Parliament,—love to partake of other men's embarrassments and mortifications. No men in London society are patient of never-ending ridicule, in public or in society, in Parliament, in club-rooms, or in drawing-rooms. All vows made to the *whippers-in* are forgotten when the time comes; the Duke will find his popularity nearly where it was; and while his enemies press on to the easy victory of debate, and crowd the ranks of opposition to insure a powerful division, his supporters, lukewarm and abashed, will keep out of the way, and leave him to the phalanx of placemen, and a select few who hope to become such.

It is fit, however, that we should inquire how the opposition, in its three-fold division, is likely to act. That there can no longer be any forbearance, any measures kept, is now quite clear. Public duty combines with party attachment to render this inevitable. The day of delusion has passed away; and, with it, all armed neutrality, all mere vigilance, are gone out of the question. The great men, who have a high destiny to fulfil towards their country, know that she looks to them for rescue from the worst of evils, a government utterly incapable of managing her affairs, and too weak to secure the success of any one measure it propounds. But this being the common object of all the three parties, will not its pursuit, of necessity, league them together? We think it may fairly be expected to do so; and we also think that the Duke of Wellington is in this, as in other matters, the dupe of his sanguine disposition; for assuredly he has never apprehended such a junction to be possible. He has suffered himself to be led away with the idea that he would be strong in the weakness of his various adversaries, and make up for his own native feebleness by their divisions. He has reckoned on being able to make a dexterous game, by playing off one party against another. He or his sycophants

said to the Whigs, "Mind you don't press me hard, or I must take in the Huskissons!" To the Ultras they said, "Take care, or we shall throw ourselves into the arms of the Liberals!" To the Canning party the word has been, "Beware how you drive us to the High Tories!" Cunning gentlefolks! High-principled statesmen! Frank, open, straightforward, plain-dealing politicians! Principles then are all the while mere nothing, any more than party attachments; and you are just as ready to follow the bigoted as the liberal course of policy, if by so doing the great end of your existence, the keeping your places, can be secured! But let the Duke, whom his panegyrists have fatigued all ears by lauding for his sagacity, reflect, that such hopes are *not* as unwise and unthinking—as unworthy a sagacious politician, as such manoeuvring was always beneath any man who plumed himself on plain dealing, straightforward conduct. The Catholic emancipation has removed nine parts in ten of the grounds of difference that separated such able, and virtuous, and highly honourable men, as the Duke of Richmond, from congenial spirits like Earl Gray. It was always stated, as a main object in compassing that great measure, that it would enable the state to profit by the services of all its ablest men. This was the uniform language of those whose mighty efforts, for above a quarter of a century, brought about the immortal triumph of religious liberty. Shall they, then, be the first to say,—the separation shall continue, when the cause of alienation is no more? Consistency, principle, common-sense, forbid us to expect any such aberration, from the path of duty; and we therefore regard a junction of the men of sound principles in all parties, to give the country an efficient government, as the certain result of the Duke's blind obstinacy, and his resolution to meet a new Parliament with the same incapable ministry by which he so greatly lowered his own reputation in the old.

Let it not for a moment be supposed, that we regard the services, even the political services, of the Duke of Wellington, as desirous to undervalue them; or that we do not admit the importance of his Grace and Sir R. Peel as an accession to a better cabinet than their own. We have been ill understood if we have been thought to hold any such opinion of either. But our whole argument, and let us add, our whole alarm, is grounded upon the assumption, far too probable by all we now see, that the one will continue confident, the other submissive,—that the Duke will not sacrifice his dictatorship by consenting to share power with colleagues who merit the public confidence and his own respect; while Sir R. Peel will continue halting between two opinions, unwilling to join the Whigs for fear of increasing the distrust of the Tories, and unwilling to thwart the Duke by refusing to lead his forlorn hope. Upon all other suppositions our remarks are inapplicable to the present juncture of affairs, or to that which awaits us; and to the supposition on which we have proceeded, we have been slowly and most reluctantly driven by the late conduct of the Duke of Wellington himself. To be sure, never was there so unusual a cry, even among the go-

vernment voters themselves, as that which has been raised for strength and help. All men of all parties—every individual, save some half-dozen flatterers, as it is said, of either sex, have some months past had but one word in their mouths—"There must be a change." Yet still the Duke persists in his career. His reason, so oft assigned, is gone with the late king; but he perseveres, like one resolved to be taught wisdom only by his own woful experience. That he may yet, while it is not too late, listen to reason, not to pride, is far more his own interest than the concern of his sovereign or his country.

* Among the many facts which are at once symptoms and causes of weakness to this ministry, may be mentioned prominently their almost total dereliction by the powers of the press. Neither in town nor in country do any of the newspapers or periodical works of respectability support them; for one newspaper of great circulation, and very ably conducted, can hardly be deemed an exception, since it avows that its favour is principally gained by the weakness of the government. The liberal press, with hardly an exception, in any part of the country, is against the ministry; and the Tory journals, of which some are conducted with distinguished talent, join in the universal attack.

One kind of support the Duke of Wellington is said to possess, in the talk of several women of fashion, who make themselves busy in his behalf. It is frequently said, that the failings of the fairer part of the creation are sacred amidst the din of party strife, and that their names ought on no account to be brought forward. Truly there seems little sense in all this mock chivalry. As long as women know and feel what is due to the sex, to wound by obtrusive remarks, or prying into the privacy of domestic life, is cruel and unmanly. But when they make themselves politicians, and partake, as they have an undoubted right to do, of the rights of faction, whether their zeal be displayed in turbulent exertion, or in subserviency, they, most unquestionably, are to be treated like other combatants; and their sex is really no protection. Living so remote from the great scene in which they are said to shine forth, more eloquent than wise, we cannot be supposed to have any means of distributing justice in this department. But we should no more scruple, had we the materials, to expose their faults, than we should to hold up the follies of their male coadjutors.

But of all the portentous signs of the times for the present ministry, the most appalling is the nearly unanimous choice of Mr. Brougham to be member for Yorkshire. This is assuredly the most extraordinary event in the history of party politics. It is no doubt flattering to the ambition of the individual; but it would be ridiculous to suppose it a mere tribute to him. It is a profession the most solemn, of adherence to his known and oftentimes avowed principles. The government, to which he leads the opposition, are not once thought of by those who are lifting their determined antagonist to the pinnacle of popular influence.

From the British Magazine.

JUVENILE LIBRARY; Vol. I. *Lives of Remarkable Youths of Both Sexes; in two vols. Vol. I. pp. 277. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1830.*

HIGH as our expectations had been raised by the names of the editor and publishers of this little volume, we have found them exceeded by the work itself; and we can scarcely imagine a more acceptable present for our young friends during this holiday time. Perhaps no study is either so useful or so interesting to young persons as the lives of remarkable children; and if it be true that we never perfectly sympathize with any hero or heroine unless we can perfectly identify ourselves with their feelings, the similarity of age and situation must render the adventures detailed in this little book particularly delightful to the young people for whose use it is designed. There are nine lives contained in this volume, Edward the sixth, Lady Jane Grey, Blair, Pascal, Condiac de Montcalm, Volney Beckner, the admirable Crichton, Moyart, Angelo de la Moriniere, and Sir Thomas Lawrence. We were most pleased with the lives of Lady Jane Grey, and Angelo de la Moriniere; the latter indeed presents a beautiful picture of what an amiable and highly intelligent girl should be. Nothing can be more delightful than the delicate and truly feminine grace which pervades her character; and her humility, notwithstanding the surprising extent and variety of her acquirements, affords a striking lesson to those who, finding a little learning more than their weak heads can bear, give it vent in pedantry. We would here willingly lay aside our pen, as the office of praise is so much more agreeable than that of censure, but, alas, our duty is imperative, and even critics are not exempt from the relentless destiny which decrees that few roses are permitted to bloom without thorns. Before we venture to find fault, we have, however more to praise; the printing, paper, and in short what is technically called, "the getting up of the book," cannot be excelled. The embellishments are also very good, with the exception of the engraving of the Princess Victoria being placed so high by the binder that it appears upon the point of taking flight and leaving us behind; and the print of Sir Thomas Lawrence taken in his youth, being so totally unlike the Sir Thomas Lawrence of our recollection, as to confuse our ideas of his personal identity. The lives we object to are those of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and Moyart. Both were, it is true, wonderful children; but both lived past the period, which, according to our ideas, should have entitled them to admission in a work like the present. The lives of men embrace incidents, feelings, and we might add vices, from which childhood must necessarily be free: and though no glaring improprieties are detailed in either of the lives in question, the idleness and petulance of Moyart, and the negligence and pecuniary embarrassments of Sir Thomas, are by no means examples to hold up for the imitation of youth. Notwithstanding these slight objections, we think the volume before us interesting and in-

structive, and we have no doubt but that it will meet with complete success.

The Juvenile Library. Vols. I. and II.

This handsome little work is destined expressly for the service of young persons; and the aim of the projectors is, professedly, to "improve the understanding and strengthen the principle" by blending example with precept—by exhibiting the career of remarkable youth, and presenting "popular treatises on science, art, and literature." Two volumes are already published, and both of them effectively keep the word of promise. The first is wholly biographical, and contains, in addition to the familiar names of Edward the Sixth, and the Lady Jane Grey, sketches of others whose early blossoms were early blighted, and of some, with whom the brilliant budgings of childhood ripened into the noblest fruits in their maturer years. Edward and Jane Grey were both of them remarkable for acquirement and docility, and, considered as young persons only, are eminent examples of propriety, and deserving of being held up as objects of emulation. Indiscreet biographers, prompted by adulation, or awed by birth and station, have represented them as something beyond boy and girl, and have attempted, what nature never does, to place old heads upon young shoulders. Roger Ascham's absurd ecstasies about Jane Grey are characterized by the present sketcher of her life as they deserve; and the same spirit of judgment might have been wisely directed towards Edward, and especially towards the Admirable Crichton. Edward was, perhaps, an extraordinary boy—still but a boy. His discernment and experience, lauded as each has been by bishops and priests, could not be worth commemorating among men; and his sentiments could, for the most part, be but the echoes of his tutor's instructions. The mind and motives of contemporary communicators require close inquiry—many miraculous stories would vanish before a searching glance.

Candiac de Montcalm and Angela de Moriniere are interesting little sketches—both overinformed their frail tenements, and both died at the age of fourteen or fifteen. Volney Beckner was never heard of before;—he was an Irish lad, the son of a sailor, and cradled on the waves—distinguished not for literary acquirement, but for early activity, prompt, ready, and decisive. He perished at twelve, snapped asunder by a shark, while attempting to rescue his parent, who had himself plunged into the sea to save a drowning child. Pascal, and Mozart, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, are eminent instances of proficiency in infancy, and prosecuted with success in the season of manhood. The career of Lawrence is traced by the hand of affection or admiration, and is full of interest.

The second volume of this attractive publication contains a history of France, or more correctly, a series of historical anecdotes, indicative of her successive kings and distinguished ministers—executed with good discretion, and fully adequate to the purposes it aims at.

[New Monthly Mag

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE NOVEL—A SATIRE.

ONE night the Poet—for in these dull times,
Each fool becomes a poet when he rhymes)—
Feasted his friend, yet gave no feast more fine
Than plain boil'd beef, a pudding, and old wine.
In gentle converse pass'd the hours away,
Kings mix'd with grouse, and politics with hay;
Each in soft chair luxuriously reclined,
Each pleased with each, and every care re-
signed;
Strong and more strong the stream of friend-
ship flow'd;
Bright and more bright their wit and glances
glow'd,
Till the pleased Squire on many a mingled pile
Of tales and statutes cast approving smile—
On Bowles and Blackstone fix'd his softest
looks,
And, though the scene was Suffolk, talk'd of
books.

THE SQUIRE.

Thank Heaven, which many comforts round
me placed,
Gave health, ease, freedom, and denied me
taste—
No critic I, discerning or severe,
To find a beauty there, a blemish here;
One equal rapture fills me as I stray
Through Scott's bright song, or Shiel's uproa-
rious play—
I own each fancy fine, each image just,
And read Leigh Hunt himself—without dis-
gust!

POET.

Ah! blest your fate, who thus a charm can
find
Where scorn and anger vex another's mind;
Whose spell-bound eyes, with Oberon's plant
o'erspread,
See sense or beauty in an ass's head;
Whose chemic mind, by reason uncontroll'd,
Can turn the dross of dulness into gold.
Alas! some demon, when I read, presides,
Reveals each fault, and every beauty hides;
Bids idiot pathos in each sentence whine,
And vulgar folly flaunt in every line.
Bards bold and true no more on earth are
found
To stir our hearts "as with a trumpet's
sound,"
But loud-tongued nonsense wakes the turgid
strain,
And impious weakness grovels in her train—
Creation's glories fill the soul of Ball,
And Milton's muse awakes at Cox's call,
Bacotian owls round hell's vast confines croak,
And Satan dies—o'ercome by Gummery's
smoke.

SQUIRE.

These I disclaim; with scorn I turn away
From each dull driveller's sanctimonious lay,
Whose pompous lines Religion's self degrade,
Make Prayer a farce, and Piety a trade—
Yet surely genius in our land is strong,
Though now no longer it breaks forth in song—
To other themes our bards have turn'd their
might;
And, lo! the Novel rises on the sight.

POET.

Granted, that some remain, whose muse of fire,
Tho' wing'd no longer, still escapes the mire;
Whose Pegasus no more in Cloudland glows,
But drags Life's chariot through the realms of
prose;

Yet fiery still, scarce half subdued to earth,
Th' ethereal courser shows a heavenly birth.
But, lo! what creatures follow in their track!
What tottering limbs betray each long-eared
hack!

What hideous discord marks each jocund bray,
As with vain toil they labour to be gay!

SQUIRE.

Oh, hard to please! to wit's best flashes blind!
Do force and humour fail to soothe your mind?
Does Fashion's self describe her glittering
train,
And ope the secrets of her halls in vain?
Can high-born damsels write, yet fail to please,
Nor letter'd lords your critic rage appease?
Can titled Morgan unrequited tell,
How princes talk, how wisely, and how well?

POET.

Titled indeed! Miladi shows her skill
In wondrous wit, and sense more wondrous
still—

Travels or Tales, whichever engage her mind,
Show the same spirit and deep thought com-
bined,

The virtuous wish, the pure and patriot heart,
And the meek woman's unassuming part.
All these she shows; and flaunts before our
eyes,

A thing to elevate, instruct, surprise,
The soul of whim, too meteor-like to fix,
The chief in fashion, and in politics.

Yet strong suspicions oft unbidden rise,
That the fair lady is more fair than wise,
That fancy still in all her statements blends,
But revels chiefly in her list of friends,—
That the dear dukes of whom she fondly sings
Owe rank and title to Utopian kings,—
That her Romances scarce her facts outdo,
And that her facts are all Romances too.—
And fashion?—Are there two of all the tribe
Of would-be wits, who *know* what they de-
scribe?—

Lo! the fair laundress, perch'd in high St.
Giles,

Paints to one dimple how the Countess smiles;
While Prince and Peer their wit and wisdom
owe

To pilfering valets housed in Rottenrow.
Footmen discharged draw statesmen out of
place;

And cooks first pillage, and then paint his
Grace.

And Love, young Love, thou universal theme
O'er fashion's scribblers first, last, best, su-
preme!

Whether in Grosvenor Square thou takest thy
rise,

Where Weippert's madd'ning bow resistless
flies,

Or in the country's sentimental shades
Attack'at patrician youths and noble maids,
Thy fate's the same, unceasing doom'd to
stray

'Mid ball and rout, drums, opera, park, and
play:

The scoundrel friend deceives, the uncle dies,
Pure, happy scenes to bless each charmer rise;
And thou, immortal Love! so strong thy root,
Surviv'st a duel and a Chancery suit!
Then flows such wealth as Lowther never

knew,
Then ope the stores of Stafford and Buccleuch;
Then shirtless scribes bestow whole counties'

rents,
Exhaust the mint, and rob the four per cents—
And senseless heroes thus our praise secure—
Their lordships may be fools, but shan't be

poor.
And oh! what language marks each titled

dame,
How high each lord ranks Lindley Murray's

flame!
Indignant wit on prudish grammar frowns,
While singular verbs coquette with plural

nouns,
And Ton exults in similes like these,
"As fine as tenpence," and as "thick as

pease."
Proverbs from loveliest lips unnumber'd fly,
And Lieven's self "has other fish to fry."
Austria's gay princess who so blind as miss
In "dat, mi lor", mit, vat, madear, and die?"
Such foreign graces every heart must melt—
Alas! they're only foreign while they're spelt.

SQUIRE.

What, only while they're spelt?—oh wise and

sage!
Why, *real* French fills half of every page—

POET.

And why?—You can't suppose that English

wives
Talk such a piebald babel all their lives;
That English daughters spoil their native

grace
With grin, and exclamation, and grimace;
End with bad English what worse French

began,
And speak upon the Hamiltonian plan—
That English sons in every sentence show
Italian, French, and English, in a row;
Swear with Dutch boors, or drink with Spa-

nish friars—
Poor polyglott editions of their sires.
Believe it not; pure English undefiled,
Such as of old was spoke when Wortley smiled,
Such still is spoke—and surely far more dear
Is good plain English to an English ear,
Than lisp'd-out phrases stol'n from every
clime,
And strangely alter'd—to conceal the crime.

SQUIRE.

Yet, without French, how dull the page would

look;
Must no italics mark when speaks a Duke?
Must peers and beauties flirt in common print;
And no small letters aid a statesman's hint?

POET.

Yes! let them write; let cook and scullion

scrawl;
Let Colburn or Minerva print them all!
If lively Betty in her Book transfer
To Lady Jane, what Thomas sighs to her;

* Vid. The Exclusives.

If the old Earl 's the coachman in disguise,
And if the Duchess Dolly's place supplies;
If John, ennobled, holds a high debauch,
And breaks the head of Friscian and the watch,
What is't to me? The tale's a pleasing tale,
And murdering nature scarce deserves the jail.
Flourish ye vulgar drivellings of the vain,
The fill'd with folly, and the void of brain!
Ye Tales of Ton shine on for countless years,
Proud of your idiot squires and witless peers!
Tales of High Life, in endless beauty bloom
Mirrors of grandeur in the butler's room!
And ye, in servants' hall for aye be seen,
Obscure Blue Stockings, Davenels, and D'Er-

bine!
Yet Sympathy her gentle woes may add,
Where sorry authors made their readers sad;
The thoughtful student well may sigh to know
That mortal dulness ever sank so low;
The pensive tear may innocently fall
On scenes where simple Folly rules o'er all.—
Not so, when Ribaldry, 'neath Fiction's name,
Shows equal dulness with a deadlier aim;
Paints not Almack's to bid the kitchen stare,
Nor fills the pantry with St. James's air;
But soars to crime, and strives to gain the art,
To sap the morals, and corrupt the heart.—
See where Ecarte's prurient scenes betray
The madd'ning reign of beauty and of play;
Seeming to guard against the bait they throw,
Seeming to hide what most they mean to show.
Tempting, like Spartan maids, by half re-
vealing,
And tempting more, perhaps, by half con-
cealing.

Where'er we move, some yielding beauty woos,
Rich in the sensual graces of the stews;
While warm descriptions every charm define,
And all the brothel breathes from every line.
Nor pass the Roué in this list of shame,
Whose equal faults an equal scorn may claim,—
Where Drury Lane her morals deigns to teach,
And Covent Garden yields her flowers of
speech;

Where heroes, witty, graceful, gay, polite,
Act like Count Fathom, and like Egan write;*
Describe such scenes as Harriet might disgrace,
Or call a blush on pimpled Hazlitt's face!
Ingenious authors! who so closely shape
Your course betwixt seduction and a rape,
That wond'ring readers catch the pleasing hope,
To see your heroes dangling from a rope,
Think ye the "morals" ye drawl forth at last,
Shall shield, like penitence, your actions past;
Even tho' your rake, by one unchanging rule,
Is tamed and married to a flirt or fool?
Or, harder fate, if harder fate you know,
Dies e'er his pen has traced the last huge O!!!
Think ye two ribald volumos are forgiven,
Provided in the third he talks of heaven?
As if, dull rogues! our scorn ye could assuage
For Berkeley's youth by Zachary's old age!
Natore, which all things righteously ordains,
Gives rascals malice, but denies them brains;
So to some puppy fill'd with fear and spite,
She gives the wish—without the power—to bite;

* The comparison here is only to the "slang,"
not to the vivacity of that ingenious Historio-
grapher of the Ring.

† The Roué concludes with this very appal-
ling exclamation.

So to Sir Roger, scarce releas'd from school,*
She gives obsceneness—but proclaims him fool.

But turn we now where other scenes invite,
Where sense and pathos, wit and mirth, unite.
Lo, in some dell, far hid amidst the wild,
In virtue's sunshine, blooms the cottage child;
No charms she borrows from appalling deeds,
No spectres rise, no dark-eyed rival bleeds;
Yet in bleak vale, lone moor, or heath-clad hill,
The awaken'd heart attends and loves her still.
And near the poor man's couch what thoughts
arise

'Mid tearful prayers, as yon grey Elder dies!
How rock and cliff resound the shepherd's lays!
How earth seems vocal with her Maker's praise!
Whether with Hannah Lee we wander slow,
Through the thick midnight and the drifting
snow;

Or with lone Margaret every pang endure,
Which makes her own pure heart more heavenly pure;

In smiles or tears, in storm or calm, we find,
How thrills the touch of Genius through the mind!

And Nature holds her sway as Lockhart tells,
How dark the grief that with the guilty dwells;
How various passions through the bosom move,
Dalton's high hope, and Ellen's sinless love.
Creative fancy gives a lovelier green
To Godstowe's glade; and hallows all the
scene

Where Love's low whisper sooth'd their wildest fears,
Till Joy grew voiceless and flow'd forth in
tears.

But wherefore idly thus proceed to show
Where wit, truth, nature, mix in genial glow?
Galt's humorous power, Hogg's tale to nature
true,

And her rich pencil who Clan Albin drew?
Smith—though a model seems before him still,
And all his art seems imitative skill,—
Though still the mimic in each step he shows,
Like Davy "majorin" in Bradwardin's clothes;
Smith yet has wit, has humour, fancy, fire,
And what the d—— more can one desire?
De Vere and 't'other Dromio—nice Tremaine,
Well bred, good dressers, sensible, and vain;
Judges of wit, teas, books, and pantaloons,
Are "spoons" indeed, but then—they're pol-
lish'd "spoons."

Yet in this catalogue of glorious names,
From Anastatus Hope, to Darnley James,
First, best of all, oh, never be forgot—

SQUIRE.

Stop. Not a single word of Walter Scott.
I listen'd long impatient for a close,
But still one name and then another rose;
I sigh'd, cough'd, yawn'd, and snored in very
spite—
I've had a pleasant sleep, and now—good
night.

* This blockhead has published a novel called
Sir Thomas Gasteneys, a minor; of which the
less that is said the better.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE QUENCHING OF THE TORCH.

"Look out for that sea, quarter-master!—
Mind your starboard helm!—Ease her, man—
ease her."

On it came rolling as high as the foreyard,
and tumbled in over the bows, green, clear,
and unbroken.

It filled the deep waist of the Torch in an
instant, and as I rose half smothered in the
midst of a jumble of men, pigs, hencoops, and
spare spars, I had nearly lost an eye by a
floating boarding-pike that was lanced at me
by the *jaule* of the water. As for the boats
on the booms, they had all gone to sea sepa-
rately, and were bobbing at us in a squadron
to leeward, the launch acting as commodore,
with a crew of a dozen sheep, whose bleating
as she rose on the crest of a wave came back
upon us, faintly blending with the hoarse roar-
ing of the storm, and seeming to cry, "No
more mutton for you, my boys!"

At length the lee ports were forced out—the
pumps promptly rigged and manned—buckets
slung and at work down the hatchways; and
although we had narrowly escaped being
swamped, and it continued to blow hard, with
a heavy sea, the men, confident in the quali-
ties of the ship, worked with gloe, shaking
their feathers, and quizzing each other. But
anon a sudden and appalling change came
over the sea and the sky, that made the stout-
est amongst us quail and draw his breath thick.
The firmament darkened—the horizon seemed
to contract—the sea became black as ink—the
wind fell to a dead calm—the teeming clouds
descended and filled the murky arch of heaven
with their whirling masses, until they appear-
ed to touch our mast-heads, but there was
neither lightning nor rain, not one glancing
flash, not one refreshing drop—the windows of
the sky had been sealed up by Him who had
said to the storm, "Peace, be still."

During this deathlike pause, infinitely more
awful than the heaviest gale, every sound on
board, the voices of the men, even the creak-
ing of the bulkheads, was heard with startling
distinctness; and the water-logged brig, hav-
ing no wind to steady her, laboured so heavily
in the trough of the sea, that we expected her
mast to go overboard every moment.

"Do you see and hear that, sir?" said Lieu-
tenant Treenail to the Captain. We all look-
ed eagerly forth in the direction indicated.
There was a white line in fearful contrast
with the clouds and the rest of the ocean,
gleaming on the extreme verge of the horizon
—it grew broader—a low increasing growl
was heard—a thick blinding mist came driving
up a stern of us, whose small drops pierced
into the skin like sharp hail—"Is it rain?"—
"No, no—salt, salt." And now the fierce
Spirit of the hurricane himself, the sea Azrael,
in storm and in darkness, came thundering on
with stunning violence, tearing off the snowy
scalps of the tortured billows, and with tre-
mendous and sheer force, crushing down be-
neath his chariot wheels their mountainous
and howling ridges into one level plain of
foaming water. Our chainplates, strong fast-
enings, and clenched bolts, drew like pliant

wires, shrouds and stays were torn away like summer gossamer, and our masts and spars, crackling before his fury like dry reeds in autumn, were blown clean out of the ship, over her bows, into the sea.

Had we shown a shred of the strongest sail in the vessel, it would have been blown out of the bolt-rope in an instant; we had, therefore, to get her before the wind, by crossing a spar on the stump of the foremast, with four men at the wheel, one watch at the pumps, and the other clearing the wreck. But our spirits were soon dashed, when the old carpenter, one of the coolest and bravest men in the ship, rose through the fore-hatch, pale as a ghost, with his white hairs streaming straight out in the wind. He did not speak to any of us, but clambered aft, towards the capstan, to which the Captain had lashed himself. "The water is rushing in forward like a mill-stream, sir; we have either started a *but*, or the wreck of the foremast has gone through her bows, for she is fast settling down by the head."—"Get the boatswain to *fother* a sail then, man, and try it over the leak, but don't alarm the people, Mr. Kelson." The brig was, indeed, rapidly losing her buoyancy, and when the next heavy sea rose a-head of us, she gave a drunken sickening lurch, and pitched right into it, groaning and trembling in every plank, like a guilty and condemned thing in the prospect of impending punishment.

"Stand by, to heave the guns overboard." Too late, too late—Oh God, that cry!—I was stunned and drowning, a chaos of wreck was beneath me, and around me, and above me, and blue agonized gasping faces, and struggling arms, and colourless clutching hands, and despairing yells for help, where help was impossible; when I felt a sharp bite on the neck, and breathed again. My Newfoundland dog, Sneezer, had snatched at me, and dragged me out of the eddy of the sinking vessel.

For life, for dear life, nearly suffocated amidst the hissing spray, we reached the cutter, the dog and his helpless master.

For three miserable days I had been exposed, half naked and bare-headed, in an open boat, without water, or food, or shade. The third fierce cloudless West Indian noon was long passed, and once more the dry burning sun sunk in the west, like a red-hot shield of iron. In my horrible extremity, I imprecated the wrath of Heaven on my defenceless head, and shaking my clenched hands against the brazen sky, I called aloud on the Almighty, "Oh, let me never see him rise again!" I glared on the noble dog, as he lay dying at the bottom of the boat; madness seized me, I tore his throat with my teeth, not for food, but that I might *drink* his hot blood—it flowed, and vampire-like I would have gorged myself, but as he turned his dull, grey, glazing eye on me, the pulses of my heart stopped, and I fell senseless.

When my recollection returned, I was stretched on some fresh plantain leaves, in a low smoky hut, with my faithful dog lying beside me, whining and licking my hands and face. On the rude joists that bound the rafters of the roof together, rested a light canoe with

its paddles, and over against me, on the wall, hung some Indian fishing implements, and a long barrelled Spanish gun. Underneath lay a corpse, wrapped in a boat-sail, on which was clumsily written, with charcoal—"The body of John Deadeye, Esq. late commander of his Britannic Majesty's sloop, Torch."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

THERE is a tide in the affairs of nations, as well as of individuals, and the present tide is that which sweeps on towards the uncertain shore of revolution. The madness, or conviction, or sentiment, or whatever be its right name, is as general as that of the Crusades; and from the Mediterranean to the Baltic, the people are in a ferment. We are far from looking upon this as a circumstance of unmingled evil; for, independently of the good which will arise in some places, from the changes which the people will enforce, and have the prudence to be satisfied with, and then set about minding their own business again, it is a good thing that the nations of the earth should now and then be shaken up, and the loftier virtues and more powerful feelings of men be put in action. For this cause, Lord Bacon goes so far as to recommend war, as a wholesome exercise for kingdoms; and he was not a man to judge lightly, or without a due regard to an enlarged humanity. Mankind, like water, grows putrid by stagnation. The nature of man is not pure enough for undisturbed repose; it requires tempests and hurricanes to cleanse it thoroughly. The unagitated, unwholesome mass, ere long, heaves with internal corruption and concealed abomination. Nations, like the people before the flood, become "corrupt before God;" but a more merciful dispensation, instead of drowning the world, gives us wars and revolutions; and they operate as a purge, exhausting for the moment, but sanative; and the kingdoms grow strong again, till a recurrence of the disease shall require a repetition of the remedy. All this is not very new perhaps; but it is worth while to dwell a little upon these reflections, in order to dissipate those of a more gloomy nature, which the present angry aspect of the political world is so apt to occasion.

The present crisis is one which no man, who reflects at all, can look upon without very lively interest; for, in no period of modern times, has the settled order of things appeared to be so extensively under the influence of desire for change. If we call that "desire of change," which others may choose to designate as the "glorious out-breaking of a spirit of freedom," we desire to be understood as not wishing in the least to undervalue the cause of rational liberty, or the efforts made in its favour, by those who suffer from the want of it; but we must be excused from indulging in a notion so extravagant, as that which refers all the disturbance abroad, and all the sympathy, or affected sympathy, with it at home, to enlightened and honest views of political liberty.

A great part of what has been done, has had its foundation in nothing better than what we must call, for want of another word as suitable to our purpose, mere mobbism. There are well-behaved mobs, and ill-behaved mobs; and there are mobs well-managed, and mobs ill-managed; and, again, there are mobs well-opposed, and mobs ill-opposed. The Paris mob was well-behaved, well-managed, and ill-opposed. The Brussels mob was ill-behaved, ill-managed, and well-opposed. The Brunswick mob was ill—every thing. That they had all good reason to be discontented, and to desire a better administration of abused power, is certain. That they have done some good by the decisive way in which their dissatisfaction was manifested, is probable; but that they did exactly the very thing which was right, and in the best manner, is certainly not true; nor can it be doubted, as we conceive, by any one who is firmly attached to the principles of our constitution, that the undivided and extravagant admiration of these continental proceedings, which has been exhibited here, is neither consistent with reason, nor a due regard to our own tranquillity. It happens fortunately for us, that we have within our country an active public spirit, ever at work, which secures us from the necessity of these sudden and violent ebullitions, that we have alluded to as necessary to the political health of kingdoms under different and less fortunate circumstances. Our Parliamentary debates, if very unargumentative talking may deserve that name, and our newspapers and magazines, notwithstanding the adverse influence of a Whig Attorney-general, are quite sufficient safety-valves, to let off the ill-humour of the people; and our institutions, however slow and expensive in their working, and although clogged with abuses in their details, are yet of certain efficacy to secure us from such perversion of authority, as would call for the forcible intermeddling of the common people; or would justify an *ostentatious* applause of such intermeddling elsewhere. The common people here, as every where else, will catch up what appears on the surface, without seeking to go deeper, and if they find the forcible interference of their brethren on the continent the theme of public and inflated panegyric, they will draw their conclusions at once, and without stopping to make nice inquiries as to the circumstances of the case, in which this much-lauded interference took place.

It is not like Englishmen, it is not consistent with common sense, to rush headlong into this public admiration of that about which we know so little, except that from the rapidity of the change, (we refer to the affairs of France,) it is almost impossible that the new system of government, struck off at the first heat, can be permanent. It is not in the nature of things, that rapidity of creation, and the principles of long duration, should co-exist. It is not so in animal or vegetable organization; nor has political organization, which is the work of man, any advantage over the products of nature in this respect. That which is to endure, must be done soberly, and thoughtfully, and deliberately; but that which is done with the rapidity of the shifting of a scene, is likely as soon to

give place to another. The French did us the honour very frequently in their late brief proceedings, to refer to our Revolution as a model, as well as an example; it would have been well if they not only recollected what we did, but the way in which it was done. From the 22d of January, to the 13th of February, was William kept waiting in silent and sullen expectation at St. James's, while the Houses debated, and re-debated and amended, and conferred, and sifted every argument that patience and ingenuity could suggest, upon the momentous matter of forming a new government. At the first view, it may seem to be a frivolous matter of debate in the British House of Peers, whether "abdicated" or "deserted" were the preferable term to apply to the then state of the throne, or whether an abdicated throne was to be considered "vacant;" but it is no light matter to consider the effect of this nice examination, and slow discussion, and the solid and permanent character imparted to arrangements made under such circumstances. A century and a half have nearly passed away, and these arrangements have remained in force, except in so far as the "breaking-in bill" of 1829, may have affected them. Who will venture to prognosticate a tithe of the duration to the new government of France? But it is the very probability of further change in France, and further revolutions in other continental governments, which makes the present posture of affairs so critical, and renders it expedient that we should look to ourselves, lest the contagion of example, the insidious movements of the designing, and the imprudence of the unwary, shall precipitate us into domestic troubles of a more formidable nature than we have yet had to encounter, and our safety be endangered through the omission of a cautious preventive policy. In the peculiar circumstances of this country, impoverished by a mistaken system of commercial policy, embarrassed by the contraction of the circulating medium, and the consequent increase of the pressure of taxation,—dissatisfied with a cabinet which has but slender reputation for ability, and none at all for political integrity,—and harassed by the distress of an unemployed population, it is easy to see how soon excuses might be found for acts that would be fraught with public mischief, and how much it behoves us rather to look attentively at our own condition, than to trouble ourselves solely in watching the affairs of others. As it is, we are not without tokens that the spirit which is abroad, has in some measure affected us. The result of the late elections has shown, in some places, how the ancient fashion of the country is losing its strength. We have seen political power and importance disavowed from property, and thousands of people fill, with their approving breath, the political sails of those who have no ballast to keep them steady, no cargo of their own on board to make them anxious, above all things, for the vessel's security. An unsafe description of education—a kind of bastard learning, a species of knowledge which gives power, without a guide for the use of that power, towards attaining their own substantial happiness, has got among the people, and altered their character. "Trum-

pery books of mathematics and physics" have, along with the knowledge they conveyed, filled people with dogmatical conceit, have led to disputatious habits, and have induced them to try moral and political questions by rules and methods wholly inapplicable to them; and every feeling inimical to the established order of society, which their inquiries, under these circumstances, lead them to, is very naturally sharpened and aggravated by the pinching poverty to which far too many of them are subjected.

Whatever success may attend the efforts of the modern "schoolmaster," in the way of promoting discontent, it is as nothing in this country, compared with the influence of an unsatisfied craving after the decent comforts of life. Whoever, therefore, loves the institutions of his country, and sincerely desires that they may survive unhurt the revolutionary contagion that prevails in the political atmosphere of Europe, let him study how the common people may be made more comfortable. Let it be shown by all those who have property, and have a mind to keep it, that they are not unmindful of the condition of those who have none; and let them rather endeavour to stop with food, than with un nourishing argument, the mouths of those who complain, that they are willing to work, but can get no bread. Thanks to the schoolmaster, many of the common people can see very plainly, that the justice and expediency of a lazy, luxurious, good-for-nothing man, monopolizing to his own share the profits of twenty thousand acres of land, cannot be demonstrated with the same certainty, as the fact of all the angles of a triangle being equal to two right angles. Their education has not gone far enough to teach them that they but mislead themselves in seeking for strict demonstration of moral or political propositions, and they will cling with unconquerable pertinacity to the *reductio ad absurdum* which they consider they have brought the question to, through the aid of "demonstration," and an unsatisfied appetite for dinner. But let the dinner be provided, and the argument loses nearly all its point. Abstinence is said to quicken the reasoning powers, and the observation applies as well to those who reason themselves from defective premises into wrong conclusions, as to others; if it be possible then, let bad reasoning be counteracted by good living. We do not mean to argue that comfortable subsistence is all in all, or that men should barter their liberty for bread; but if it be true, as seems to be almost universally admitted, that a sour and sullen spirit of insubordination is gaining fearful ground among the people, the first thing needful, in order to bring them to a better spirit, and to secure a considerate hearing for whatever may be addressed to them, in the way of good advice, will be to relieve their abject penury, or at least, to show an honest and anxious desire to do so.

Parliament will very soon meet, under circumstances of a very peculiar and trying nature; and it will require no slight effort on its part to command the respect and confidence of the people. Never was a British Parliament more narrowly watched than it will be.

It is not merely that it is a new Parliament, under a new sovereign, and that the affairs of government generally over the world are in an unusual state of disturbance: but the Parliament has a character to make with the people. The contempt which the people entertained for the last Parliament was freely spoken of within the walls of the houses. It was felt that Parliament was deficient in sympathy with the people, or, at all events, destitute of the energy and ability necessary to give effect to that sympathy, if it did exist; and the eagerness with which the public look for redeeming proceedings on the part of the new Parliament is unparalleled in its intensity and universality. It is, indeed, come to this: that with the present temper and in the present circumstances of the people of this country, the very existence of the Parliament as at present constituted, and the permanence of the power interwoven with its present constitution, depends upon a revival of its energy, and a display of such qualities as may satisfy a thinking and examining people that it is worthy to have the management of their affairs. We earnestly hope, therefore, that no attempt will be made, as at the commencement of the last session, to escape from the question of the common people's condition; that Parliament will not hesitate to grapple with the truth, and discuss it manfully and fearlessly; and thus show itself worthy of the people's confidence. The best way to prevent revolution, is to show the people that they have nothing to gain by it; and that those whom they permit to govern them, take as good care of them as any others whom they could choose. It is a mistake to suppose that *concession* is the best mode of imbuing the people with this persuasion. It is natural to detest the power that acts despotically without assigning a reason; but it is as natural to despise the power that concedes without a reason shown. Members of Parliament are not the mere delegates of the people, but persons chosen to judge for them, and to rule them with wholesome laws. If members show themselves worthy of the power, as well as capable of the duties, intrusted to them, by manly and independent, as well as earnest and active, endeavours for the welfare of their constituents, the people will find no fault with them for a want of time-subservency to the clamour of mobs. Much as has been said of the wasting away of respect for Parliament, in consequence of its not having kept pace with the intellectual improvement of the people at large, we are inclined to think that it has lost much more of its influence, and of the sympathy which the people used to feel with it, through an affectation of political science, which, indulging itself in cold generalities and abstract propositions, seems to forget the present necessities of the people, and turn an unwilling, if not a contemptuous ear to their complaints. It is hardly possible to conceive any thing more irritating to those who are smarting under a practical evil, than to be answered when they complain, by an argument, showing that, on general principles, it is quite right that they should so suffer. There is an assumption of superior philosophy, which costs the philosophers no-

thing, combined with the coolness that it shows towards another's distress, which it is not in human nature to bear with patience. It is impossible for the sufferer not to feel a desire to bring down his kind adviser to the level of his own distress, that he might then see how his philosophy would console him in hopeless hunger. Besides the danger from irritated feelings, and the violence which they may lead to, there is another, in dealing with these abstract propositions, because, if proceeded with, they may lead to conclusions subversive of the whole order of society. If the security of all property only depended upon the first principles which justify the existence of exclusive property, how long would estates remain as they are? In France we find the workmen making a stand against machinery, and from the state of the population in England, as compared with the demand for labour, it is not at all improbable that this may soon become a very vital question with ourselves. Now, without being in the least disposed to underrate the immense value of the power derived from machinery, and fully satisfied that to the aid derived from this power are we indebted for the high rank which we hold among the nations of the world, we would yet warn members of Parliament, and others, against supposing that the complaints of those who suffer from the use of machinery are unenlightened and absurd, and worthy only of derision. Those who appear to speak with a learned contempt of such complaints, meet them by treating the objection to machinery as an abstract and unconditional one, and would have us believe, that if in any case it be wrong to substitute machinery for manual labour, it must follow from the same "principle," that it is wrong to substitute forks for fingers. This may seem all very fine and scientific, but the question is not one of mathematics, but touching the interests of society, for which one thing is good to-day, and another to-morrow, according to circumstances. A circle is a circle, whether it be the circle of the earth, or the circle of a sixpence, and whatever may be predicated of a circle, is equally true with respect to the one or the other; but there are no such general and unalterable rules with respect to society, and what is politically useful in one state of a population may be pernicious in another. If instead of going backward in the view of the use of machinery, we carry it forward, and assume that all the work now done by manual labour may be done by machinery, this, according to the absolute principle of its utility, would be a great advantage. But what would then become of all those who live by the remuneration of labour, and who have no property? Would those who have property, and who avail themselves of the cheapness of machinery, share it with the people whose labour was no longer of any value as an equivalent? They would not;—but starvation would grow desperate, the rights of property would be violated, and a social chaos would ensue. The use of machinery, therefore, concurrently with the present system of the right of property, may be carried to such an excess, as would lead to the destruction of the latter.

It is a grave and critical question, to consider how near we have come to the point where one of these must yield. If society were in that state, that every advantage obtained by the society was shared by all the individuals who compose it, then indeed, so long as pain and labour are associated with one another, whatever, and how much soever, could be done to abridge the necessity of manual labour, would be an indisputable advantage; but while property continues in the hands of a few, and the mass of the people have nothing but their labour to offer in exchange for so much of it as their daily wants require, it is easy to see how the depression of the value of that labour may be carried so far as to compel them to resort to the law of nature, and violate the regulations of a society whose advantages they have no means of sharing in.

We have ventured to say so much upon this subject, because in the present period, when revolutions and new governments occupy a portion of almost every one's thoughts, the first principle of the social compact must necessarily come into frequent discussion, and the new powers of mankind be taken as an element in such considerations. When we consider how wonderfully the powers of production have been altered and improved, and how generally throughout the world we find suffering following from abundance, and perceive a want of demand equal to the powers of supply, it seems to be almost time that some serious alteration in the system of society should take place, so as to give mankind at large a fairer share of the advantages which our great improvements are capable of affording.

But whatever is done, we trust that in England it will be courageously, and soberly, and discreetly, after the manner of our fathers. Above all things, we hate a melodramatic air in politics; and a "coup d'état" is our special aversion. England cannot stop the progress of events; and if the world is changing, she must change with it; yet still, we venture to predict, maintaining her ancient character for boldness, regulated by calm and reflecting prudence.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

FRANCE now attracts the universal eye, and as a great portion of her conduct must be determined by the character of her chief, the history of Louis Philippe has a peculiar interest at the present time.

Of all the countries of Europe, France has seldomest seen the succession to her throne disturbed by war, conspiracy, or the influence of foreign powers. Yet, since the tenth century she has been governed by seven dynasties: the Capet, the Valois, the Orleans Valois, the Angouleme, the Bourbon, the Napoleon, and the Orleans; or, on an average, one every century.

The death of Louis le Fainéant, a profligate youth, left Hugh Capet, who had been appointed his guardian, master of the crown, in

987. Charles, Duke of Lorraine, the late king's uncle, disputed his right; but Capet's descent from Charlemagne, and his own intelligence, moderation, and virtue, secured the affections of the people. His dynasty governed France down to the fourteenth century, when, in 1328, Charles the Fourth, named the Handsome, died, leaving no male issue.

The Valois branch of the Capets now succeeded; a memorable event in French history, as the origin of those dreadful wars with England, which devastated France for almost a hundred and fifty years. The right to the crown was claimed by Edward the Third, in virtue of his descent by the female line. But the French pleaded the Salique law against him, and the nobles chose Philip, the son of Charles de Valois, brother of Philip the Fair, and uncle of Charles the Handsome. In Charles the Eighth the line failed, in 1498.

The Orleans branch ascended the throne, in the person of Louis, Duke of Orleans, cousin of Louis the Eleventh. He married a sister of the English Henry the Eighth. In speaking of those various branches as dynasties, of course we have not taken the word in its general sense, of a long succession in each, but merely as the change of a direct lineage.

The Angouleme branch succeeded in 1515. Francis, Duke of Angouleme, the famous Francis the First, the rival of Charles the Fifth of Germany, ascending the throne, by the death of Louis the Twelfth, without issue. The death of Henry the Third, formerly Duke of Anjou, and King of Poland, brother of Charles the Ninth, that atrocious author of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, left the crown to the Bourbon branch.

In 1589, Henry Bourbon, King of Navarre, the famous Henry the Fourth, was called to the throne. He was allied to the Capets, as ninth in descent from St. Louis, and was at once a Valois by blood, and a Bourbon by parentage. The death of the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth on the scaffold, in 1793, left France without a monarch, as she had left herself without a throne.

In 1804, Napoleon, the First Consul, was made Emperor, and retained his sovereignty till 1814, when he abdicated for the first time, and returning, was finally expelled in 1815. The Bourbons then returned. The fatal ordinances of the 27th of June, 1830, overthrew them, and the Orleans branch were again summoned to the throne, (August 7th.) by the general acclamation of the people, and the sanction of the Chamber of Deputies.

The History of the late Duke of Orleans, the father of the King, is one of warning to the restlessness and folly of men of rank. He had fortune, high station, and extensive popularity; he had even personal acquirements and no trivial ability. But he had ambition; a giddy, reckless, and cruel desire of being the first, where nature, fidelity, and honour would have kept him the second. Yet it is remarkable that he lost his grand prize, the throne, by want of vice! Personally profligate, and publicly ready for all excesses of politics or the passions, he was not prepared to exhibit the due proportion of ferocity. He had not made up his mind to drink blood, and roar blasphemously with the true men of the revolution.

The Marats outran him in frenzy, the Dantons in blasphemy, and the Robespierres in massacre. Thus left behind in the popular race of the glorious time of philosophy and the scaffold, the unfortunate Duke stood a solitary and forlorn figure for the scoff of the Republic—soon to be its victim. The old question of who or what was the true origin of that tempest of horror and carnage, is brought to decision in the character of the Duke of Orleans. He was the richest subject in France: the King was oppressed with financial perplexities.—He was at the head of all the intellectual profligates of France: the King was surrounded only by the court imbeciles, by feeble adulators, keen enough in their own interests to keep him constantly in the clouds, whenever the public interests were concerned, but utterly unfit to contend, in intelligence, experience, or activity, with the World of France.—The Duke was a man of ability; the King was, like his councillors, imbecile, though not, like them, dishonest; and, destitute of all opportunities to learn the public mind, though not, like them, unwilling. With all those advantages on the side of Orleans, advantages, to a man of his unprincipled spirit, galling him every hour by the contrast, he had a personal and keener source of resentment: he felt that he was suspected by the King, and hated by the Queen.

From the year 1787, the Duke of Orleans had placed himself in the foremost position as leader of the anti-royal party. The quarrels of the Parliament of Paris with the Court, had compelled the King to do something more than eat, dream, and talk to his confessor. In the famous sitting of November, 1787, Orleans had the hardihood to ask the King whether the meeting was for deliberating on the state of the country, or merely for registering the royal will? Whether it was to be a real council, or simply a "bed of justice?" The question was bold; the whole assembly of courtiers had never heard such a sound before; the poor King was all astonishment, and the Duke received the reward of his intrepidity, in a ministerial order to leave Paris, and go to Villers Coterets.

But what duke of the old regime, or what Frenchman, of any, could bear exile from Paris? Orleans solicited his recall, and even solicited the Queen to obtain that recall.

On the 8th of May, when the Estates of the Kingdom met in the Cathedral at Notre Dame, the Duke was observed to desert the procession of the princes of the blood to mingle with the populace, and exhibited by his manner a sufficient contempt for the grave mockery of the ceremonial. The amalgamation of the Deputies into one body, the National Assembly, owed much of its success to the Duke, and his speech fearfully widened the distance between him and the royal family. A remarkable contrast to the King, the Court, and the People, was, that while they were growing poor, the Duke was growing rich. One of his most reprobate companions, Louvet, had suggested the idea of throwing the greater part of his palace into shops. The Palais Royal was instantly an enormous revenue, and he had

soon money enough to blind one half of Paris, and to bribe the other.

The plot now began to thicken. "The Jacobin Club," d—d to everlasting fame, were the Duke's partizans, purchased, doubtless, by the Duke's gold. The crown was visibly slipping off the head of the unfortunate Louis. The Jacobins were ready to put it on the head of their master. But his distinctions were to be of another kind. He was sent by the King into exile, on pretence of a mission to England. On his return, he found that his chance was at an end. The Jacobins had made up their minds—"There was to be no king in France." The Duke was expelled from Versailles; and from that moment he threw off the mask, if he had ever worn one.

Titles were next extinguished, and the proud name of Orleans was sunk in the popular one of *Egalité*. Citizen Equality was now a plebeian like the rest, the fellow of the citizen tinker and the citizen cobbler. His rabble compeers soon gave him a lesson in the rights of man. His estates followed his titles. Some of his family fled, and were glad to fly. His son entered the Revolutionary army. His own life was in perpetual hazard. On the 21st of January, 1793, Louis the Sixteenth was murdered on the scaffold. The Duke of Orleans had voted for his death; and even in that band of blood, the vote caused an universal shudder. He was utterly undone from that hour. No man's career ever gave a more striking example of the miseries of guilty ambition. The Nobles hated him, as the betrayer of their order, the Church as the patron of their confiscation, the King's friends as his unnatural enemy, the People as a remnant of the aristocracy on which they rejoiced to trample. To save himself in this general repulsion, he had plunged into fatal intrigue with the Jacobins; that troop of assassins which seemed congregated for the scourge of France, and the abhorrence of human nature. They received him in triumph, kept him as a tool, and then cast him off as a victim. Robespierre, who mastered all his rivals by a supremacy in bloodshed, marked him for the scaffold.

The malice of the master-fiend turned even his sacrifices and services against this miserable man.—"He has two sons in our army in Belgium; his influence is therefore dangerous. He has friends among our generals—he must be watched. He has called himself *Egalité*—he cannot be sincere, he must wish to be a Duke again; his hypocrisy must be punished. He has given up large sums to forward the Revolution. It must have been with the idea of ascending a new throne. The Republic allows of no throne. He must be extinguished." The reasoning was irresistible, and the proud Philip of Orleans was cast into the dungeons of Marseilles. Trial rapidly followed; he was found guilty; and the justice which he had eluded during a long career, at length overtook him at the hands of a tribunal of assassins. He died firmly, as became a man of high name, and still retaining the single virtue that saves the criminal from utter contempt. The populace, for whose plaudits he had sacrificed all things, rewarded him by scoffs and hisses on his way to the scaffold. "They will

applaud me yet," said he, with a sudden sense of the giddiness of popular opinion. Yet he was mistaken. No man has since applauded him. He has been left in the neglect due to his crimes. No hand has planted the laurel, nor even the cypress, on his grave.

Louis-Philippe, the present King of the French, was born on the 6th of October, 1773, in the Palais Royal, eldest son of the late Duke, and of Louisa Maria Adelaide, daughter of the Duc de Bourbon Penthièvre, Admiral of France. In infancy his title was Duc de Valois, but in 1782 he assumed that of Duc de Chartres, on the death of his grandfather, the Duke of Orleans, from whom he had been called, his father's name being Louis Philippe Joseph. He had two brothers, the Duc de Montpensier, and the Comte de Beaujolais, who both died of consumption about twenty years ago, and one sister, Adelaide Eugene Louisa, Princess of Orleans, born in 1777.

The education of the Orleans family was for many years in the hands of Madame de Genlis, well known for her novels, her tracts on education, her scribbling at the age of eighty, and her figuring in the scandalous chronicle of Paris. Her system of education was founded on the fanciful absurdities of Rousseau, and the young Duke was to be the *Emilius*. A large part of this was foolish, but some was practical, and all was better than the wretched system of flattery, indolence and vice, in which the children of the French nobles were generally brought up. De Genlis removed the Orleans children from the pestilential habits of Paris to the country, and there gave them the exercise, and in a considerable degree the habits and pursuits of the peasantry. The boys were taught to live on simple food, to run, swim, even to climb trees, and walk on poles, for the purpose of accustoming them to help themselves in any case of personal hazard. The results were, health, handsome proportions, and activity; but the Countess taught them more, for in her ideas of life she mingled, like all fools of both sexes, the glories of political bustle, and she took the children to see the fall of the Bastille. Doubtless every man of common sense on earth must have rejoiced at the fall of an infernal prison, in which the caprices of a minister, or the mistress of a minister, or of a clerk in office, or the mistress of a clerk in office, might shut up the most innocent man for life. The Bastille could not exist in any country without degrading the very nature of man, and making every individual, writer or not writer, tremble for every syllable he uttered. Still it was a piece of indecorum and insolence in the governess of infants to lead them to a spectacle, which to their minds could be only one of riot and butchery, and which was at the moment a direct triumph over the unfortunate king and relative of their father. The truth was, Madame volunteered revolutionary displays for the honour of her friendship with M. le Duc.

But one display that took place the year before was exempt from those charges. In the French convents, as in all places under the uncontrolled dominion of the popish priesthood, horrible cruelties were practised; some-

times on monks and nuns who happened naturally to get weary of their condition, or disgusted with the cold cruelty of their superiors; sometimes Protestants given over to the hands of those horrid persecutors, and sometimes on state prisoners—unfortunate beings who had, for something or for nothing, excited the suspicion of some tyrant governor of the province, or some scoundrel courtier, or some licentious prince. The convent prisons answered the double purpose of paying a compliment to the monks, saving the government the trouble of keeping those wretched people in charge, and securing them till a miserable death ended their sufferings; for no prison was so secure or so secret as the vault of a convent. St. Michael, in Normandy, was one of those pious safeguards; and there was in the bottom of one of its caverns, a place of peculiar confinement for unfortunates whose crimes were obnoxious to the tastes of royalty. Writers were especially criminal in the eyes of the French kings and courtiers, and one of the tenants of this dungeon was the publisher of a Dutch gazette; who, owing no allegiance to Louis XIV., and probably feeling no more admiration than the royal libertine's subjects for him, had excited his displeasure by some remarks in his paper. The publisher was laid hold on, hurried off to the St. Michael, and in the iron cage of this horrible dungeon he lay for fifteen years! Well may Englishmen bless the tongues and swords that rescued them from tender mercies like this! Well may they look with jealousy and indignation on all attempts to bring them to a condition like this, and well may they deserve it if they suffer the slightest inroad on the press, which is, after all, the only sure guardian of their liberty,—surer and safer than all the formal guards of laws, which may be abrogated in an hour; of a legislature which may be corrupted; or of a cabinet which may dread the light, for the old reason, of the darkness of its deeds! The French ministers knew what was the friend of freedom and the foe of tyranny, and they fastened all the fangs and claws of power upon the press. Nations have the example—let them be wise by the warning.

In the first efforts of the French Revolution, the public mind was turned on what had been its especial horror for so many centuries, and the secrets of those dreadful places were dragged to light. Among the rest, the Norman peasantry insisted on relieving the monks of St. Michael of the honour of being prison-keepers to the king; and the dungeon was thrown open for public inspection. Louis XVI. was a mild tempered creature, and the fashion at court was astonishment at the thickness of prison walls, the damp of dungeons, and the rusty solidity of bolts and bars. The prisons became a sort of public curiosity; and among the rest, St. Michael was visited by the Count D'Artois, who was electrified at the sight of the iron cage! gave a general command for its demolition, rode off, and left it as he found it. But it seems as if fate had determined that the Duke of Orleans should always finish what Charles X. had left undone. The young *élève* of Madame de Genlis not merely commanded its destruction, but stood by till it was com-

pleted. The narrative of this transaction, which was the parent of the fall of the Bastille, is interesting.

"The Prior, followed by the monks, two carpenters, and the greater part of the prisoners, who, at our request, were allowed to be present, accompanied us to the spot containing this horrible cage. In order to reach it, we were obliged to traverse caverns so dark, that we had to use lighted flambeaux; and after having descended many steps, we reached the cavern where stood this abominable cage, which was extremely small, and placed on ground so damp, that we could see the water running under it!

"I entered with a sentiment of horror and indignation, mingled with the pleasant feeling, that, at least, thanks to my pupils, no unfortunate person would in future have to reflect with bitterness within its walls on his own calamities, and the cruelty of men. The young duke, with the most touching expression, and with a force beyond his years, gave the first blow with his axe to the cage (which was of wood, strongly bound with iron). After which the carpenters cut down the door, and removed some of the wood. I never witnessed anything so interesting as the transports, the acclamations, and the applauses of the prisoners during the demolition. The old Swiss porter alone showed signs of grief, which the prior explained, by saying he regretted the cage, because he made money by showing it to strangers. The duke immediately gave him ten louis; saying, that 'for the future, instead of showing the cage to travellers, he should have to point out the place where it stood, and that surely would be more agreeable to them.' So says Madame de Genlis, and the anecdote does credit to the feelings and the understanding of her clever pupil.

There are also some traits of good feeling told of him at subsequent periods. When the decree of the National Assembly put an end to the privileges of eldership, the little Duc de Chartres turned round to his brother Montpensier, and declared "his delight that there would be no longer any distinction between them." This was French, and, besides, argued rather too keen a sense of his previous superiority. But the next anecdote is of the country of every honest and high minded man. At the age of seventeen he was sent for to Paris by his father, and an establishment was given to him. His time of life was a tempting one, and Paris was a tempting place, for such a time. But the boy felt that he had still something to learn, and he still made regular visits, as a pupil, to the family school in the country. He, yet more to his honour, made the resolution of laying by his pocket-money till he was of age, and appropriating it to charitable and public purposes.

The Duc de Chartres was now to mingle in the stirring life of the world. The Jacobins were the chief partizans of his father, and by that father's command he became a member of the Jacobin Club. But he was happily called from the contact of those blasphemers and murderers to scenes where his virtues would not be so hazardous to himself. In 1790, he was sent to join his regiment quartered in

Vendôme. He found the populace slaying the priests, and his first exploit was to save one of those unfortunate men; his next was to jump into the river to rescue a custom-house officer from drowning. His activity could not have exercised itself on two more obnoxious classes. For the priest he got nothing, but the city of Vendôme gave him a civic crown for the exciseman!

In 1792, France offered the finest lesson ever given to the world of a nation trained from its cradle by Popery and its perpetual associate despotism! It was all in a blaze. Its only creed an abolition of all belief in a soul, in the principles of truth, honour, or morality, or in a God; its only law the will of a populace of cut-throats inured to make confessions once a quarter, and receive absolution as often, let the iniquity be what it might, the simple condition being the amount of the fee; and its only freedom the liberty to murder every body, and be murdered in their turn:—the delight of the legislature and the populace alike being the general clearance of the prisons, the streets, and the houses by the pike, the grape-shot, and the guillotine; France declaring herself at war with all the world, all the world compelled to war with France; every day a massacre in Paris, or in the provinces, a battle on the frontier, or a new burst of horrible retaliatory rage in La Vendée; The whole aspect of that immense country one cloud of conflagration and slaughter; France bleeding at every pore.

The Duc de Chartres served his first campaign under Biron in 1792, in the army of the north, where he was in several general actions, and commanded a brigade of cavalry. Under Luckner and Dumouriez he fought against the Prussian invasion, and on the famous 6th of November, 1792, the day of Gemappe, he is said to have decided the battle. The French had found the Austrian army strongly intrenched on the heights of Gemappe. But he, as Dumouriez afterwards declared, had no alternative but to attack them, for he had no bread; and he gave one of his columns to the Duc de Chartres, who rushed upon the lines. The Austrians repulsed the first charge, and drove back the column, which had led the centre attack. Dumouriez thought that all was lost, and was galloping across the field to recover the day if possible, when he met an aide-de-camp sent to give him the news of victory. The Duc de Chartres had rallied his young troops, put himself at the head of a regiment, and rushing forward, burst into the Austrian lines. All was now rout; the charge decided the battle, and the battle decided the fate of the Austrian dominion in Flanders. The enemy lost upwards of six thousand in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and Dumouriez instantly overran the whole of Belgium.

But Dumouriez, that fortunate and extraordinary soldier, who first taught the French republican how to fight, and whose genius was the only one that might have anticipated the splendour of Napoleon's triumphs, was soon forced to acknowledge the uncertainty of military fortune. In February, 1793, at the battle of Nerwinde, he was utterly defeated. With the republic, misfortune was always a

crime, and the general was summoned to Paris to give an account of himself. This was notoriously but a summons to have his head cut off. He knew the world, and he contrived to elude the command; while he revolved the idea of overthrowing his masters in their turn. He was said to have then conceived the idea of placing the Duc de Chartres on the throne. But he found that his army would not follow him. Commissioners from Paris arrived to seize the refractory general. By a last instance of dexterity, he turned the tables on the commissioners, cleverly seized them, sent them as an introduction for himself to the Austrian camp, and galloped after them with the young duke at his side. The seizure of these commissioners was of service to more than himself, for they were afterwards exchanged for the Dauphiness, the present Duchess of Angoulême, then in prison in Paris.

The duke had fled, only on knowing that an order for his arrest had been issued from Paris. But though a fugitive by necessity he refused to serve against France. The Prince of Cobourg, the Austrian general, offered him the command of a division as lieutenant-general. This he declined; and, proscribed by his country, separated from all means of income, and with nothing but his education, his activity, and his honesty, he went to make his way through the world.

Such are the vicissitudes from which at times no rank is exempted. But the duke had more than the ordinary aggravations of a fall from splendid fortune. He was in terror for every member of his family. His father and two brothers were in the dungeons of the Committee of Public Safety, dungeons from which there was scarcely an instance of liberation, and from which his father was taken but to die. His mother and sister had fled from France, and he had no intelligence of them, except that they were separated! He was personally obnoxious to the emigrants, from his republican services, and the republicans would have seen him only to send him to the guillotine. In this emergency he made his escape to Switzerland. It seems unfortunate that he did not come to England, where he would have been secure, and highly received. But probably he might have been reluctant to meet the multitude of emigrants here, and, probably too, his proud spirit would have been unwilling, either to appear as a pensioner of the country, or to take the humble means which he must have found necessary for independence.

But in Switzerland he had the satisfaction of finding his sister, whom he placed in the convent of Bremgarten. As soon as his presence was known he was persecuted, and obliged to fly to the Alps from the pursuit of Robespierre. During four months which he passed in this wild country, he and his valet lived on thirty sous, or 1s. 5d. a day. At length, even this failed; he was obliged to dismiss his valet, and assuming the name of M. Corby, he offered himself as teacher of mathematics at the college of the Grisons at Coire. Here he subsisted for eight months. The death of Robespierre, in 1794, made this

retirement unnecessary. He received some money from France, and hired a cottage in a Swiss village. He then set out on a tour through the north, and went as far as Lapland.

In an account by Tweddale, the Greek traveller, of his visit to the duke, in Switzerland, he says:—

"The duke is at present determined to proceed to North America, to enjoy that liberty for which he has suffered so much. There, in the midst of forests, he will complete an education so auspiciously commenced by adversity. I doubt not that he will still display that unaffected magnanimity which has hitherto rendered him superior to good and bad fortune. The same greatness of soul has marked him throughout. A prince, at sixteen, without the least touch of pride; at seventeen, a general rallying his division three times under the fire of Gemappe; a professor of geometry at twenty, as competent as if he had devoted to it long years of study; and in each condition, as if he had been born to fulfil its duties. To conclude, I cannot give you a better idea of the union of strength and moderation in his character, than by a copy of a letter which he wrote a few days ago to an American, who had offered him some waste land to clear.—'I am heartily disposed to labour for the acquisition of an independence. Misfortune has smitten, but, thank God, it has not prostrated me. More than happy in my misfortunes, that youth prevented the formation of habits difficult to break through, and that prosperity was snatched from me before I could either use or abuse it.'"

A new reason was soon added to this manly propensity to struggle for himself in the world. The Directory of France, fearing the return of so popular a branch of the royal family, offered to liberate his brothers on condition of his going to America. He instantly embraced the proposal. The compact was kept by the Directory, and the duke and his two brothers, to whom he was strongly attached, met in Philadelphia, in 1797. After a long tour through the lakes and forests, he passed down the Mississippi, and remained at the Havannah for a year and a half, waiting the King of Spain's permission to return and see his mother. The permission never came. He now visited the Duke of Kent at Halifax, and by his advice sailed for England. Again he sailed for Spain, but was not suffered to land. He returned to England, and was introduced by the Count D'Artois to Louis XVIII. He took a house at Twickenham, where he lost his brother, the Duc de Montpensier, by a consumption. His brother, Beaujolais, was seized with the same disease, and the duke took him to Malta for a change of climate; but there he, too, died.

The history of this distinguished man almost exceeds the wanderings of romance. In 1809, he went to Sicily, on a visit to the court. Leopold, the king's second son, had entertained the idea of being chosen head of the Spanish nation, in the absence of their king. He sailed with the duke for Gibraltar; but the governor, justly conceiving that a Sicilian prince was not the proper head for a free in-

surrection, refused to suffer the royal adventurer to land. The design perished on the spot.

On his return to England he found his sister, and they sailed together to meet their mother, who had escaped from Spain, and the French army, to Port Mahon. With them he returned to Sicily, where he married a daughter of the king, Ferdinand IV., in 1809. He remained four years in Sicily, in the midst of hazard and insurrection. The Spaniards offered him a military command in Catalonia, in 1810. But when he arrived there he found that no command was provided. The English general probably thought that the duke's presence might be some impediment to the national objects. He was refused admission at Cadiz, and he returned to Sicily.

On the king's restoration he came to Paris, and was made colonel-general of hussars. On Napoleon's landing, in March 1815, the duke went to Lyons to act with the Count D'Artois, but the troops revolted and he returned to Paris. He was instantly sent to command in the north, but there too the troops revolted—he instantly made his decision, gave up the command to Mortier, and followed the king in his way through Belgium. In 1816 he returned with his family from England, and resided in Paris, in a state of cool distance with the court, but usefully employing his vast and accumulating revenue, and patronizing public works and literature.

The story of the celebrated days of July is not now to be told. On the 29th the white flag was replaced on the Tuileries—on the 31st the king abdicated, and on the 17th of August he arrived in England. On the 7th of August the Duke of Orleans had been declared by the Chamber of Deputies, by the style of "Louis Philippe the First, King of the French." To this splendid elevation has reached one of the most perilous, diversified, and manly courses of life that history records. Every man who loves personal honour, filial duty, and patriotic wisdom, will be in favour of this elevation; and all will indulge the hope that this amiable and able individual has come to the close of his vicissitudes, and that no cloud may darken the brightness of his proud and fortunate day.

WELLINGTON AND EUROPE.

[From the Monthly Magazine, a strong Tory Journal.]

THE present state of the British ministry may be disposed of in a very few words. It is at this hour trembling in every limb; it feels that the country is totally against it—that London is against it—that the Tories, who can never forgive the treachery of the year 1829, are against it; that the Whigs, whom it has attempted first to cajole for the purpose of division, and next to divide for the purpose of making them at once weak and ridiculous, are against it, and that nothing is for it but that worthy whipper-in, Mr. Holmes, the new police, and the hangers-on about the Horse-

Guards. In all the elections the Field Marshal has been utterly beaten. The Treasury computation cheers him with the falsehood that he has gained twenty-nine—the true computation beats him down with the truth that he has lost twice that number.

But the point is not the number of votes, but the nature. Of course the Field Marshal will have all the Bathursts, to their last generation; Mr. Arbuthnot is a sure vote, and gentlemen like Mr. Arbuthnot, are sure votes too. But can he suppose that the refuse of the House, if they were ten times the number, can support him against the sense of the House, any and more, against the sense of the nation? Then, let him look to the men who are arrayed against his trained bands, and let him look to the mode by which they were chosen, the places for which they were chosen, and still more, the purposes for which they were chosen! Let him look to York, Middlesex, Southwark, Cumberland, and a crowd of other places, returning members on the sole ground that they are sworn to hostility against the Horse Guards' cabinet. Let him see every thing that bears the despised name of Peel, cast out into weeping and gnashing of teeth, half a dozen of those would-be legislators less ejected than hurled from the representation, in which the whole interest of the Treasury, the pathetic letters of Mr. Planta, and the glowing promises of Sir Robert Bliſl Peel, could not keep them an hour longer.

And what is his prospect of defenders in the House of Commons? Are we to have another session of the frigid eloquence of Sir Robert Bliſl? Is a house of six hundred and fifty-eight gentlemen, entrusted with the national business, to sit listening to the heavy fictions and ice-bound graces of Sir Robert's eloquence; and listen, while the country is calling upon them to act; while every interest of England at home and abroad is in the deepest perplexity? Listen, while our manufacturers, our currency, our trade, our laws, our popular privileges, and our religious liberties, are calling, trumpet-tongued, to the wisdom of the great national legislative assembly to restore their vigour, and save them at once from the rash tampering of fools, and the sullen designs of those who see nothing but themselves, and think of nothing but the perpetual increase of an obnoxious power? Listen, while Europe is heaving with universal convulsion; while thrones are crumbling down under the tread of the multitude; while France rises before them with a national, self-equipped, self-officered, self-commanded army of a million of men, a force such as the world never saw before, and which stands in the presence of Europe the herald of the mightiest and most tremendous innovations? While kings are abdicating, constitutions breaking up, and England is met by the spectacle round the horizon, of fierce change, of desperate passions let loose, of the most fearful power on earth, the military power of the populace, wielding the force of government, and making the safety or the subversion of dynasties dependent on their will, and that will dependent on the evil heart or the mad head, the reckless ambition or the malignant spirit of the first demagogue who shall start up

among them, and say, "Come, I will lead you to plunder and massacre?"

And to protect us in this crisis of Europe, we have Lord Aberdeen, a Scotch metaphysician, and anonymous critic of ballads and novels. For our finance, which the newspapers describe as falling off by more than a million a quarter, we have Mr. Goulburn! and so forth, of the rest. But will the House of Commons listen to such men, or will the nation suffer it to listen to such men?

We must see the session begin with realizing, for the first time, what kings' speeches have promised time out of mind, but what a patriotic House of Commons alone will ever perform. We must have a reform, grave, rational, and total; a reform not for party but for the nation; not a juggle of whigs and radicals, not for a Lord John Russell the more or less or any similar infinitesimal of the national understanding, in place; not for a young Apsley the more or less, or sucking politician, even of the Wellesley line, fastened upon the people; but an abolition of all the practices that make the country look with jealousy on its ministers and its representatives; of all the election prostitutions and basenesses, the bargainings and borough-mongering—that whole long list of offences which Parliament itself so fiercely denounces on the eve of its dissolution, and so blandly forgets on the commencement of its next seven years.

We must have a purification of public offices, and must know the reason why the nonentity of Lord Bathurst should be paid 13,000*l.* a year out of the earnings of the people? why the Duke of Wellington, after receiving a national donation that would have purchased a German principality—nearly a million of pounds sterling—cannot serve in office for less than 14,000*l.* a year? Why Lord Melville, in addition to his enormous salary of 5000*l.* a year, and a palace, and all kinds of allowances at the Admiralty, must have a sinecure of 4000*l.* besides? Why Lord Rosslyn, with his half sinecure office of privy seal, should have a whole sinecure of 3000*l.* besides? Why the burden of all the salaries of all the officers of state, of the household of the court, and of the whole pomp and foolery attached to the court, should not be strictly examined? Why the pension list, that old source of national disgust, should not be overhauled? We must know the reason why, when the land is overrun with pauperism, and every honest man begins to think of flying from the tax-gatherer to any part of the world where there is no field-marshal, no first lord of the treasury, and no pension list; the Lady Aramintas and Isabelas, the daughters of noble lords and haughty countesses, shall be flourishing about the world with our money in their pockets, or on their coach pannels? The inquiry into the list, too, might make deeper discoveries, and we might be instructed in the merits of ladies more renowned for their friendships than for their other qualities. We should place pensions on other grounds than even my Lady Heister Stanhope's, who has the handsome sum of 1200*l.* a year for wearing man's clothes in Turkey, living like a Turk, talking like a Turk, and declaring that Mahomet is the true prophet! We

should hear the history of many a flower which of late years has blushed unseen, however conspicuous it might have blushed a few years ago.—Our representatives will have enough to occupy them for a while, and we will tell them that if they do not show themselves in earnest in the matter, the people of England will ask them questions too.

As a specimen of the field that is open to Sir James Graham (an able man, a good speaker, and sure to be a powerful man, if he persists as he has begun) and his friends, we select an article lately circulated in the country.

THE WELLESLEY FAMILY.—The Tories in Essex, in reply to Mr. Long Wellesley's pledge that he would labour for a "shifting of the load from the really industrious and productive classes to those who amass the fruits of labour without the toil of gathering them," printed the following amounts of the pickings of the Wellesleys from the public:—

Imprimis.—The Duke of Wellington has received from the public purse no less a sum than

£ 700,000
Per An.

In addition to which the family receive annually, in places and pensions	14,000
Lord Maryborough (Mr. L. W.'s papa) receives, as master of the buck-hounds!	3,000
Lord Cowley (Mr. L. W.'s uncle) receives	12,000
Marquis Wellesley (Mr. L. W.'s uncle) receives	4,000
A Sinecure in the Court of Exchequer in Ireland, with reversion to his illegitimate son!!! who now enjoys	1,200
The Rev. Gerald Wellesley! (Mr. L. W.'s uncle) receives in church preferments	7,000
Lady Mornington (Mr. L. W.'s grand-mamma) receives a pension of	1,000
Lady Anne Smith (Mr. L. W.'s aunt) receives a pension of	800
Her husband (Mr. Smith) a place	1,200
Lord Berghersh (Mr. L. W.'s brother-in-law) receives	4,000
Sir Charles Bagot (Mr. L. W.'s brother-in-law) receives	12,000
Lord Fitzroy Somerset (Mr. L. W.'s brother-in-law) receives	2,000

But the Field Marshal himself, the man of humanity, and honour, and politics, and the new police!—we remember his saying that he would rather "die than see the havoc of a war in Ireland!" a war which would finish in a week, as it began, with a speech of Mr. O'Connell—though probably in rather a different location from his favourite Corn Exchange. But with what infinite pleasantry must the "Indian campaigner" have looked on the gentlemen who huzzaed this scrap of sentimentality! It was even better than Sir George Murray's harangue upon a soldier's saying his prayers. What does fact say to the Grand Duke's tenderness? Let his own letters speak for him. Here is a paragraph, just published, from his letters to Sir Thomas Munro, in 1800:—

"I have taken and destroyed Doondiah's baggage, and six guns, and driven into the *Malpurba* (WHERE THEY WERE DROWNED)

about five thousand people! I stormed Dum-mull on the 26th of July. Doondiah's followers are quitting him apace, as they do not think the amusement very gratifying at the present moment. The war, therefore, is nearly at an end; and another blow, which I am meditating upon him and his Bunjarries, in the Kentoor country, will most probably bring it to a close.

We find no regret for this horrible catastrophe. Not a syllable of common commiseration for a set of poor slaves doing their duty, such as it was, to their chieftain, and fighting for him against what they doubtless considered an invasion of robbers. A fine mess-table flourish on the subject, a *veni-vidi-vici* despatch to his correspondent, may be, in the opinion of "the Honourable House," humanity, and heroism, and sentimentality, and "all that sort of thing," as Mathews says. But Heaven defend us from seeing the time when the feelings and virtues of Englishmen shall have any thing to do with sentimentality!

Why, when Napoleon, who, however, never boasted of his humanity, put twelve hundred Turks to death at Jaffa, all the world were outrageous about it! The whole vocabulary of execration was poured on him pell-mell. All the newspapers were pouring down on the "miscreant murderer, man of massacre, blood-drinker," and so forth. Sir Robert Wilson himself could not sleep in his bed without a *night-mare* of Napoleon eating up mankind! All the sycophants of government strained their virgin fancies to find epithets of abhorrence for the Corsican; and among the rest, Sir John Stoddart, who is now sent to roast in Malta (by anticipation), was so peculiarly prolific in the art of calling names, that he obtained a name for himself, and was entitled, thenceforth, and forever, "*Papirius Cursor*." Yet, what had Nap. done?

The Corsican had to deal with a horde of barbarian Turks, fierce fellows, whom nothing could keep to their word, and who were sure to turn upon him the moment he let them go, and who had already so turned on him. He had *not* to deal with a set of poor shivering devils, whom a rope of straw could bind for life, and who would have asked nothing better than never to hear the sound of a musket for the next thousand years. The Corsican had to deal with a set of desperate cut-throats, whom he had before made prisoners, and who, breaking their promises not to fight against him, fought against him the moment they could get a fresh cartridge.

The Corsican was in the midst of a furious population, hating him and his, like poison, and made implacable by every sense of religious, personal, and national antipathy; Mo-lems, the robbers of the desert. He was not in the midst of a mob of peasants, poor rogues of rice-eaters, accustomed to see his countrymen walk over their necks whenever it so pleased a warlike governor; and taking the visitation as tamely as they would a shower of rain. Let the world judge. We are by no means defending the Corsican. He was a murderer; ferocious, base, and brutal; and he came to the natural end of ferocity, baseness, and brutality. We say no more.

Again—

"Colonel Montessoro has been *very successful* in Bullum; has *BEAT, BURNT, PLUNDERED, and DESTROYED* in *all parts* of the country. But I am still of opinion that *nothing has been done* which can tend effectually to put an end to the rebellion in Bullum; and that the near approach of the rains renders it impossible to do that, which alone, in my opinion, will ever get the better of Kistnapah Naig."

The deuce is in it, if this Colonel Montessoro did not do enough. He *beats, burns, plunders, and destroys*, in *all parts* of the country. Yet, according to the opinion of the great military authority on the occasion, *nothing has been done!* What more, may we take the liberty of asking, was intended to be done? In our limited fancy, we cannot go much beyond "burning, plundering, and destroying, in all parts of the country." This, to be sure, is pronounced being *very successful!* But what is the grand measure behind—unattainable by bloodshed, robbery, and destruction, through a whole country? We must wait for light from some military authority.

Again—

"My troops are in high health and spirits, and their pockets full of money, THE PRODUCE OF PLUNDER. I still think, however, that a store of rice at Hullahill will do us no harm, and if I should not want it, the expense incurred will not *signify*."

"In the province of Bridnore we employed some of the Rajah's cavalry; with the support of our infantry some thieves were caught; SOME OF THEM WERE HANGED, and SOME SEVERELY PUNISHED IN DIFFERENT WAYS: the consequence has been, that lately that country has not been visited by them, and *most probably, a similar operation in Soonda, would have a similar effect.* I STRONGLY ADVISE YOU NOT TO LET THE MAHRATTA BOUNDARY STOP YOU IN THE PURSUIT OF YOUR GAME, when you will once have started it. *Two or three fair hunts, and cutting up about half-a-dozen, will most probably induce the thieves to prefer some other country to Soonda, as the scene of their operations.*"

Such are Indian wars, grand manœuvres, glory, imperishable honours, and the rest, that make the brilliant paragraphs of the Gazette Extraordinary. Now, what are the maxims laid down in this simple extract?

Let our readers judge for themselves. We are not military enough to see their true beauty. But this we must say—that if the time shall come, when Indians publish "Histories of the late Campaign"—"Recollections of the War"—"Memoirs of a late Field-Marshal," &c. &c., we shall probably understand that fine sentimentality which draws such tears down the cheeks of heroes and the "Honourable House!" But we must also say, that we see no possible reason why Napoleon, "Empereur des Français," should not be wept with. Poor Nap! he was an injured man after all.

The news from the continent is peculiarly romantic and animated. The inkeepers must be in raptures; "every vehicle," as our Epsom histories say, "is in full requisition," and kings, and princes, field-marshal and privy council-

lors, are running neck-and-neck upon every highway and byway from one end of Europe to the other. The King of France has at last rested from his labours, and he now takes his natural Bourbon pastime of shooting, confessing, regulating the texture of his hair-shirt, and listening to his chaplain jesuit's assurances of the imperishable attachment of Frenchmen to the son of Henry the Fourth!

But the bustle is still going on with hourly activity among his "cousins" abroad. The Saxon king, who began by attempting to dragoon Protestants into Papists, has felt the benefits of a change in his own person, and has abdicated, and is going or gone somewhere or any where, from the love of his faithful subjects. Our fighting friend, the Duke of Brunswick, who challenged all the kings of the round world, has been pelted out of his opera box, burned out of his palace, hunted out of his country, and has now come, with a coachful of pistols, to honour England by his residence, and show off his heroism.

We shall not be long without tidings of locomotion from that brilliant prince in whose hands are the rights of Portugal, and the keys of its five hundred state prisoners. Ferdinand too will be locomotive in good time, and we should recommend the extension of the railway system, in a direct line between the capital of every court on the continent, and the nearest harbour in the direction of England; for, in England, we shall have them all, until kings are as cheap in our streets as common-councilmen.

Can we be suspected of saying a syllable of this in a love for revolution? Not one syllable. We say it in the most perfect hatred and fear of revolution. But who are the true makers of the mischiefs that are now threatening to go the round of Europe? They are *not* the people. They are *not* the men who must labour for their bread, who know well that labour is the portion of man, and who know, just as well, that the best happiness, virtue, honour, aye, and luxury of life, are to be found in manly industry. But the true revolution makers are the dissolute dependants on courts, the men who do nothing, can do nothing, and are good for nothing; the military coxcombs that throng the foreign courts, the profligate nobles, male and female; the whickered, simpering, slavish race, who spend their ridiculous and wasteful lives between a court-ball, a gaming-house, and the side-scenes of a theatre, with all its abominations. The kings of the continent are about to be told, in language such as they must feel, that they have been placed at the head of nations, *not* for their own luxury, *not* for lives of alternate indolence and tyranny, vulgar ignorance, and gross licentiousness. We disdain to open the private history of any one of those degraded and corrupt courts. But no man can travel without hearing and seeing circumstances in foreign life, of the highest rank, that can only make him wonder at their being suffered by any people. The whole condition of the continent would justify the most thorough change. There is no liberty on the continent, except we are to call by that name the present democratic wildness of France. There is not a government under which the

subject can feel himself safe in doing any one public act, except by the sufferance or neglect of the government. There is not a people which is not ground to the dust with the expenses of the court, the enormity of the exactions of the great monastic institutions, and the Popish hierarchy, and, above all, by the maintenance of immense standing armies, totally beyond the necessities or the means of the people, and only objects of mutual jealousy to all the powers; but they supply commissions for the young nobles, commands for the creatures of the court, and amuse the military fondness of the monarch for exhibiting in his own person the successive uniforms of his hulans, yagers, grenadiers, and dragoons. Is it possible that such a system should last? We shall see the taste for abdication turned into an epidemic long.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE HOUR OF THOUGHT.

BY DELTA.

The orb of day is sinking,
The star of eve is winking,
The silent dews
Their balm diffuse,
The summer flowers are drinking;
The valley shades grow drearer,
The atmosphere grows clearer,
Around all swim,
Perplex'd and dim,
Yet the distant hills seem nearer,—
O'er their tops the eye may mark
The very leaves distant and dark.
Now eastern skies are lightening,
Wood, mead, and mount are brightening,
Sink in the blaze
The stellar rays,
The clouds of heaven are whitening;
Now the curfew-bell is ringing,
Now the birds forsake their singing,
The beetle fly
Hums dully by,
And the bat his flight is winging;
While the glowing, glorious moon,
Gives to night the smile of noon.
Oh! then in churchyards hoary,
With many a mournful story,
'Tis sweet to stray,
Mid tombstones gray,
And muse on earthly glory!
Thoughts—deeds—and days departed,
Up from the past are started,
Time's noon and night,
Its bloom and blight,
Hopes crown'd with bliss, or thwarted;
Halcyon peace or demon strife,
Sweetening or disturbing life.
Then wake the dreams of childhood,
Its turbulent or mild mood—
The gather'd shells,
The fox-glove bells,
The bird-nest in the wild wood;

The corn fields greenly springing;
The twilight blackbird singing
Sweetly, unseen,
From chestnut green,
Till all the air is ringing;
Restless swallows twittering by,
And the gorgeous sunset sky.
Then while the moon is glancing,
Through murmuring foliage dancing,
Wild fancy strays
Amid the maze
Of olden times entrancing;—
She scans each strange tradition
Of dim-eyed Superstition,—
The monk in hood
With book and rood,
And Nun in cell'd contrition;
Horsemen winding through the dale,
Morions dark, and shining mail.

Ah! where are they that knew us,
That then spake kindly to us?
Why thus should they
In evil day
So frigidly eschew us?
We call them—they appear not;
They listen not, they hear not;
Their course is run;
Their day is done;
They hope not, and they fear not:
Past for them are heat and cold.
Death hath penn'd them in his fold!

Above their bones unknowing,
Wild flowers and weeds are growing,
By moon or sun
Is nothing done
To them a thought bestowing;
In dark repose they wither,
Like weeds blown hither—thither—
Alone, alone,
The Last Trump's tone
Shall call them up together.
Thou shalt hear it, Silence drear!
Grave oblivious, thou shalt hear!

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE NAMELESS FOUNTAIN.

It was a burning day in June,
And I was warm and weary;
When on my ear a trickling tune
Came, small-voiced as a fairy.
I paused to hear that gentle sound,
So cool and softly flowing;
For, parched and withered all around,
The very grass seemed glowing.
And then I spied a little nook,
Buried in weeds and brambles;
Thro' whose green leaves a silvery brook
Like modest merit rambles.
And sung its sweet and low-toned song,
Nor made pretence, nor riot;
But, stealing in the shade along,
Hummed to itself in quiet.

And with it came the happy moan
Of wild bee almost stifled;
In bell or blossom newly blown,
Which none before had rifled.

While here and there, as bridal veil,
The gossamer would cover;
A blushing flower—now pink, now pale—
From glances of her lover.

Some years have passed, sixteen or more—
But where's the use of counting?
Still freshly lives in memory's store
The music of that Fountain. T. C. C.

From the Westminster Review.

REVOLUTION OF 1830.*

THERE is a prodigious difference between the day before a great victory, and the day after. And manifold are the occupations, the interests, the engagements, which start into existence in the first moments of the felicitous decision. Some collect the facts, some crown the victors, some honour the lost, some assist the disabled; or more strictly they do all and each of these at once, to the greatest extent which the nature of things admit. Among all these employments, there is one more, which is not incompatible with any of the rest; and that is, to endeavour to extend the influence of the results,—an occupation peculiarly acceptable to those, who though removed from any direct operation on the scene of action, have laboured for months and years, in the department that was open to them, to clear some roads for possible advances, to provide some checks for possible efforts of the adversary, and in their remote sphere to organize or to forward some branch and portion of the general aim. All men cannot be every where; if somebody is to be nearest, somebody must be further off; but it is a pleasant thing to have ridden private gentlemen on the right and the victorious side, though the service went no further than cheering on certain individuals to throw their caps up for the good old cause, or helping to have a wounded drum-boy laid snugly in a captain's quarter.

It is done. The Stuarts are beaten over again. Our forefathers are in the right in August; though they were in the wrong in June. The rubbish that we like fools and milkops had allowed to be heaped upon their graves, has all been shovelled away by the *sapeurs* of the National Guard of Paris. It will be long before we are told again in the House of Commons, that it would be absurd for Englishmen to think of resisting tyranny, "in the existing state of the continent." The horn-blowers of arbitrary power in England, have bethought themselves of asking what the French people have got by their revolution. This is what we have got by it; and the French people are probably as well acquainted with their own side of the account.

* *Considérations Politiques sur le temps présent. Paris, 1830.*

And what have the French people got; and what is each individual's share? Ask what each Englishman would have got, if the sovereign and form of government supported by the British people had been removed by foreign arms, and supplanted by a race whom every village in England had sacrificed twenty of its children to keep out: and if this worst of sufferings and deepest of misfortunes, had by one heroic effort of the metropolis been cast off, and the intrusive usurpers sent to eat their discreditable bread in foreign lands. Inquire accurately, what portion of satisfaction would have been the particular reversion of each individual Englishman, if, in about the time that a birthday ox takes in roasting, his country had risen from being an object of commiseration to the benevolent and of scorn to the haughty, to set itself at the head of all previously existing combinations of human kind, and stand forth a lode-star and a guide, with brightness that history cannot parallel nor imagination surpass. Fancy a man yesterday nothing, to-day everything. Calculate the difference between bearing about an iron in the soul, and walking in the consciousness of being pursued and pressed upon by the gratitude of human kind. Exhaust all images of such as have lain down in sorrow and risen in joy; and then tell the English absolutist, what each individual Frenchman has gained by his Revolution. *La belle France!* whose men were so gallant, and whose women were so beautiful; and that had suffered so much in the cause of all mankind! If there be gratitude to heaven for raising up some people to be a light and a guide to Europe, there shall be yet a subsidiary thanksgiving, that this people should have been hers.

But this is diverging; but who can help it? The proposal was, to forward the results. And what are the results? In England, these. That fifty years of the labour of bad governors to bury and depress the principles of our own Revolution, have been swept away at a blow; and we, the friends of that Revolution, and of all revolutions that the defence of civil liberty makes necessary, are uppermost. Heaven forbid an atom of the honour should be taken from those to whom honour is due. As far as Englishmen were concerned (saving always the exertions of some half score of our countrymen who fought at Paris) it was pretty nearly an act of God. But here we are. The men who have overwhelmed us with debt to pay for helping despotism in all corners of the earth,—who charged us with the American and French wars, and then told us to look at the continent, and see what chance there was of resisting tyranny at home,—the men who made peace only to give us the Corn Laws and the Six Acts, and bestowed on us the last twigs of that birch within twenty-four hours of the deliverance of Paris,—the men who made the Manchester massacres (*military light* has been thrown upon Manchester massacres since then; there will be no more);—all these are just now rolling in the gulf, like their prototypes of poetry. They are in the condition of the wolf that is taken in a pitfall; who, say the naturalists, is so alarmed, that he may be gone in upon and muzzled, without offering

to resist. They know their strength; and we know ours. Nine-tenths of the British people are at this moment united in one strong bond of attachment and zeal for the recovered principles of their forefathers, and anxious to prove that they are not unworthy to weave a portion of the same web. They have only to show themselves and to come forward, in all those constitutional ways with which they happily are provided; and their adversaries will surely take advice—will act like sensible men, and lie down quietly when they are down,—and save a great mass of trouble to themselves and every body. Let them bethink themselves of their own argument,—a Daniel come to judgment!—If the people of England had no physical chance for resistance *then*, what ultimate chance would there be for the refusal of its just claims *now*? But they will be wiser; they will know better than to run needlessly into harm's way. There will always, under the very best state of things, be a modicum of scraps and cheese-parings for Tory man to live by; and they will be contented with what heaven sends them, without attempting to increase it by paying the double of its worth.

This then is the first result to England;—that her people, like the French, have risen in a week, from the state of conquest in which they were placed by the unfortunate successes of the Tory arms. They are no longer the *sub jacti*, the thralls of the sword and of the bow, of the Holy Alliance, nor of the English branch of it. They have walked forth, by the blessing of Providence and many strange combined interferences, into a state of light and liberty, to which there is nothing comparable in their history, except the change produced by the accession of the other William. What our forefathers were then, we are now. There is no use in being diffuse, in carrying on the parallel.

In this new state of things, the manifest duty and interest of the British people, is to begin, support, and promote every measure, at home and abroad, by which the stamp of final ill success and defeat may most effectually and prominently be put upon the measures of their enemies. It is to do every thing, which may help to undo what the others did. To think of staying their hand, because the things to be undone were the deeds of *British* misgovernors and *British* bad ministers, would be as absurd as to have carried on the war with Holland after the disappearance of James the 2nd. It is true that the war had been carried on with English treasure and with English blood; but it is precisely because it had been so carried on and in the teeth of the interests of the English people, that war, if there is to be war, must be on the other side when things have changed. The Jacobites, no doubt, looked back with poignant regret to the times when Englishmen cut the throats of Dutch republicans, and Dutch republicans cut theirs, for the special end and purpose of maintaining a Holy Alliance pressure upon the liberties of both;—but it would have been a most strange result, if Englishmen, after their liberation from the Holy Alliance influence, had allowed themselves to be misled by appeals

to the glories of Dutch wars, and the successes of Holy Alliance battles. If Englishmen loved military glory, there might be glory on the right side, as well as on the wrong; and it was not long before they had a Marlborough, whose glories were as good as any that had preceded. It would have been a most vain and bootless process, that should have tried to stay the progress of events, by getting up dinners to anti-Dutch commanders; and those commanders themselves, would have been weaker men than they were ever taken for, if they had not the genius to put themselves at the head of the new movement, instead of harping upon the old. Russell in the Downs, was as mute as Wellington at Manchester; and where there was no use in grumbling, those were wisest who said least. We are all content, from the throne downwards; with exceptions in about the same proportion, as the white blackbirds and prodigious gooseberries in a country newspaper. The whole game is on our side of the board, king, queen, and all; if the others can produce a bishop or a knight, it is as much as they can show. Every body is in a great good humour with every body; there shall nobody be hurt, only the cause of the people must go forward. If the king wants a yacht, or Her Majesty's Grace would like a few acres of real lace,—a contented people is as well able to pay for them, as a sulky and discontented one. But we must have no Stuarts, here or any where. Not a sixpence nor a fathom of rope, to help to declare our own king a usurper, or to set up a pretender any where in opposition to the people's choice. Our own king, for these hundred and forty years, has been legitimate by virtue of his illegitimacy; and three hundred thousand bayonets could be brought, if need were, to prove this to be good law. If any body is disposed to protest against the inference, will they have the kindness to state with clearness, why a nation with the force in its own hands should not be competent to put down a tyrant, as well as to put down a thief? But, says the tyrant, *I am put down by an appeal to force*. And so is the thief; the community would be in a sad estate, if it might not resort to force, till the thief could be persuaded to sign the warrant. But, again, *I make the law*. Who told you so? You may make it the day before you are beaten, but certainly not the day after. Finally then, *I ought to make the law*. But Quere, why? You *think* you ought; but what if other people think differently. You may have got the true truth; but what if fifty others have got their true truths also, and that a different one. Is there any thing that you can do in such a case, but wait till the others are converted? And here the case must rest. Is there any body that does not see, that the thing called *legitimacy* is a paltry argument in a circle,—fit only for the fool, who tried to climb into the buttery on his own back?—We are *legitimate*, because we *make the law*; and why are you to *make the law*? because we are *legitimate*.

There would indeed be another way of putting the argument for legitimacy, which at first sight might seem to contain more of reason; but then its friends will not put the ques-

tion so, because they know how much the result would finally be against them. And that way would be, to state that such great and undeniable uses have been found in an absolutely unchangeable order of succession, as to swallow up all other reasons, and bind all living creatures to the support of the unvarying rule. But here the misfortune is, that facts and history are against them. No man is disposed to deny, that in countries where there is an absence of the organization for transferring the highest executive power after certain limited periods (which is what makes a principal feature in the form of government known by the title of republican), there is great and decided use in a fixed rule;—that is, in a rule so far fixed, as to be undeniably sufficient for regulating the succession under the ordinary circumstances of a number of individuals who would be all equally happy to take it if they could. But the fact established by history is, that whenever the conduct of this highest executive is so bad, as to force the community to encounter all the suffering attendant on a forced ejection, it is right that the ejection should take place, and that it should extend beyond the actual holder, to all whose claim is but a prolongation of his own. If the holder is barred of succession by the act of the community, all who claim succession through him are barred also; if any body thinks the contrary, let him try the effect of barring the operation of a common fine, by claiming for the heir at law. The heir is heir to his father's property, if he keeps it; but not if the community has taken it away for punishment. A rule which should say that the succession might be barred for crime, but that it could only be to turn it over to the heir,—would be nugatory and fit for idiots; no people have ever been so contracted in their cranial developments, as to think of submitting to it. The English notoriously set their mark upon the folly of it; and the French have not been behind to follow their example. It may not have been entered in a particular book, or engrossed in a certain hand on the skins of a particular kind of beasts;—but it has been written down good national law, in characters more legible than ink and more durable than parchment, for at least these hundred and forty years, to go back no further,—that a sovereign who is weak enough and wicked enough to oblige a people to take the trouble of ejecting him by force, has broken the line of succession for himself and all that claim to hold of him. The necessity of the ejecting power, is simple matter of history. Thirty millions in France are at this moment holding up their hands and declaring to its truth; and though an ultra-royalist may abnegate their right to have any thing to say upon the matter, he cannot abnegate the historical fact that they hold up their hands and say so. That it is politic that the succession should be preserved in all but the extreme case,—will never prove that it must be preserved in the extreme case too. It is very meet and right, that a man should walk the streets without being knocked down; but he must be knocked down, if he proceeds to cut his neighbours throats. The argument is not transferrable from the general rule to the exception; and for this

plain cause, that the reason which makes the rule, makes the exception too. Men in general must walk the streets in quietness, because it is necessary for the public good it should be so; but a man who tries to cut his neighbours throats, must be brought to the ground like a mad dog, for the self-same reason, that it is necessary for the public good it should be so. And it makes very little difference whether a man proceeds to cut his neighbours throats *simpliciter*, or whether he says to them, "You must bottle up your words, your thoughts; you must think as I think, and do as I do; or else here is a line of well-fed able-bodied gentlemen, who shall cut your throats for you in the newest method practised in the army." There will be a difference in the mode of acting in the two cases; a mad dog may be brought to the ground with a butcher's cleaver, or any other of the weapons of suburban war, and the other requires barricades and a more tedious process; but the principle is the same. It is the simple right of self-defence, which men will neither be fooled out of nor frightened out of, that acts in the two cases alike. If it should be said that men have a mania, a *pruritus*, for ejecting sovereigns,—it might be asserted with as much show of truth, that they have a mania for having a leg cut off in St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The process of ejection, in one case as in the other, is a troublesome process, an awful process, which men never undertake nor dream of undertaking, but under the heavy pressure of keen necessity. The fallacy that says the contrary, is one that only shows itself in company, for want of looking for the cloven foot.

The English people are on the side of the French Revolution, because they have the legitimacy of their own sovereign to defend, and because they have no intention of seeing any body remove the sentries from the Horse Guards, and send for the king of Sardinia. Those who are of this opinion say Aye; those who are of the contrary opinion say No, and let us see how many they are. If an attempt should be made to decry the analogy between the Revolutions, it will only end in showing that the French was the better of the two. There was the very awkward circumstance about the English one, that it was undeniably brought about in part, by the help of certain regiments of Dutch Guards. If the French people had called in the Swiss instead of the king, their revolution would have been where ours was; and the Swiss regiments added to the Dutch, give the difference by which the French revolution was better than the English.

It appears to be decided that there is to be no direct attempt on the part of the arbitrary sovereigns, to put down the contagion of English principles; for English they may be called, by right of seniority, though there is no denying that their resuscitation in France has been attended with a splendour vastly surpassing any thing that took place in England. The English revolution was, as somebody has rightly observed, useful, but not glorious. It was a tame affair, as far as related to external effect; but it had one great good quality, it was permanent. It may perhaps be at some

time gone beyond, and so may a mile-stone; but like a mile-stone, it will not retrograde, but remain a mark by which future generations will calculate their progress.

The further directions in which every person must feel anxious to attempt some calculation of the results, are in its effects on France, and on the rest of the continent of Europe. Is the revolution ended in France? Clearly not. It is where a man is, when he gets up in the morning and has his day's work before him. But there is a right way of doing this day's work, and a wrong; and it is a great blessing to be in the way of starting fair for a beginning. France has thrown off the foreign conquest; for herself and England too. Men on the two sides of the Channel stand up free; and the Cossack spear can no longer be held out in *terrorem*, at Manchester, or at Paris. But Frenchmen have got one more great advantage; they have the arms in their own hands, and the world may rest persuaded, that they will not be induced to give them up. They will not be led away by the English journalists who prove, that the only way to be safe, is to subscribe for gunpowder for blowing out our own brains, with *item* for the keep of a man to light the same. They have got the power, and they will keep it; there is no doubt therefore that in the end, they will have every thing their own way. The only question is, whether they will go quietly about the operation, or not quietly. And here it by no means follows, that because men have arms in their hands, they must attempt to perform every thing by force of arms. Englishmen have weapons of no mean power, attached by nature to their brachial extremities; and yet they forego the temptation of legislating through the medium of pugilistic combats, because they know there are other ways equally effectual, and which save a large amount of bloody noses in the process. What holds good of these weapons, would hold of more dangerous ones; in fact the premium would only be the greater, on paying deferential awe to the inventions of voting and election. There is therefore no inherent reason, why a nation with arms in its hands, should not agree to settle its affairs by the innoxious processes of ballot and petition; the contrary assertion is only the old Tory jingle, about "an armed nation being governed like an army." What is to be desired, at least on this side the water, is, that if the French community is not content, petitions may be seen pouring into the seat of government, of which one end shall be within the barriers, and the other at Lyons or Bordeaux. If these produce no effect, it might be time to think of further operations; but *till* then, the subject seems to be premature. It is very well known that an English ministry cannot stand against shot of this kind; and it is hard to conceive, that in the existing state of things, a French one should have any armour that can turn it. No ministers are good for any thing, intrinsically; there never was a good one, nor ever will be. They all do precisely what they cannot help; and provided there is but the impulsive force to drive, one is very little better than another. It would be sad waste of time, if the French people were

to wait till they got a good ministry. These are among the things—and there are some—which are better understood in England. Nobody here waits for a good ministry; the worst will do our business, *if we can only make it*. The French people will be to blame if they burn as much gunpowder as would scare a rookery, in the course of obtaining every thing which they can agree among themselves to wish for. There is no doubt that the process must go a long way. Other nations, and Englishmen in particular, look to them for a practical declaration, that all the acts of a government established by foreign force are *non æreus* and of no avail, except so far as the legitimate government shall see a fitness in confirming the existing state of things. There must not be a man of the ancient army, who does not find himself, to the extent of what human talent can devise, in the self-same rank and place that he would have occupied at this day, if he had never been ousted by the appointees of the foreigner. There must be nobody led to battle by men who carry the colours of the enemy in their pockets, and wait only for an opportunity of sacrificing their followers. There must be a huge extension of the right of suffrage, and a withdrawing of all pretended apprehensions that the represented shall choose a man too young or too old to guard their interests. All priests who will not sing the *salvem fac* to any substantive the community may choose to add to it, must be sent to teach French at English boarding-schools. That all these things and many more must be done in the end, no man will be found to doubt; but there is no occasion to mar the whole by hurry. The *recognitions* are at this moment hardly clear of the shell; and there is scarcely any of the changes that are to be, that would not have served the enemies of France and England for a splendid plea to hang a refusal of recognition on, if it had come a week too soon. It is clear enough, that the intense feelings of a nation cannot be hushed into repose before the cold demonstrations of policy; but still, when it is proved that great advantage has arisen already from a particular course, there must be somewhere a class of minds, on whom the argument will not be urged without effect.

But though there may be reasons to check impatience, it does not follow that men are to put up patiently with the final loss of what they ought to have. A people who have just thrown off the effects of foreign conquest by force of arms, are neither to be deceived nor trifled with. There are many facts, or more properly *non-facts*, for which it is exceedingly difficult to assign any just cause. For example, when it is notorious that an extensive portion of the French electors were deprived of their suffrages within a few years by the act of the foreign government—what living man can give a just reason for eight or nine weeks having past, and nothing done towards undoing this youngest born of foreign domination? Or when the same agents of the foreigner on their first arrival promised to remove certain taxes peculiarly odious to the community, and of course never did it,—that nothing effectual should have been performed

towards meeting the complaints of the community on this point? Or more ominous still, that nothing should have been done to satisfy the just anxiety of the public, to know how long it is to be before a chamber elected under the guns of the foreign despots, is to be replaced by a national one. Inferences from one country to another may be liable to mistake; but it is inconceivable to Englishmen, that if they were in the act of a recovery like that of France, a chamber of such a kind could last one week, after the cessation of the palpable necessity for using it for an instrument of temporary regulation. They are utterly at a loss how it can be, that either such a chamber, if it has no popular members within its walls, should not be dissolved by the loud and unanimous display of public opinion; or that its popular members, if there are any, should not establish for themselves a right to the renewed support of their constituents, by raising an irresistible voice themselves. Something must be done on these points within a few weeks; or we shall have more arrivals at our *ménagerie* in England. The French ministers would appear to be a sort of whigs; which means men whose object is to do the most they can for themselves, through the medium of doing the least they can for the community. Nevertheless when a community has got so much real power as the French, it is the fault of the community if every thing is not done which it desires. Under the pressure of such a force, the ministry must either bend or break. A ministry which has not yet thought of taking off the latest shackles laid on by the lieutenants of the foreign powers, can be no object of commiseration, whatever may befall it.

The effects of the young Revolution on the rest of the world, are easy enough to calculate in the gross; though it would be labour thrown away to attempt to follow them in detail. As in the Roman epigram,

Dum radis, altera barba subit.

It is the *débâcle* come at last. It is the breaking up of the great frost. There may be a few weeks difference between its operation in one place and in another; but it will reach all in the end. The people every where know that their cause is won; that their enemies are defeated, disgraced, and made ridiculous; and that they have only to sit still like passengers after a storm, and wait till a convenient plank is put out for them to land in the haven where they would be. Spain and Portugal are militarily cut off; every day's delay in those quarters, is only so much more security for things being done effectually and well. Belgium is a sore point; but it will all be well a twelve-month hence. If the population of Belgium should be obliged to succumb to the present, any attempt of the victors to go beyond the moderation of the victorious party in Paris, would be the signal for free Europe to present itself within the Belgian frontiers. The Dutchmen will not be too officious. They have money-bags that will be bail for their not doing any thing it would be unpleasant to remember, if there should be a good skating-season in the winter that approaches.

If they hurt a single Belgian, he shall be charged in the bill when the time comes. The world is looking out for somebody to read a moral lesson on; and the unfortunate Dutchmen will be ground to powder, if they put themselves in the way of the great machine. If they trust to English agents,—was there ever any body that trusted to English agents, and was not deceived? The English minister is on the point of being driven to take refuge in the popular ranks if he means to preserve his ministerial existence; and he will not ask the English people to go to war, for the sake of keeping his aides-de-camp on thrones. Any apprehension of interference from the English Tories, is irrational. They have no way of interfering, but by despatching a force; and they will take advice before they determine upon that. It would perhaps be in the end one of the happiest events, that they should try; for the soldiery would return with their heads full of Belgian girls and Belgian principles, and the last state of those Tories would be worse than the first. There are reports of the appearance of mental reservation in the recognitions from some of the continental powers. If so, the apparition of a *corps d'armée* under the tri-coloured flag towards the Rhine, and another towards Italy, with the addition of such Spanish and Portuguese battalions as in a few weeks may be conveniently forthcoming, would be very likely to act as what Dr. Kitchener was wont to entitle a *persuader*. If Russia makes difficulties, she will be answered in one word, "Poland." Her northern and southern provinces are ripe for a division, the spirit of change is in her armies and among her people, and there is scarcely a family of eminence that has not some relative in exile for opposition to the existing form of government. Under such circumstances, it needs no gift of prophecy to know, how little able Russia would be to oppose the contingents of civilized Europe, marching upon Poland with a demand that Russia should give up every thing she has taken by force or fraud for the last half century. To such a consummation, if rendered necessary, the people of England would contribute with ardour and delight; for though they are far from being pre-eminent for insight into causes and effects, they are quite able to understand, how Russia in past times has been the hammer their own oppressors brought in for the purpose of rivetting their chains. Russia, then, is on her good behaviour. It appears to be determined that no original movement shall be made against her. But if she chooses to be chivalrous, the shoes are fitted and made, that will carry the representatives of Western Europe to a congress of human kind at Warsaw. And why not? When Russia sent to the Spaniards to say they should not have a constitution, was there any bargain that Europe should not assist the Spaniards to send to Russia, to say she shall not have Poland?

Two things may be understood as having mainly contributed to the submission with which the despotisms of Europe have received the new revolution in France. One is, the consciousness that their own people and armies are on the side of the French. And the other is, the recollection of the military system

bequeathed to Europe by Napoleon. If the Western states of Europe are united and in earnest, and if they have only to cope with the regular armies of the great despotic powers while the people subject to those powers are either neutral or in concealed hostility to their masters,—it is established both by theory and experiment, that the civilized races have the good military position against their adversaries, and have little to do but choose, in whose capital they will first request an arrangement of disputes. These two causes in conjunction, are sufficient to account for almost any degree of inoperativeness on the part of the despotic governments. They see clearly that their power is departed from them, and given to the people, whom they trampled on. There is a new Holy Alliance, in which they are the wolves; but the wolves, this time, who are to be muzzled and controlled.

A reasonable object of curiosity, at least in Great Britain, is to know what precise degree of connexion existed between the *ci-devants* of France, and the British cabinet as it stood at the period immediately preceding the change. The subject would have better suited a preceding Article; and ought, but for a misapprehension, to have appeared under the same authority with other facts connected with the events of Paris.

The British ministry was not a party to the Ordonnances in France; saving only the possibility of a personal understanding between individuals, which as being impossible to prove or disprove, ought not to be admitted on presumption. The connexion was on another point;—Greece. The British ministry received the nomination of Polignac with delight; because on this subject it found him an ally. The cause of Greece was hateful to the Tory aristocracy; and the cause of Turkey proportionably dear. The previous French ministry had on this point been in the highest degree intractable. It had urged the importance of making Greece, not Turkey, the barrier against Russia; and it was not till the accession of the Polignac ministry, that the communications between the two cabinets went on with ordinary smoothness. But neither was Polignac the author of the celebrated Ordonnances; they originated with the individual now de-throned, under the guidance of the spiritual power. A debauchee in early life, he had the usual anxiety of ancient debauchees, to enter heaven under the lappets of the church; and the church displayed its usual anxiety, to make its earthly market by an ancient debauchee. The light thrown on the character of George the Fourth by the memoirs preserved of him in France, is by no means favourable. In his latter days, he was an admirer of despots and of despotism. His mind had become right legitimate; the freedom of the press was gall and wormwood to him; and the sentiments which he expressed on foreign questions, would have been less misplaced in the mouth of a continental *routelet*, than of the splendid representative of the sovereignty of the British people as expressed in the establishment and maintenance of the Brunswick line. On the whole there have probably been few events in the personal history of kings, which have produced

a more marked effect on human happiness, than the accession of the existing sovereign to the British throne.

One word to the abettors of arbitrary power in England. Let them keep a clean tongue on the subject of republicanism. To hear them, it might be supposed that republicanism was some strange vice; instead of being, like heaven, a state to which no objection can be found except the fear that we are not good enough for it ourselves. There is no policy in keeping up this contest, in a balanced government like ours. If one side will hold its peace, the other might.

From the Monthly Magazine.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

MR. WILLIAM HAZLITT, from whose vigorous but eccentric pen the reader will find two papers in the present number of the Monthly Magazine, and who has, since their reception, paid the great debt of nature, was the son of a dissenting minister. He was originally intended for a painter, and through life he seems to have entertained an intense love for the fine arts.

From some cause with which we are unacquainted, Mr. Hazlitt was induced to relinquish the pencil for the pen: instead of painting pictures, it became his delight to criticise them; and it must be allowed that in his critical strictures, when his strong and violent prejudices stood not in the way of justice, he was one of the most judicious, able, and powerful writers of his time. "His early education," as a contemporary has observed, "qualified him to judge with technical understanding, and his fine sense of the grand and of the beautiful, enabled him duly to appreciate the merits and deficiencies of works of art, and to regulate the enthusiasm with which he contemplated their beauties."

Mr. Hazlitt's first acknowledged literary production was "An Essay on the Principles of Human Action," in which much metaphysical acuteness is said to have been displayed. His "Characters of Shakspeare's Plays," though inferior in depth of observation and soundness of criticism, to the strictures of Schlegel on the productions of our great bard, attracted much notice, and obtained much credit for the writer. Mr. Hazlitt delivered, at the Surrey Institution, a Course of Lectures, (afterwards published,) on the English Poets. For a time, he was the theatrical critic of the Morning Chronicle, and in that paper, when Kean first came before a metropolitan audience, he was one of his most strenuous and cordial supporters. During a long period, he wrote political and critical articles in the Examiner; and he has been an extensive contributor, at times, to our own Magazine, and other periodicals. Amongst the most popular of his writings are several volumes collected from periodical works, under the titles of "Table Talk," "The Spirit of the Age," and "The Plain Speaker." His "Round Table," a series of Essays which he wrote in conjunc-

tion with Leigh Hunt, for the Examiner, was regarded as a failure.

Mr. Hazlitt's largest and most elaborate performance is "The Life of Napoleon," which is in four volumes. In this, though tinged with party feeling, the writer displays much deep philosophical remark. Mr. H. was one of the writers in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica; he has also published "Political Essays and Sketches of Public Characters," a "View of the British Stage," an account of "British Galleries of Art," "A Letter to William Gifford, Esq.," "Lectures on the English Comic Writers, delivered at the Surrey Institution," "The Literature of the Elizabethan Age," and "The Modern Pygmalion." As far as we can charge our memory with a recollection of this production, it formed the history of one of the author's amours—a most extraordinary one,—with his own veritable love-letters, and other documents equally delectable and *recherché*.

Mr. Hazlitt recently published a volume of "Notes on a Journey through France and Italy." At the very moment, as it were, of his death, his last labour issued from the press in an exceedingly pleasant and amusing volume, entitled "Conversations of James Northcote, Esq., R.A., by William Hazlitt." For the matter of the volume, however, as may be inferred from its title, Mr. Northcote seems to be chiefly answerable. Many, if not all of the "Conversations," had previously appeared, as detached papers, in periodical publications of the day.

Notwithstanding his inaccuracies of style, and his love of paradox, Hazlitt was a man of genius. In politics he was rather a radical than a whig; he opposed, with all the bitterness of sarcasm, the existing state of things; his animosities were unqualified—his hatred was rancorous.

Mr. Hazlitt had, we believe, been twice married. He died in Frith-street, Soho, on the 15th of September. His death was occasioned by organic disease of the stomach, of many years standing. He retained the entire possession of his faculties to the latest moment of his life; and, almost free from bodily pain, he died with perfect calmness of mind. His funeral, at St. Anne's, Soho, on the 25th, was strictly private. The report that he died in a state of destitution is happily incorrect. He had, within two or three months, received considerable sums from a great publishing house, for his "Conversations of James Northcote," and other works; and also various other sums, of consequence in the aggregate, for his writings in periodical works. For the future support of his son, the only person dependent on him, it is too probable that he had been unable to make any provision.

From the Westminster Review.

HYDROPHOBIA.*

How does it happen, that in these enlightened days, when the mists are dispelled which

* Remarks on the Disease called Hydrophobia, Prophylactic and Curative. 12mo. 4s.

clouded the vision of our forefathers, and men have begun to look at, and to examine things for themselves, that there is still one subject which retains all its tremendous power over every class of society—women and children, heroes and statesmen, the most illiterate and the most learned, all are filled with terror when the name is introduced of that most terrific of diseases, hydrophobia. Upon it hangs universal panic; and it seems as if contagion were to be feared even from an examination into the real nature of so formidable an enemy.

But let us meet the terrific spectre, and see if a little common sense can be brought to bear upon a huge mass of folly and superstition; a few remarks will suffice, at all events, to make this universal bugbear somewhat less appalling: should they be successful in removing the prejudices which have hitherto attached to it, not only will it be divested of half its horror, but men will wonder how they should so long have shut their eyes, reverentially listening to, and believing all the stories of their venerable grandmothers.

It may appear not a little presumptuous, at once to declare our conviction, that the disease called hydrophobia in the dog has nothing to do with the disease of the same name in the human species; in other words, that the madness of the *biter* has no effect on the madness of the *bitten*, and that a man who has been bitten by a dog in perfect health, is just as likely to have all the symptoms of hydrophobia as if he had been bitten by a mad one. And these are the reasons.

The saliva of the rabid animal has been always supposed to possess the virulent property which occasions hydrophobia. As one proof that it has this poisonous quality, it is remarked, that a bite inflicted on the naked flesh is more often followed by disease than when any part of the clothing has intervened, *because* the saliva is then absorbed, and does not pass into the wound. The simple fact being that the bite will be less severe, because of the additional resistance of the clothing.

The effects of all poisons with which we are acquainted are certain and determinate: it never happens that a known poison can be received into the animal system with impunity; the time is also specific at which its operation begins and ends. But assuming that the saliva of the mad dog is poisonous, the real truth is, that it has no effect at all on by far the greater number of those who have been subjected to its influence; and even on those who have been supposed to have been affected by it, the time at which the symptoms appear, is altogether undetermined. We speak now of its effects on the human species; for what is called hydrophobia in them, is attended with many symptoms very different from those which accompany the disease of the same name in quadrupeds.

Is it to be imagined that a poison injected into a wound will retain peaceable possession there for months, and even years, and then suddenly disturb the whole system? The interval between the bite, and the supposed effects, has been sometimes so long, that, literally speaking, it may be said to be not the same individual who pays the penalty for the bite:

for the animal frame has, in the course of so many years, undergone a complete change: every atom of the former self has been decomposed, and the poisonous matter supposed to have been left in the wound at the time of the bite, must also have disappeared.

It is no answer to this observation, to affirm that other diseases are given to the human subject by the introduction of virous matter; the small-pox, for instance, by inoculation, which also remains locally dormant for some time, and then affects the whole system. The certainty of the symptoms, and the time when they will appear, in the one case, and the capricious uncertainty, as it regards the *when* and the *where*, in the other, are circumstances which show most decidedly, that the two cases are not governed by the same laws. If the saliva had the invariable effects that the viruluous matter has, there would be no more mystery in the one case than in the other.

In what infection consists, and what is the first effect which constitutes the reception of disease, are curious and puzzling inquiries. Some organic change must take place at the moment disease is communicated, or what is meant by *taking infection*? The symptoms of the disorder do not appear till after a certain number of days; but the disease must be received somewhere in the system at a stated time before it shows itself.

Hydrophobia in man is of rare occurrence. During the last thirty years only six or eight cases have been known at Bartholomew's hospital; and among twenty persons, who at one time were bitten, only one had the disease; so that the exceptions from the effects of this supposed virulent poison, here seem to form the rule, whilst the observance of the usual laws of cause and effect, if the received theory of hydrophobia be a true one, are very rare; not more frequent than one in twenty!

It is said, that there are ten animals besides the human species that are susceptible of this disease. They are the dog, wolf, fox, and cat; the horse, ass, mule, cow, sheep, and pig. The first four only, as it is pretended, have the power of communicating it.

The mysterious and capricious agency with which, among the human species, hydrophobia has hitherto appeared to select its victims, has been one fearful adjunct in the catalogue of its horrors. It has set at defiance all the laws by which we reason, either from experience or analogy. By some unknown spell it has seemed to seize upon its unhappy choice, and to have exerted its baleful influence peculiarly over the powers of his mind. But on a short examination, the solution of the enigma presented itself. As far as we know, it has never occurred to any one to suppose, that the cause of this direful malady originates in the *nature and shape of the wound*, and not from any *virulent matter injected into it*.

A wound made with a pointed instrument, a nail for instance, in the hand or foot, has not unfrequently been followed by tetanus; and the same consequences have succeeded a wound where the nerve has been injured, without being divided.

It deserves particular notice, that the only four animals that are said to have the power

of communicating this malady have teeth of a similar form. They would make a deeply-punctured wound; which is precisely the kind of wound which more often than any other is the herald of tetanus.

Though the symptoms of hydrophobia have hitherto been considered somewhat to differ from tetanus, they agree in their principal characteristics; in being spasmodic, in peculiarly affecting the muscles of the throat, and, in short, in producing the same great excitement in the whole nervous system. A more attentive examination of the subject will perhaps show, that the symptoms of each disease are more exactly similar than has hitherto been imagined; and that they have been modified only by the peculiar constitution of the patient. All that is meant here to be asserted is, that there is nothing in the symptoms of the one disease which has not, in its general character, been found in the symptoms of the other. Immense quantities of opium can be borne by those labouring under either disease without the usual effects. Excision is said to be the only remedy in both diseases; and in each it is equally powerless after the nervous excitement has once commenced.

The horrible custom is said not to be yet entirely exploded of smothering the unhappy sufferer between two feather-beds, from the fear that he may communicate the disease by biting those around him. It has sometimes happened, that under the influence of extreme terror, the poor wretch has, in his agony, begged to be prevented from injuring his attendants; but we have never known of any instance where an inclination to bite has been exhibited. Hydrophobia is no more the necessary consequence of a bite than blindness is.

One word on the hydrophobia of animals, and particularly as it appears in the dog; he is more often the subject of the disease, and his domestic habits bring him more under our observation.

There seems to be scarcely the slightest resemblance between any of the symptoms of the hydrophobia of man and those of the brute creation. The dog, under the influence of his disease, generally appears dull and out of spirits, and snaps at any person or thing near him. His aversion to fluids is by no means universal—he has very frequently been known to drink a short time before death; so that the horror of water does not form a characteristic symptom of his malady. It applies much more properly to that of the human species, where even the sight of fluids often produces violent spasms in the throat; the contraction has been so great that it has been found impossible to swallow, notwithstanding the earnest wish of the patient to do so.

That a dog should be called mad in consequence of having the symptoms referred to above, is a sad error of language, and leads to the many absurd opinions which depend upon this term; we must consider, however, that the moment such an idea enters into the head of any person (who has a *tongue* also), the alarm of a mad dog is echoed far and wide; the poor animal is hunted about till its frightened condition gives it the appearance of wildness or madness. There are few people who

have not, at one time of their lives, felt the terror inspired by either seeing or hearing of such an animal in their neighbourhood.

Men may call a certain disease canine madness if they will; our position is, that this disease is not to be communicated to other animals by a bite, but by the usual manner in which other diseases, that are called infectious, are communicated. It may be as infectious among animals as the disease called the distemper among dogs is considered to be; or possibly, it may be an epidemic: either supposition will account for the fact, that dogs in the same neighbourhood have frequently had this disease, when there has been almost, if not absolute certainty that they have not been bitten.

In conclusion, we state, that the saliva of the so-called rabid animal has no poisonous quality. The disease named hydrophobia in man is caused by the injury of a nerve; when fatal effects occur, they are accidental circumstances attending the wound; and as they more frequently follow punctured wounds than others, the teeth of a dog are as likely to produce them as any thing else, and the reason why every bite is not succeeded by the same consequences is, because no nerve is injured so as to produce the appalling nervous excitement that has received the name of hydrophobia.

A witch! the plague! and a mad dog! have long held the dominion of fear over mankind. The days of the first person in this trio are at an end; scarcely can any one be found to pay her homage. The plague, though no trifle, is viewed with less horror, because its nature is better understood, and it may be, at all events, avoided by not entering the fatal locality. A mad dog still exercises a fearful influence over almost all the thinking as well as unthinking portions of society; but the star of his ascendancy may be on the decline, and perhaps the little that has been here said on the subject may contribute to hasten his sinking below our horizon. How much of anguish—how much of apprehension—may be disposed of by the removal of unfounded fears; and in this effort to dispel them, we anticipate the cordial co-operation of others.

From Fraser's Magazine.

MR. HUSKISSON.

THE tragical death of Mr. Huskisson is the most prominent event of the month in our domestic history. The manner of his death was dreadful—the time, the place, the occasion on which it occurred, all present matter for serious reflection. It was generally supposed that he was about to renew his ministerial existence—it is certain that the present situation of the helpless Cabinet afforded every hope to a man of his talents, and in his position, of making himself of great importance. The divided state of parties—the breaking up of the old Tories—the doubtful posture of the Whigs—the tottering condition of the ministry, which could, during last session, scarcely maintain it-

self in parliament—all these circumstances gave Mr. Huskisson, on the morning of his death, a personal importance which he had scarcely ever enjoyed before. The objections of the Premier to his alliance would either have gradually vanished before the necessities of statecraft, or if Mr. Huskisson's services were sternly rejected, and his "mistake," or "no mistake," in the business of East Retford still continued to operate as a barrier against his junction with the Duke of Wellington, the Opposition were willing to receive him as a most potent ally in ousting the ministry. He would, under any circumstances, have been one of the most powerful individuals of the next session; and if, to his unquestioned talent and readiness he could have added a show of indifference to place, or displayed a sincere inclination to have really amalgamated himself with the "country party," and given up his pernicious dogmas on trade, he might have taken as conspicuous a lead as any of the most celebrated heroes of the House of Commons. Just then, when this was in his reach, he was killed.

He was killed, as it were, in sight of Liverpool, the city which returned him, merely on the ground of his political talents and standing, without any of the usual inducements; and his death was occasioned by one of those great mechanical triumphs on which it was so often his delight to dwell, as the trophies of the human race. He rose in the morning, in a city where his leadership was acknowledged, to meet his former colleague or chief, almost for the first time since their disunion, on a footing of equality—he went to witness the successful completion of machinery which would have afforded him many an opportunity of supporting his favourite theories of manufacturing and commercial policy—his head was full of busy schemes of future importance, and his heart had expanded to the expression of instant (perhaps as a prelude to permanent) reconciliation with the Prime Minister who had expelled him, on grounds that would have saved his wounded honour, and gratified all the dreams of his ambition—when he was struck dead! Who could have predicted such a conclusion to such a day? Hope, pride, intellect, all crushed in a moment!

It is a sad reflection to think how many of our public men have, within a comparatively short period, perished miserably. Percival was murdered, the Marquis of Londonderry fell by his own hand, so did Whitbread, so did Sir Samuel Romilly; Lord Liverpool died an idiot; Canning sunk under his anxieties; and now Huskisson has fallen a victim to a dreadful accident. It is enough to arrest the attention of the most unreflecting to the instability of our existence, and the utter insignificance of all those things in which we are accustomed to pride ourselves. Leaving, however, such considerations to the moralist or divine, our business is at present with politics.

We know nothing of the early life of Mr. Huskisson. His family was, we believe, a humble one in Staffordshire. His education was medical; and, in order to complete it, he was sent to Paris, about the commencement of the French Revolution. Like almost every

young man of talent or enthusiasm in those days, when even the most-sober minded expected an immediate political millennium—when orators and poets saw visions of universal happiness—and divines, like Price, preached, that the predicted time was come when the lion was to lie down with the lamb—before the dire atrocities of the reign of terror had commenced, and driven away from the French Revolution all the friends of freedom, justice, and humanity, Mr. Huskisson was a revolutionist. He enrolled himself, it is said, among the Jacobins,* and became a member of the club *Quatresingt-neuf*. We have heard, but never saw it, that a speech of his in French, delivered at that club, was published in the year 1791 in Paris. The views of the Jacobins were, from the beginning, sanguinary and destructive; but their full intentions were, at first, known only to the leaders of the party; and many persons who would have revolted at a hint of the projected doings of the Marats, Chabots, Robespierres, and other monsters in human shape, belonged to the clubs at their first institution. Almost all these men were consigned to the guillotine by their associates after they had mounted into power.

Whether he was a Jacobin or not, Mr. Huskisson did not long mingle in French politics. At the period of the Revolution Lord Gower, the present Marquis of Stafford, was our ambassador in Paris, and Mr. Huskisson was in-

* What is in the text is a commonly received story. Since Mr. Huskisson's death, the following letter, addressed to some gentleman, whose name is not given, has been published by some anonymous authority. We give it, without pretending to assign what may be its claim to credibility.

Letter from Mr. Huskisson to ———.

"My dear Sir—Many thanks for your very kind letter. I am aware how industriously the calumnies to which you refer have been circulated by malevolence, and I am equally aware that in many instances they have unwittingly been received as truth.

"I never was in the Jacobin Club but once in my life. I went there as a spectator, and in company with the late Mr. Windham and the late Lord Chichester, who were about as good Jacobins as myself.

"The club was an object of curiosity to foreigners; and in the indulgence of that curiosity we went to one sitting, as we might have gone to a bull-fight in Spain. *Voilà tout*. But every man who aspires to distinction in public life, must lay his account to be assailed with such unfair weapons.

"Yours very sincerely,

"S. Gardens, July 7. "W. HUSKISSON."

We certainly have heard of the *Discours prononcé par M. Huskisson, Anglais*. But, as we have never seen it, we cannot vouch for its authenticity. It is awkward that this disavowal was never published until after Mr. Huskisson's death, and then without any accompanying name. The vouchers, Windham and Lord Chichester, too, are unluckily both dead. We want further confirmation.

introduced into his family, by a medical service he rendered to Lady Gower, on some urgent occasion, when her Ladyship's regular physicians were not at hand. He accompanied Lord Gower on his return to England, and here exchanged the trade of medicine for that of politics. His patron introduced him to the notice of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Canning, to whom his talents and universal knowledge soon recommended him.

He commenced his official career in 1796, in the office of Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, who was then Secretary of State for the Home Department. Lord Carlisle, at the instance of Mr. Dundas, brought him into Parliament for Morpeth. He afterwards sat for Liskeard, Chichester, and finally for Liverpool. In 1807, a petition was presented against the return of him and his colleague, the Hon. Mr. Elliot, for Liskeard, by the unsuccessful candidate, Captain Tomlinson. The case, which is reported in Douglas on Elections, is a curious one. The Committee of the House of Commons pronounced in favour of the return, but made a distinction between the cases of the members; declaring the petition against Mr. Elliot frivolous and vexatious, but not so against Mr. Huskisson. In 1802, he was an unsuccessful candidate for Dover.

He was appointed, in 1800, Receiver-General of the Duchy of Lancaster, and a Commissioner of Trade and Plantations; and, in 1804, joint Secretary of the Treasury. This office he resigned in 1806, on the accession of the Talents. On the return of his friends to power, he was made chief Secretary of the Treasury, and adhered to the set of Mr. Canning. When that gentleman seceded, in consequence of his quarrel with Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Huskisson resigned, and continued out of office for some time. In 1814, he succeeded Lord Glenbervie as first Commissioner of Woods and Forests; and, shortly afterwards, received the lucrative appointment of Colonial Agent to Ceylon. This was his first official connexion with the colonies, and he retained it for several years. Although Lord Castlereagh placed his name on the Committee of Finance in 1819, he never thought of admitting him into the Cabinet, where Huskisson would have strengthened the party of the ever-intriguing Mr. Canning. When his Lordship died, and the star of Canning was in the ascendant,—[poor Lord Liverpool was always a cypher in the administration that bore his name,]—Mr. Huskisson was introduced into the Cabinet, as President of the Board of Trade, and Treasurer of the Navy. He adhered to his friend when the political extinction of Lord Liverpool broke up his ill-assorted ministry, and, in 1827, became Secretary for the Colonies.

In this office he remained under the astounding administration of Lord Goderich, which his quarrel with Mr. Herries contributed principally to overthrow. The debates and voluminous explanations on that occasion must be fresh in the memory of our readers. The most amusing part of the business was, that poor Lord Goderich resigned because he could not make the Right Honourable Gentlemen agree, and immediately on his Lordship's resignation, they remained in the Cabinet as the best friends

in the world. Mr. Huskisson's adhesion to the Duke of Wellington, in 1828, gave great offence to the family and friends of Mr. Canning, who considered the Duke as in a great measure the cause of that statesman's death. Lady Canning, it is said, remonstrated with Mr. Huskisson, in a letter more distinguished for the plainness and openness of its style than for its affability or politeness. If they were angry, they soon had their revenge. In January he joined the Duke—and in May the Duke turned him out. He had divided against Mr. Peel on the very immaterial question of East Retford, and he received in the House of Commons a hint from the official collector of the ministerial forces, that his mutinous conduct would be duly reported at head quarters. Scared at this intelligence, he wrote at two o'clock in the morning a hasty note explanatory of his conduct, which contained an expression that might be construed into a fixed determination to resign office. At this the Duke immediately caught; and though Huskisson explained, and re-explained, vowed, swore, and protested that nothing was further from his intentions, it was all in vain. In the most affectionate letters, to "My dear Huskisson," "My dear Duke" maintained that there was but the one reading of the original note; that he was the sole commentator who understood the passage; and in his own emphatic words, which have grown almost into a proverb, declared, that there was "no mistake," and there should be no mistake. Mr. Huskisson was obliged to yield, and he parted from office never to return.

Mr. Huskisson's disjunction from the Canning party, by coalescing with the Duke of Wellington, had left him no power of resisting the mandate that drove him into the cold world outside of office. His unbending ministerialism through so many generations of ministers had cut him off from Whig sympathy. The thorough Tories were in those days with the Duke, and uttered a shout of joy at the overthrow of the last remnant of the Canning clique. From the very beginning of his administration, it was plain to see, that the Duke did not much admire the company of his "dear friend." When Mr. Huskisson, in Liverpool, was called to account for coalescing with so illiberal a premier, (the Duke has since improved,) he ventured to say, that his Grace had entered into some stipulations as to supporting the views of the free-traders. The Duke lost no time in contradicting this assertion most unceremoniously in the House of Lords, and poor Huskisson was obliged to stammer out a lame apology in the Commons. From that moment, it was plain to all, (to use Galt's words, in his pleasant *Life of Lord Byron*), "who have ever looked upon the effects of fortune upon individuals, that Huskisson's part in the ministry was nearly done." The first false step was sure to be fatal. It had pleased Mr. Canning to take a different view of the manner in which the elective franchise, then astray, (that of East Retford,) was to be disposed of, from that which the Duke of Wellington, then in opposition, had chosen to espouse. Huskisson thought with Canning of course—Mr. Peel with the Duke. The unlucky question was

protracted into another administration; and the two Secretaries, now in the same Cabinet, divided against one another, contrary to all precedent. The hair stood upon the head of Holmes, and the hours of Huskisson were numbered. It was evident, that this East Retford business was merely a pretence; and if the then opponents, now the zealous supporters of ministers, were right in their supposition, that the arrangement which has been carried may materially promote the Parliamentary influence of the Duke of Newcastle, we should suppose that, under existing circumstances, the plan which Huskisson supported is that which the Cabinet would, in its secret soul, have eventually preferred. But any thing will do for a quarrel, when there is a necessity for making or finding one.

The rest of Mr. Huskisson's history may be briefly told. In 1828, he had no opportunity of forcing his way back into office, and the Duke had no idea of accepting his services of his own accord. 1829 was engaged wholly by the one question, to the exclusion of all others, and in that question Huskisson was compelled by the uniform tenour of his politics, to support the administration. In the session of 1830, he was beginning to arrange a line of opposition which might have made him again of importance. A couple of years had, in a great measure, broken the links that bound him to the acts, and implicated him in the policy of his former colleagues. He was gradually withdrawing from the rigour of his commercial policy, and beginning to conciliate the country party. But a single session is too short to arrange an efficient opposition; and the last was rendered, in practice and reality, much shorter than usual, by the illness and death of George the Fourth. In the next, as we have said, he must have taken a prominent lead; we fear, that he had not firmness sufficient to have resisted the temptation of office, and it is generally supposed that he, or his party for him, was coquetting with the Duke ever since the last elections. If he had conducted a vigorous opposition, it would have enabled him to dictate his own terms—and at the very moment when these thoughts may be supposed to have been passing in his mind; when the object of his constant ambition was again within his grasp—then he was struck to the earth, and fell a mangled and bleeding victim beneath the car of his latest and greatest political enemy. How striking is the observation of old Richard Baxter:—

"It hath been my long observation of many, that when they have attempted great works and have just finished them; or have aimed at great things in the world, and have just obtained them; or have lived in much trouble and unsettlement, and have just overcome them, and begin with some content to look upon their condition, and rest in it, they are usually near to death or ruin. You know the story of the fool in the Gospel: When a man is once at this language—soul, take thy ease, or rest; the next news usually is, Thou fool, this night, or this month, or this year, shall they require thy soul; and then whose shall these things be? O, what house is there where this fool dwelleth not?"

Literary Intelligence.

A New Edition is preparing of Major Rennell's Geography of Herodotus, printed from the Author's revised Copy.

Waldensian Researches, during a Second Visit to the Waldenses of the Valleys of Piedmont. By the Rev. S. Gilly: with Illustrations.

Patroni Ecclesiarum; or, a List of the Patrons of the Dignities and Livings of the United Church of England and Ireland.

Tales of a Grandfather; being Stories taken from the History of France. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart., are in preparation.

Also, by the Author of Waverley, Robert of Paris, a Romance of the Lower Empire.

Fragments of Voyages and Travels. By Captain Basil Hall, R. N.

Destiny; a Tale. By the Author of "The Inheritance."

The Author of The Fall of Nineveh is engaged on The Sea-Kings in England; a Historical Romance of the Time of Alfred.

The Church-yard Lyrist, consisting of five hundred original Inscriptions for Tombs.

Thos. Haynes Bayly, Esq., announces a Poem on the French Revolution of 1830, with Wood-cuts, from designs by George Cruikshank.

The British Herald, or Cabinet of Armorial Bearings of the Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain, is preparing by Thomas Robson.

We understand that a new daily evening paper will shortly make its appearance, called The Albion, for the purpose of giving a liberal support to the ministry of the Duke of Wellington.

The French Revolution of 1830, the Events which produced it, and the Scenes by which it was accompanied, by D. Turnbull, is soon to appear.

Rosalmond, a Tragedy, from the German of Theodore Korner.

The Rev. Mr. Grant promises a Volume on the Character of a Christian Family, entitled "The Rectory of Valehead."

A Popular System of Architecture, with Engravings, and References to well-known Structures, is preparing. By Wm. Hosking.

The Rev. J. Brown announces a work, entitled Christus in Cælo.

The Fallacies of Dr. Wayte's "Anti-Phrenology" Exposed, in a Critical Review of his Observations on the Modern Doctrine of the Mind, is to be shortly published.

Elements of Surgery. By Robert Liston, Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh.

The Father's Eye is announced by Mrs. Sherwood, together with the Two Paths; or, the Lofly and the Lowly Way; and the Mountain Oak.

Gwillan y Bardd, (the Bardic Vineyard,) being the Welsh Poetical Works of the Rev. Daniel Evans.

A Collection of Psalms and Hymns, in the Welsh Language. By the Rev. Daniel Rees.

The Talba, or Moor of Portugal, a Romance, is announced by Mrs. Bray, Author of De Foix.

On the Proceedings of the Royal Society, as connected with the Decline of Science, with Arguments proving that before the Society can regain respect and confidence, a Reform of its Conduct, and a remodelling of its Charter are indispensable, is promised by Sir James South.

The Winter's Wreath for 1831, illustrated with 13 Engravings, will speedily appear.

"Wilson's American Ornithology," with the continuation by Charles Lucien Bonaparte, will contain upwards of 100 Engravings, with an enumeration of the newly discovered species. By Sir William Jardine, Bart., Author of Illustrations of Ornithology.

Professor Jameson is preparing for Constable's Miscellany, an edition of Wilson's great work on American Ornithology.

The Lyre and the Laurel, two volumes of the Fugitive Poetry of the Nineteenth Century, is announced.

A Manual of the Land and Fresh-water Shells hitherto discovered in Great Britain, is preparing from the most perfect Specimens in the Cabinet of the Author, W. Turton.

Mr. Kennedy, the Author of Fitful Fancies, announces The Arrow and the Rose, with other Poems.

A work on "Australia and Emigration" is preparing. By Robert Dawson, Esq.

Poems entitled, "Lays from the East" are announced. By Captain C. Campbell.

A work on the Celtic Manners of the Highlanders, &c., from the pen of Mr. Logan, will shortly appear.

The Proprietors of the Friendship's Offering announce a Comic Offering, under the superintendence of Miss L. H. Sheridan.

The Nature and Cure of Consumption is preparing. By James Kennedy, M. C. S.

The Brazen Serpent is announced. By Thomas Erskine, Esq., Advocate.

A History of the Covenanters, from the Reformation to the Revolution in 1688, will shortly appear.

Lives of Captain Hugh Clapperton and Dr. Oudney are preparing.

Scripture the Test of Character. An Address to the Influential Classes of Society. Dedicated to the Queen.

A Memoir of the late Rev. Dr. William Ritchie, Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh.

Major Leith Hay is preparing a Narrative of the Peninsular Campaigns, extending over a period of nearly six years' service in Spain and Portugal, from 1808 to 1814.

The French Keepsake, embellished with 18 Engravings on Steel, will appear at the usual period.

The forthcoming Volumes of Lardner's Cy-

Icopudia are the Military Memoirs of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and the Life and Reign of George the Fourth.

The Romantic Annals of France, from the time of Charlemagne to the Reign of Louis XIV., will form the New Series of "The Romance of History." By Leitch Ritchie.

The Lives of the Italian Poets. By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, with various medallion Portraits, will appear immediately.

Chartley, the Fatalist, a Novel, is to be published in a few days.

Mr. Britton is engaged on the Histories and Illustrations of Hereford and Worcester Cathedrals.

The Sixth part of the Family Cabinet Atlas, to be published October 1, will complete the first half of the work, and will contain Maps of Holland and the Netherlands, Spain and Portugal, Sweden and Norway, and the West Indies.

The First Volume of the Quadrupeds, of the Zoological Gardens, will be ready in a few days.

In a few days will be published, in 8vo., "Memoirs on Greece," by Dr. Julius Millingen, of the Byron Brigade.

Robert Dawson, Esq., late chief Agent of the Australian Agricultural Company, has a volume in the press on Australia and Emigration.

Friendship's Offering for 1831, will appear at the usual period of the season.

Next Season will be published, a Work entitled the Domestic Theological Library. Dedicated, by Permission, to the Lord Bishop of London. This publication will comprise a Series of original Treatises upon Religious Knowledge and Ecclesiastical History and Biography, by some of the most eminent Divines of the Church of England, under the superintendence of the Editor. It will be systematically arranged, and included within a moderate compass. The work will be printed in small octavo, and appear in consecutive Volumes. A Prospectus, containing further details, is promised.

M. Niebuhr has published a letter in the "Berlin Gazette," stating that notwithstanding the fire which consumed some of his papers, another volume of his History of Rome will be published next Winter, and that the MS. of the sequel has also been preserved.

Messrs. W. and E. Finden are making rapid progress with their Landscape Illustrations to Lord Byron's Life and Works.

The following Novels are preparing for publication:—

The Heiress of Bruges; a Tale. By the author of Highways and Byways, &c. &c. 4 vols. Stories of American Life. By American Writers. Edited by Mary Russell Mitford. 3 vols. The Suttee, or Hindoo Convert, by Mrs. General Manwaring, authoress of "Moscow," &c. In 3 vols.; and St. James's, or a Peep at Delusion. By Eliza Best. In 2 vols. 8vo.

The following works are also announced for publication:—

The History of the Peloponnesian War, by Thucydides. The text according to Bekker's Edition, with some Alterations. Illustrated by Maps taken entirely from actual Surveys. With Notes, chiefly Historical and Geographical, by Thomas Arnold, D.D., Head Master of Rugby School, and Late Fellow of Oriol College, Oxford. In 3 vols. 8vo.

The Sonnets of Shakspeare and Milton, are in the press.

The Third Volume of the Rev. Dr. Russell's Connexion of Sacred and Profane History, is announced for publication.

In the ensuing Spring will be published, the Northern Year-Book, or Annual Register for the Counties of Northumberland, Durham, and Cumberland, for the Year 1829.

The Principles of Surgery. By John Burns, M.D., Regius Professor of Surgery in the University of Glasgow, &c. &c. Vol. I. and II. is nearly ready. As is also a Syllabus of Trigonometry. By H. Pearson, B.A., Trinity College, Cambridge.

"An Authentic and Impartial Narrative of the Events which took place in Paris, on July 27, 28, and 29; with an account of the occurrences preceding and following those memorable days, by which the Crown of France has been transferred from Charles X. to Louis Philippe; accompanied with State papers and Documents connected with this extraordinary Revolution," is announced for immediate publication, by Messrs. A. and W. Galignani.

An Exposition of the whole of the First Epistle of John, in a Series of Ninety-three Sermons, replete with Doctrinal, Experimental, and Practical Matter. By the late Samuel Eyles Pierce, of London, Author of "Exposition of the Book of Psalms," and various other Theological Works. In 3 vols. 8vo. Is preparing for publication by subscription.

A View of the Legal Institutions, Honorary Hereditary Offices, and Feudal Baronies, established in Ireland during the Reign of Henry II.; deduced from Court Rolls, Inquisitions, and other Authentic Evidences. By William Lynch, Esq., F. S. A., is announced.

The Fourth and concluding Volume of the Works of Horace, interlinearly translated. By P. A. Nuttall, LL.D., Editor of Juvenal's Satires, Virgil's Bucolics, &c., on the same plan. Nearly ready.

A History of the County Palatine of Lancaster. By Edward Baines, Esq., Author of the "History of George III." and of the "Topography of Lancashire," &c. Preparing for immediate publication in Monthly Parts.

Mr. Swain, Author of "Metrical Essays on Subjects of History and Imagination" has announced a new poem, to be called "The Beauties of the Mind; with Lays Historical and Romantic."

The Natural History of Poisons, by John Murray, F. R. S. &c., is announced.

A Manual of the History of Philosophy,

translated from the German of Teunemain. 1 vol. 8vo.

Patroni Ecclesiarum; or a List of the Patrons of all the Dignities, Rectories, Vicarages, Perpetual Curacies, and Chapels of the United Church of England and Ireland. Arranged alphabetically. Printed uniformly with the Clerical Guide.

An Exposition of the System of the World. By the Marquis de la Place. Translated from the French, with illustrative and explanatory Notes, by the Rev. H. H. Harte, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, M.R.I.A. In 2 vols. 8vo.

Mr. Guy, of the University of Oxford, has just ready, *Geographia Antiqua*, or a School Treatise on Ancient Geography; indispensable, not only to the Classical Student, but to those whose taste leads them to a perusal of the many excellent translations of Greek and Roman writers, with which our language abounds, adapted, therefore, to Schools and Private Families, and also to Under-graduates at Colleges.

The commencement of the Medical year has been ushered in this season, by a contribution to Surgical literature, the most important, and creditable to its author of any that has appeared for years. We allude to the first number of a Work on the Nerves of the Medulla Spinalis, and the Cerebral Nerves, by Joseph Swan, Esq. It is in the imperial folio form, and is adorned with the most elaborate and splendid engravings of the minute dissections of those nerves. The letter-press portion of the work has been executed at the establishment of Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, in Fleet-street, and to us it appears to be the result rather of an effort to gain some signal prize, than a performance done in the ordinary course of trade. Taking the specimen altogether, it is a combination of profound science, extraordinary labour and perseverance, with exquisite mechanical art, such as does honour to the time in which we live.

In August last the ascent of Mont Blanc was effected by Lieut. Wilbraham, of the Coldstream regiment of Guards.

The excitement of politics has greatly diminished the number of publications in Paris of late. Not half the usual quantity of works has appeared during the months of August and September.

A rail-road is to be constructed without delay from London northward.

Sir Walter Scott is engaged in a continuation of the Tales of my Grandfather.

Another of those comic-ly illustrated trifles, which are now so popular, is announced by Mr. Kidd, of New Bond-street. It is from the pen of Mr. Moncrieff, and founded upon the story of Old Booty, the hero of the well known phantasmagoric picture of the Devil and the Baker.

Mr. Mackintosh's new work, "The Philosophy of Sleep," will contain disquisitions on every subject connected with sleep, in a state of health and disease, such as dreaming, night-

mare, somnambulism, torpor, sleeplessness, trance, reverie, walking-dreams, abstraction, &c., together with the medical treatment of diseased sleep: the whole illustrated by a variety of curious and interesting cases.

There are, we believe, at the present time, three French Journals published in London, *L'Indépendant*, *Le Furet de Londres*, and *Le Dix Neuvième Siècle*.

Among the forthcoming subjects proposed to be treated by the Useful Knowledge Society are, a History of Rome, and a History of Italy, an Account of the French Revolution, Astronomy, Political Geography, and an Ecclesiastical History.

Sir James Mackintosh's History of England, now writing for Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia, will, it is stated, extend to eight volumes: it was limited by the original condition to three. Southey has a subject allotted to him, or chosen by him, as the case may be, in which, judging from the excellent specimen he has already given of his qualifications for Naval Biography, much may be expected from him;—Lives of the most eminent Naval Commanders. Mr. Gleig, with a similar qualification for the field he has to traverse, will produce the Lives of the most eminent Military Commanders.

The conduct of the New Journal of Education, shortly to appear under the superintendence of the Useful Knowledge Society, will be entrusted, we hear, to the able direction of Professor Long, of the London University. We hope much from this publication.

Mr. Scrope Davies, who was a very intimate friend of Porson, is said to be preparing a memoir of that distinguished critic and eccentric man. It is remarkable that no one has previously undertaken this task: the materials for its efficient execution must be abundant.

King's College, which our Sovereign has recently taken under his especial patronage, intends, we perceive, to have a Professorship for the Principles and Practice of English Commerce. This we consider a happy thought, and likely to originate much benefit to students of the class contemplated, resident amidst all the associations of commerce. The Directors have, we see, filled up the following professorships: Mathematics, Rev. T. G. Hall, Magdalen College, Cambridge; Surgery, J. H. Green, Esq.; Practice of Physic, Dr. F. Hawkins; Anatomy and Physic, Herbert Mayo, Esq.; Theory of Physic and Therapeutics, Dr. Bisset Hawkins.

Italy, in continuation of the suspended series of the "Modern Traveller," is announced as nearly ready for publication; France, Switzerland, Germany, &c., are to appear in succession.

In addition to the honour of knighthood bestowed on (late) Mr. South, his Majesty has placed at his disposal £300 a year, to be applied to the advancement of Astronomical Science.

The eighth volume of Dr. Lingard's History of England, which brings down the narrative to the epoch of the Revolution, is in the press.

It is rumoured that Dr. Davis Gilbert will shortly resign the Presidency of the Royal Society, and that the Duke of Sussex will assume that office. In many respects the change would, doubtless, be for the better; we were not, however, previously aware that his Royal Highness had discovered any particular penchant for science.

On consideration of the munificent patronage which his present Majesty is extending over the various distinguished Literary and Scientific Societies of our age, the editor of the *Literary Gazette* has ventured to suggest the institution of an Order or Legion of Honour, to a companionship in which, not the aristocracy of rank, but the aristocracy of genius and of merit should prove the requisite qualification. We are pleased with the idea.

A weekly periodical has been recently established at Weimar, to which Goethe and his friends are the chief contributors. It is named *The Chaos*.

We mentioned, some time back, the existence of a native journal, circulating in the territories of the Pasha of Egypt. It appears that upwards of fifty numbers have appeared at the present time. It is in Turkish and Arabic, disposed in corresponding columns. The first article is invariably devoted to statements of meteorological observations made at the place of publication. The original editor was Aziz Effendi, but he proving an unfaithful reporter of the proceedings in the council of state, the Pasha transferred the management to the Secretary of his Divan.

An Englishman is now introducing gas-lights into Cairo.

Mr. W. Hone, whose "Every Day Book" is so well known, is preparing for publication *A History of the Recent French Revolution*. A more circumstantial account, and necessarily of superior accuracy, is about to be published by Messrs. Galigani, of Paris.

Mr. Dale has resigned the Professorship of the English Language and Literature in the University of London.

Mr. Britton's first number out of four of his *Dictionary of the Architecture and Archaeology of the Middle Ages*, with twelve engravings, by J. Le Keux, is published.

* Robert of Paris, is the announced title of a new romance by Sir W. Scott. Sir Walter is keeping up with the popular feeling of the present day, in directing his eyes towards France, though we are not told whether the ideal scenes to be introduced in this work are at all connected with recent real events, the news of which have made the ears of despots tingle. At any rate, Sir Walter is not unmindful of truth, while waving the wand of fiction, for he is said to be simultaneously carrying on a new series of his *Grandfather's Tales*, derived from the romantic annals of France. This is very like killing two birds with one stone.

The translation of De Foe's *Robinson Crusoe* into Arabic, is a favourite book in Arabian Literature. There is not, perhaps, a single

civilized nation on the face of the globe, which is not acquainted, by versions in its own language, with that singularly interesting romance.

The following piquant passage occurs in a very ably written article in the *Westminster Review*. "Patronage of art! Why not patronize poetry? It has, indeed, been the fashion more than once; and what was the result? A Shakspeare or a Milton? No.—Stephen Duck and Mrs. Yearsley. And who were they? Ask Queen Anne and Hannah More, they patronized them, and not we. But was not Burns patronized? Aye, truly—but it was nature made him a poet—patronage made him an exciseman. So much for patronage!"

It is said that no fewer than 300,000 copies of the new edition of the *Waverley Novels* have been sold, for which the public has paid nearly £100,000. Who would believe that distress is in the country! The fact deserves record in the literary annals of this country and age.

Captain Basil Hall is preparing *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, in three small volumes, adapted to the taste and dispositions of young persons.

Sir William Gell and Colonel Leake have been for some time engaged in compiling a map of Greece. The well known qualifications of the parties engaged give good reason to hope, what has long been a desideratum will be satisfactorily supplied.

A new club (says one of the daily journals) is talked of, for both sexes. In addition to social intercourse, it is intended to combine patronage and cultivation of the fine arts. Drawing rooms are to be fitted up for the accommodation of the ladies, that they may pass their mornings, if they choose, in elegant and literary pursuits.

The "Chat of the Week," has been metamorphosed into the *Tattler*, a Daily Journal of Literature and the Stage. The *Tattler* prattles very merrily, and may, perhaps, be tolerated by this scandalous (we beg pardon, scandal-loving) age. Some of its articles are sharp and pointed, though Steele is not there. The introductory address informs us, that "the size and general aspect of this paper is that of the original *Tattler*, published in 1709; such as Pope and Addison held in their hands, and that Belinda bent over while the sylphs were fanning her coffee."

Mr. Rutton Morris is preparing for the press, *A Translation of Select Sermons from Massillon*. We believe Dr. Cox, Librarian to the London University, is also engaged in a translation from the same divine.

Penny and twopenny literature has long had a bad name. Better times, however, are come; and one may get for the above sums, really valuable information, conveyed in an interesting manner and under a pleasing form. In proof of this, let our readers examine a little twopence-a-week production, entitled, *Anecdotes of the Second French Revolution*.

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